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THE QUEST FOR THE GENUINE



# THE Quest for the Genuine

A METHOD OF PROCEDURE INDICATED  
IN THE FORM OF IMPROMPTU "TALKLETS"

BY

VOTARY OF THE SPIRIT OF  
THIS QUEST

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## INTRODUCTION

These "Talklets," as their name implies, do not claim to deal exhaustively nor in a scientific regularity of form with any of the subjects touched upon in them.

They are the writings of a seeker to seekers. An attempt on the part of one seeker to communicate his thought to other seekers. They were conceived in no spirit of controversy. They do not aim at promoting nor maintaining controversy. To explain precisely what the writer does *not* mean is, however, frequently a pithy manner of indicating what he does mean.

The quest for the genuine cannot be pursued through the instrumentality of abstract or conceptual knowledge only—through mere ratiocination. Abstract knowledge—the process of ratiocination—constitute, however, an element in the process. The pursuance of this quest involves the acceptance, provisionally, of many hypotheses. Many of these provisional hypotheses, at first sight, may appear grotesque. In the light of more extended and more precise knowledge some of these hypotheses may prove to be fallacious. A fox-hunter who is not prepared to risk a fall cannot count on seeing a hunt. The fellow who sees the hunt does so because he is ready to risk falls. Proficiency in truth-seeking is on all fours with the predicament of two fox-hunters who found themselves pounded in the course of a hunt. "It can't be done," says one mournfully. "It can be done with a fall," says the other resolutely, takes his fall and sees the end of the hunt. The end of the truth-seeker's quest can be attained to with a fall or two. After a fall, it is sometimes easy to point out to the hundreds that follow how to negotiate the obstacle without a fall—where the landing is sound and good. The aim of these "Talk-

lets " is to indicate how to get over the country and see the hunt without falling about.

The predicament of the truth-seeker, if he have no Guru to guide his footsteps, is such an uncomfortable one. He walks naked and shivering, amongst snow and ice, over lone mountain passes. To those dwelling complacently in a valley of shadows—the shadows of conventional illusion—the hardy truth-seeking pioneers who brave the rigours of the mountain pass, who tread the steep and narrow way of the pathway to reality—to genuine actuality—appear to be mere crazy faddists. Very natural! The dweller amongst shadows, who computes all value in terms of shadows, naturally asks:—"What shadow can you hold up before my shadow-loving eyes as the definite result of your quest?" "I seek light, not shadows," rejoins the truth-seeker. "I would dwell in the light, walk in the light, sport in the light. Over the pass which I climb by this narrow path is the land of light and the land of delight. If I can but climb the path and find the light I shall flood your valley of shadows with light. And the kindly light which I shall find will serve to lighten the darkest shadows of your valley, depriving them of their seeming power to produce nausea, discord and pain; all that which is joy-full and beauty-full in your valley will have its joy and beauty enhanced a thousandfold by the kindly light."

The truth-seeker, proper, is by nature what is known to psychologists as an unstable-minded introvert. A most uncomfortable nature in the land of shadows. His antithesis, the stable-minded extrovert, seeks to be comfortably settled down, with settled opinions, settled habits, settled customs, amongst an environment whose only constancy is the constancy of its change and variety. His stable-mindedness, although to a superficial observer it may appear to be a very comfortable habitation, may nevertheless be likened to a house built upon the shifting sand. The extrovert, the introvert; two terms with which many readers may not be familiar. What is the leading characteristic of these two types of mentality? Be content with a rough and ready illustration. The extrovert is one who accepts the incidents of mundane experience at the face value with which these

are conventionally accredited. He is absorbed in an active game—shall we call it a game of chess—his whole energies are concentrated upon playing a successful game. This piece is conventionally accredited with sovereign powers, it is called a king, it serves as a king, it can be made use of as a king, in the game. Of what avail to ask :—“Is it really and truly a king?” Answer, it is of no avail to the extrovert to enquire whether it be veritably a king or no. The same principle applies to the queen, the bishops, knights, castles and pawns. These can be made use of, in the game these pass muster as being endowed with the characteristics and prerogatives attributed to them. That is all that concerns the extrovert, and rightly so. The introvert, on the other hand, in virtue of his nature as an introvert, in virtue of his natural proclivities for introversion, cannot accept at the face value conventionally attributed to them the incidents of mundane experience. To him the queries incessantly present themselves :—This is termed a king, that one a queen, that one a knight, this other a bishop. That is all very well for ordinary, every-day purposes ; but I must know whether this fellow be veritably a king or no, whether or no he be veritably possessed of the kingly prerogatives and sovereign powers conventionally attributed to him. This so-called queen, this so-called bishop, knight, castle or pawn ; are these veritably that which they pass muster as being ? Where shall he look for the answer to his queries ? It is of no use to look without for the correct answers to his perplexing conundrums. The without, the testimony of the without, will merely support and corroborate conventional verisimilitude. Without, the testimony of the without, will probably attest the sovereign powers of the so-called king, queen, etc. Where shall he look for the answer to his embarrassing queries ? Why, within ! He introverts for the solution of his problems. He delves down into the inmost recesses of the being “ within,” where lies the solution of all problems. And the result of this habit of introversion and introspection may be that he cuts a very poor figure in the eyes of the complacent extrovert. His path through so-called life may be amongst thorns. To the complacent extrovert he may

appear in the capacity of an owl blinking in the sunlight. His thoughts are always ranging too wide and too deep to be of much so-called practical value. His path through so-called life may be encompassed with fear and with reproach. Reproach that he acquitted himself so indifferently when circumstances over which he had no seeming control inexorably demanded that he should extrovert and play a creditable part in the game which is being carried on around him. Fear that under similar circumstances he will again acquit himself indifferently. You see, all the time whilst the extrovert was training himself in extroversion, the unfortunate introvert was introverting—ranging in thought too wide and too deep to have acquired the training indispensable to proficiency in extroversion.

And yet it is through and by means of introversion that the elucidation of the mystery with which mortal existence is encompassed is to be found. The pathway to reality—to genuine actuality—lies through an instinctive understanding of that which we vaguely term “the within.” Of the relationship of that which is within to that which is without. Of how that which is without—the content of consciousness—is dominated by the “within.” The hidden depths of the within are unfathomable to knowledge. All that knowledge can attain to is a correct comprehension of the relationship of the within to the without. An instinctive understanding of the at-one-ment of all “within’s”—in their innermost being—and that the many “withouts” are all dominated by One within, is the Saviour which redeems the world. It is the *Lux Mundi*. That constituted the essential in the Christian mission. It was the fundamental basis of the simple teaching of the wonderful, naïve, Jesus. From the standpoint of Realism this domination of the many “withouts” by One “within” is a stark impossibility. From the standpoint of Idealism, is this process not only possible but it is the natural and the obvious. Christianity is essentially and fundamentally idealistic—in the strictly philosophic meaning of the term. To acquire the standpoint of idealism is necessary in order that Christianity may be comprehensible.

Now there is such a thing as a stable-minded introvert,

and also such a thing as an unstable-minded extrovert. The method of procedure inculcated in these "Talklets," if faithfully put into practice, results in maintaining the advantages of both types of mentality without the disadvantages of either. The method of procedure advocated does away with the need for conscious introversion—with introversion consciously operated by means of human intellectualism. It deprecates the formation of speculative theories—more especially all attempts to put these untried theories into diurnal practice. By partaking incessantly of the Sacrament of mundane experience all necessity for unstable-minded introversion in connection with ordinary every-day affairs is obviated. (It is the unstable-minded introversion in connection with ordinary every-day affairs which leads to the falls. Maybe, it is better to risk a fall or two than to keep on the road and see none of the hunt. The method herein advocated enables one to go top of the hunt without falling about.) The unstable-mindedness, the introversion, is all hidden away in the depths of the "unconscious." It does not appear in ordinary every-day affairs. The hidden process which is always in progress is indirectly made manifest in every-day affairs by the increased concinnity of these. It is directly made manifest by a constant increase in knowledge in the abstract concerning the eternal verities and by, what is of far greater importance, an instinctive understanding of these. The understanding will be growing "while's you're sleeping." Or to state the proposition more accurately, the illusion of mortal selfhood will be incessantly attenuated without there being any conscious knowledge that the process is in progress. Nothing will be known of this process but the fruits thereof—peace of mind, imperturbability, quiet assurance that whatever the "without" of mortal experience may claim to declare, in verity, it can declare nothing but the nullity of the mortal selfhood whose misunderstanding misrepresentations the discordant elements in mortal experience are.

Every churchman is, *ipso facto*, a bigot. The bigot is the antithesis of the seeker. This statement does not exclude the possibility that, from the standpoint of human

expediency, some degree of bigotry may not be, in some cases, advisable and even beneficial. The teaching of the churches presents the eternal verities in the guise of beautiful allegory. So long as they confine themselves to this legitimate activity they serve a useful purpose. But when they proceed further and claim infallibility for the churchman's literal interpretation of these allegories, it is time to cry "Cave." Moreover, the more nearly these literal interpretations approximate to the truth, the greater the danger. For a definite human precept can never be more than an illustration having but relative validity. These definite human precepts, if infallibility be attributed to them, serve to hide the key which unlocks the gate seemingly closed by illusion. Bigotry bars and bans unstable-mindedness—the open-mindedness which is always reaching out for wider and more precise truth. Nevertheless, the definite precepts inculcated by many churchmen encourage the baleful habit of introversion in its most tiresome form by urging their adherents to introvert and introspect by enquiring "within" whether he or she be "good," and if not why not. As though human activity could ever be other than venial expediency. Moreover, some of these definite precepts tend to perpetuate and maintain the notion that peace and harmony—concinuity—can be attained to only in some supernatural or spiritual state of being which is far away. Listen! The metaphysical will, as known to the mortal, must, in its innermost being, be one. How comes it then that the activities of this one will in its empirical manifestation and objectification display such a welter of inconsequent discord and confusion? What is needed is an immediately efficacious expedient for dealing with this seeming contingency. The aim of these writings is to indicate a practical expedient of irresistible efficacy.

One primitive notion runs through the whole of these "Talklets." They, therefore, consist of a constant reiteration of this one notion. Napoleon I. is said to have feared the man of one book. Illusion, were it able to speak, must declare that it fears the man of this one notion. That is a cogent plea in extenuation of the constant reiteration

of this one notion. Those "Talklets" which deal in metaphysical subtleties—e.g., the Conscious and the Unconscious—are inserted for the benefit of those readers who have already undergone some training in pure metaphysics. For one who has not undergone some such preliminary training to attempt to gather the meaning of them from the words which are written on paper is to put into practice the unstable-minded introversion which it is the aim of these writings to discourage.

A warning! Should this medley of part-truths prove to be of considerable interest to any of those who peruse it, let me here make formal protest against an inclination to retain any of these part-truths in a stereotyped form. Stepping-stones are a useful appliance when crossing a morass or a torrent. For the wayfarer to attempt to pick up the stepping-stones, which have stood him in good stead, and to carry them away with him upon his journey merely adds to his burdens and retards his progress. The notions herein set forth may serve the purpose of stepping stones. They are, however, but roughly hewn boulders, well enough in their appropriate place—as stepping-stones—but not suitable as household ornaments nor to be preserved in a museum as a sealed pattern of a stepping-stone. Pass over them with flying feet, without a thought as to whether they be an ideal pattern of stepping-stone or no. What odds, so long as they serve the purpose of a pathway to genuine actuality. To change the metaphor. Every moment the wine of inspiration may be drawn new! And every moment new bottles are lavishly available to hold the new wine. Why attempt to cork it up in old bottles? The mischief is that the new bottle of to-day has become an old bottle with the dawning of to-morrow. Seeing that this must inevitably be so, why bottle at all? Lashings of wine are always available! Drink of it, hand round the cup and be thankful.

In conclusion, let it be stated that no originality is claimed respecting any of the notions outlined herein. They are all older than the hills. Besides, how could a human originate anything (save the seeming of mischief). No human, however, is entirely opaque to the rays of light-



truth. Humanly speaking, I am indebted, for each and every notion, to other seekers—ancient and modern—to whom I tender my heartfelt thanks for the torch which they have handed on.

A human truth inevitably verges upon error—a written statement can only present one aspect of a consideration at a time—consequently it necessarily hides more than it reveals. It is my ardent hope that these random writings (which are seen to be imperfect, inadequate, in some respects perhaps misleading, ere ever they reach the compositor) may serve as an incitement to further seeking—may inspire many to join in the all-hallowing quest. Not by the practice of unstable-minded introversion of the type which harasses and embarrasses, but through partaking, worthily and smilingly, of the most blessed sacrament of mundane experience.

## A QUEER STORY

"Pouf!" said Monsieur the Professor. His forehead was high, and a phalanx of letters made an imposing tail to his name. "I am on the brink, I say—on the brink! To-morrow the world shall know that the problem of the ages is to all intents and purposes solved. My friend, I have imprisoned the—shall I call it for your benefit the gas?—the gas that is behind every scientific mystery. I have challenged the Atmosphere and the atmosphere has replied to my challenge. I have driven the Atom back upon itself. We shall shortly be able to divide and subdivide that which has so entirely baffled us hitherto. . . . To-morrow, when my little test tube has cooled—it stands now on my laboratory table—so simple in outward seeming, so tremendous, so unthinkably momentous in its possibilities, I shall be able to separate this gas, which I have named psuchidum, from the liquid."

"And, roughly, your theory will be——?" inquired the Englishman, who stalked at his side.

"My theory will be—providing my demonstration is successful—that this psuchidum, the component parts of which I shall be able to exactly tabulate, has existed from all time; chaos, in fact, was but another word for it. It surged about in the luminous ether till it found a denseness or scantiness of that ether exactly suitable to its purpose, and it generated first a formless something, and then a world—then all worlds with their infinite complexity."

"And this process has been going on from all time, and will go on to all time?"

"Precisely."

Their walk had taken them into the rosery (the Professor was one of the most successful rose-growers in France), where little Estelle, the gardener's daughter, was

busy with a pair of scissors, clipping off dead roses, and bestowing them in a red and yellow basket.

The Englishman asked a question.

"It has taken years of research to find the exact substances, and the exact proportion of the substances which have yielded this discovery, eh?"

"It has taken thirty years," the Professor told him—"the best part of one's life. I have travelled to such uncivilised portions of the earth as would alarm a practised explorer. I have been many times in peril of my life. In Central Africa, for instance, when I required a peculiar ore, obtainable only in the bed of one small river—I seized a little lump amid a shower of arrows from the natives—only one little lump; but it was priceless."

"Without swamping me with technicalities," inquired the Englishman, "you have, as I take it, re-created the Creator?"

"I believe so; to-morrow we shall know."

Little Estelle's eyes were round—her mouth was very wide open. Monsieur the Professor had not noticed her. Behold a calamity! He never failed to pinch her cheeks as a rule. Moreover, Monsieur the Professor, who could tell such charming stories if he would, and make the roses come alive and chatter, was talking nonsense—very stupid nonsense to-day. Behold an occasion for tears! Little Estelle dropped two upon a Gloire de Dijon.

"Then," said the Englishman, slowly—very slowly—seeming to ponder sadly on the matter, "you have lost—God?"

The Professor thrust out his lean hands as one who dismisses something or someone; and as he passed from the rosery and out of ear-shot he repeated, but sadly, too, "Yes—I have lost God."

"Yes, I have lost God."

The little Estelle understood *that* at any rate. She murmured it to herself several times: "Oui, je l'ai perdu, le Dieu."

Was it astonishing, therefore, that Monsieur the Professor had not stayed to pinch her cheeks or pull her curls

and call them elfin bells, or laugh and pretend to find little people among the rose petals?

He had lost God! Little Estelle shut her round black eyes tight, and made a desperate effort to fancy the abysmal tragedy of it. The reflections led her into labyrinths which would have made far wiser heads dizzy. She emerged quite pale, but very determined. She left the roses—she left the little red and yellow basket lying on its side, and went as fast as her sabots and short grey stockinged legs would carry her, home. It was dinner time when she arrived. She said nothing to her father (who was a widower) on this immense theme—somehow it was too immense and she could not. She pondered and pondered till her brain whizzed.

At last her father, losing patience, chided her. “*Nom du chien,*” said he, “what foolishness is this—eat thy good soup, and think of the many who need it.” But the soup had no taste in it. The mignonette in the window had no smell. Even her father’s upbraiding had no meaning and did not move her, and all because the Professor had lost God. . . .

It was, while she played with her saveloy, pretending to nibble it, that the inspiration arrived. The little Estelle went hot and cold, but she did not doubt that her kind friend Saint John had sent it her, and it must be acted upon.

After dinner she closed her very regular teeth on her red lower lip, climbed to her garret, and, standing on her bed, she reached with hands that trembled and shook and felt feverish for her treasure—the thing she loved best in the world.

“Yes, I have lost God.” Only these words ringing in her ears nerved her for the task she had set herself. The Professor was her kindest friend. She loved him—therefore no wrench was too painful to make for his sake. But oh! some wrenches are unspeakable. . . .

The little Estelle did not enter the house of Monsieur the Professor by legitimate means, for she stood in constant dread of Madame Dandau, the housekeeper. Instead, leaving her sabots on a flower-bed hidden beneath the ample leaves of a cluster of peonies, she watched her opportunity.

Fate, in the shape of a bonfire which kept her father chained to the kitchen garden, and some very tough ivy clinging to the most sequestered corner of the house, aided her. She climbed the ivy, for she was small and light and agile, and passed into a half-open window. How she panted when she stood safely in the queer carpetless apartment, where innumerable bottles were ranged, and curious and uninteresting appliances foregathered. Somehow she could believe that it was not so difficult to lose God here as out in the yellow sunshine among the carnations and anemones.

If it had not been that Monsieur the Professor was so merry and charming—that Monsieur the Professor loved little girls—that Monsieur the Professor knew such a host of stories—Estelle would have turned tail even now.

Tears welled into her eyes as she took a sudden agonised farewell—such a farewell as seemed the dividing asunder of joints and sinews. She pressed a kiss reverently upon the something which she had carried in her pinafore, and placed it on the table propped against what looked like a tiny glass vase of water. With a lingering backward glance and a curtsy, the little Estelle stole towards the window—one of her grey-stockinged legs was already over the sill, when a small crash made her look round. The tiny vase of water had toppled over; Estelle returned and mopped it up with the corner of her pinafore. After all it was only water—and nothing was spoiled. Then she laid the little empty vase down and stole away. There was no need to worry, for, after all, what is a trickle of water that one should disturb oneself?

And then the little Estelle climbed down the ivy.

“I cannot understand you great men,” said the Englishman, almost irritably, the next morning. “The labour of thirty years is spoilt; an experiment of intense vital importance to the world falls through; the stream of speculation, wisdom, theorisation which has agitated your brain for years is rudely dammed, and you look less upset than when you found Camille had overboiled your breakfast egg.”

The Professor's lean fingers reached to his hair and pushed it back from his forehead ; it was a movement that, with him, usually signified relief.

" Your Danish King Canute," said he, " pretended to set bounds to the sea, to teach his fulsome Court a lesson, eh? "

" Yes."

" I have not pretended. I believed it was possible to set bounds to something greater than the sea, but——"

" Well? " said the Englishman.

" But it isn't." The Professor crossed the room, and re-crossed it to lay a hand on the Englishman's shoulder.

" Come into the laboratory," said he.

So they went together.

The Professor, stooping over the table, whereon lay a heterogeneous collection of instruments, great and small, lifted up two things.

One was an empty test-tube, the other a crucifix.

The figure of Christ, " fashioned in cream Plaster of Paris, hung with bowed head upon an ebony cross.

" But how—what——? " the Englishman frowned in astonishment, and, lifting a finger, touched the crucifix reverently.

" I know no more than you," the Professor told him; " nor shall I inquire."

" But your wasted years? " the Englishman lamented. " You will begin to collect your materials afresh at once? It will be easier the second time."

The Professor shook his head.

" What *shall* you do? " The Englishman grew impatient.

The Professor hung the crucifix on to a jutting nail immediately over the table where his greatest experiments had been made.

" ' So far shalt thou go, and no farther, ' " he quoted. " I shall go back to my roses."

\* \* \* \* \*

The foregoing story was published in " Truth " under the title of " Out of the Mouth of Babes." It is repro-

duced here by kind permission of the authoress, "Chris Sewell."

\* \* \* \* \*

Once upon a time there lived a philosopher, not an ordinary philosopher, but a transcendental philosopher; he burnt the midnight oil, he spent his days laboriously, he endured many searching pains and underwent great suffering in a quest for the philosopher's stone. He circumnavigated the metaphysics, he left no stone unturned. He had just consummated his life's work; all was set out in elaborate and astonishingly lucid treatise. Surely never was such a crack-jaw jargon, such a profusion of head-splitting verbiage, such a plethora of terminological exactitudes. How he rejoiced in his metaphysic! For the goal of his life's endeavour was to fashion, not merely a useless academic theory, but, a panacea for all the ills to which mortal flesh is heir. Something eminently practical—which should give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death and which should guide their feet into the way of peace. His ardent aim was to make all men glad and wise.

But the fate which befell the professor's elixir, in the preceding story, also befell the philosopher's stone. In a manner of speaking, he awoke one fine morning to find that his philosopher's stone was cracked, and on the top of the cracked stone he found a crucifix displaying the bowed head and crown of thorns. It was a very fine morning. For when the philosopher discovered that his dream of regenerating humanity by means of his elaborate metaphysic had vanished in a night and all that remained was a crucifix. Was he perturbed? Was he dismayed? Not a whit! For the same hand which had taken away had given inexhaustibly in the self-same hour. Revealing that the panacea for all ills, that which alone could regenerate and rejuvenate humanity and the world, lay in understanding the esoteric meaning symbolised by the Cross, the bowed head and crown of thorns. Lay in understanding this meaning, not merely as a matter of knowledge in the abstract, not merely as a half-digested theory, but as a matter of concrete intuitive understanding, that is instinctively.

If you were to see a small child tottering towards a mass of lovely flowers with outstretched arms, and near its path were pitfalls into which heedless steps might stray. You would wish to pick the child up and carry it to the blaze of blossom, so that it might caress the shining petals with its tiny hands, inhale the sweet scent, and that you might hear its croon of delight. Tell me? Would you pick the child up by its head? No! For if you did you might dislocate its neck, at best you would only frighten it. I am not implying that a child cannot be lifted by the head; if one has been trained to perform this feat and one knows exactly how to do it, a child can be so lifted without any injurious result. But the normal method is to lift a child by the body, one can then put one hand under its little feet and boost it up on to one's shoulder, there it can sit care-free and crow. . .

Now to lift children by the head, in a manner of metaphor, was exactly what the philosopher had been trying to do by means of his metaphysic. To change the metaphor, the children were crying for bread; bread which they could assimilate and digest and he had been offering them a stone, a philosopher's stone. Quantities of stone, and such of it as they managed to swallow merely gave them, at best a mild stomachic derangement, at worst excruciating pain.

In the Communion Service of the Anglican Church, the priest exhorts the communicants to lift up (not the head, but) the heart. "Lift up your hearts." What does this antithesis between head and heart portend? See it on this wise, but do not be fussy about it, because what I am about to say is only a rough generalisation. In the human anatomy:—The head, eyes, nose, mouth, ears, hair and the hands and arms, stand for conscious expression and conscious recognition; for conscious utterance and conscious response; for conscious receiving and conscious giving. E.G. The lips consciously utter and consciously make response, the eyes consciously express and consciously recognise, the hands consciously receive and consciously give. The remainder of the organism stands for unconscious expression and unconscious recognition,



for unconscious utterance and unconscious response, for unconscious receiving and giving. In the human, the head which stands for consciousness, for conscious knowledge, has a dual function. It stands for knowledge in the concrete and for knowledge in the abstract—for understanding and for reason. The exercise of the function of understanding results in concrete ideas of perception, the exercise of the function of reason results in abstract ideas of the reason. The former are intuitive, the latter are reflective. These two functions are inextricably interwoven. (The philosopher saw what has been patent to the Sages of all ages, it is not a new idea, viz. :—that what the human calls understanding should, properly speaking, be described as misunderstanding and that the exercise of this function results (not in genuine ideas, but) in misrepresentations—the concrete misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding. This and how to escape from the bondage of mortal misunderstanding was the subject matter of his thesis.) Well, just as the head and the hands receive and give consciously, so the remainder of the organism receives and gives unconsciously. The lungs inspire and expire unconsciously, you do not have to take thought about it when you breathe. The heart with its diastole and systole receives and gives unconsciously. Every organ expresses and recognises unconsciously. Some of these unconscious functions are pronounced by the human intellect to be common and unclean. Maybe that is because they are misunderstood and misrepresented. Nevertheless, to the human intellect, many of these unconscious functions appear revolting, more especially the proceeds of the exercise of these functions. “Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man.” No! It is his conscious misunderstanding and misrepresentations which defile a human, more especially his conscious misunderstanding of and misrepresentations concerning the unconscious being. Surely a clear indication that it is conscious misunderstanding concerning unconscious being which needs first to be sweetened and made whole. But we are anticipating. Now the feet and legs also receive and give unconsciously.

Thus it comes about that in biblical metaphor the term "feet" is used to denote unconscious or instinctive receiving and giving, more especially receiving in the form of instinctive understanding (as opposed to mere knowledge in the abstract). E.G.—"And to guide their feet into the way of peace." What is of paramount importance to the human is to lift up his heart, in the words of the Communion Service metaphor, "to lift it up unto the Lord." And not the heart only, but all the rest of the unconscious paraphernalia. To sublimate them and their functions by ascribing and attributing all activity—both conscious and unconscious—to the One-Power-Presence-Activity. Not to condemn these unconscious functions, to do so is to put into operation the little knowledge which is a dangerous thing.

"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" Much controversy has rattled round the dogma of the virgin birth and the immaculate conception. But what if when all has been said, pro and con, it were a matter of no consequence whether such took place or not, as a mere chronological event. What is of vast importance and prolific in benediction is to understand the esoteric meaning of this incident as portrayed in *the work of art par excellence*. It is this. The intuitive understanding of the mystery with which mortal existence is encompassed, the intuitive understanding of the eternal and infinite verities, can only be attained to by means of an immaculate conception. In Kabir's expressive metaphor:—

"He comes to the Path of the Infinite on whom the grace of the Lord descends: . . . .

Kabir says: 'It cannot be told by the words of the mouth, it cannot be written on paper:

It is like a dumb person who tastes a sweet thing—how shall it be explained?'"

N.B.—When Kabir says: "It cannot be told by the words of the mouth, it cannot be written on paper," he does not mean to imply that when one has attained to an intuitive understanding of the eternal verities that one cannot then translate these intuitions into terms of words and mental

abstractions. No! He means that one can never attain to this understanding by means of human intellectualism, one's own human intellectualism or that of another human. This revelation can only be attained to by means of an immaculate conception. (Why? Because human mental abstractions are abstracted from the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding, and consequently are not immune from the notion of conflict, of antagonism, of a will divided against itself, with which mortal experience is fraught.) The conception is immaculate in that it is brought about through no human instrumentality, it takes place in spite of the testimony of human experience and not on account of it. The aspirant to intuitive understanding must "listen from no mortal tongue, to hear the song the angels sung." Is it implied by this quotation that we are to expect some supernatural intervention in human affairs? By no means. We are to expect nothing but that which is profoundly natural. Only, as a prelude to listening, it may be advisable to consider the possibility that what we humans call the natural—the actuality, the seeming actuality, of discord, contrariness, cussedness, in brief "one damned thing after another"—is not the natural; on the contrary it is extremely unnatural; if there could, truly, be such a thing it would be infra-natural. Consider this as a possibility. Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, perhaps the truly, genuinely natural may be a great deal more marvellous and surprising than the pseudo-natural. Something so wonderful and grand that any supernatural, whatsoever, would be of the nature of an anti-climax. Yes! Without doubt the initial incentive which inspires a truth-seeker to seek out and to follow the Pathway to Reality—to genuine actuality—is an immaculate conception.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate." It is a strait gate! What does a gate usually mean in biblical metaphor? It signifies a gate of Understanding. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in." The gate is strait in that the difference, the distinction, between the true understanding and misunderstanding is very subtle.

A bull in a china shop is more appropriately environed than is the average intellectual rationalist amongst the metaphysical subtleties which he seeks to rationalise. But the aim of this screed is to discourage all and sundry from seeking understanding through the intermediary of the human intellect, to encourage them to seek elsewhere. Is this maxim, which inculcates the practice of striving to enter in at the strait gate, then, a mere mockery? No! But there are ways and ways of striving. (Nothing in the foregoing should be construed to mean that, in the conduct of daily human affairs, the human should not employ the faculty of human reason.)

Amongst the many surprises of this epoch of surprises, there is nothing which calls more loudly for an unbiassed reconsideration and revision of conventionally accepted theories respecting ethical problems and the regulation of human conduct generally, than do the findings of "The New Psychology." As a fact there is nothing new under the sun. An excellent exposition of its tenets, bearing that title, of which Mr. A. G. Tansley is the author, is available to the public. A thorough study of this work is very instructive, because it sets forth precisely what the mortal misunderstanding and its methods of procedure claim to be. When the psychologist and the metaphysician starting from different approaches and travelling by different roads arrive at the same place, in other words at the same conclusions, it is as well to find out what these conclusions are. Even when these conclusions are subversive of time honoured doctrines, hitherto acclaimed as incontestable, countenanced and upheld by extra special authority. To set forth with any degree of accuracy the findings of the new psychology, which affect the subject under consideration, would require a volume. All that can be said here is this. It has been generally held that in ordering the course of his daily life, in deciding what line of conduct to adopt, in general and in particular instances, the human is free to do that which his conscious mentality deems to be expedient. That he is free to adopt a course of conduct which his conscious mentality deems to be right and to refuse to follow a line of conduct

which his conscious mentality deems to be wrong. If, endowed as he was deemed to be with freedom of choice, he deliberately chose the wrong, he was personally morally responsible for his misdoing. (Pilate saith unto him "What is truth?" What is right? What is wrong? Always something relative! Something relative to the concrete circumstances and conditions. A perfect man would be one who, immune from doubt and perplexity, immune from the sway of conflicting instincts, recognised one sublime possibility—one spontaneous, whole-hearted, expediency—and could recognise none other. One who, in communion with all the items severally comprising his environment, is possessed of One Will—the only Will—and spontaneously gives expression to that One Will in thought, word and deed.) In other words his conscious being dominates, or should dominate, his unconscious being; the latter term being employed to cover amongst other things, emotions, instincts, in a word—will. The New Psychology enters a Caveat, questions the infallibility of such a doctrine. On the contrary it is of opinion that in the main, in the majority of instances, instead of the conscious being dominating the unconscious being, the exact contrary obtains, it is the unconscious being which dominates the conscious being. There is a sight of difference between the two propositions! As our neighbours across the Channel say:—"It gives to think furiously." Supposing that the psychologist were to assert that the conscious being were invariably dominated by the unconscious being, would he be wrong? You are not in a position to judge with any degree of accuracy, you plead! Neither am I! But I have more than a suspicion that he would not be wrong. Such a suggestion even, is a bit of an upset, is it not? A dreadful notion, you say, to abandon as a derelict the familiar doctrine of the freedom of the human conscious mentality. (N.B.—People speak altogether inaccurately of the freedom of the human will when they mean the freedom of the human conscious mentality. That is just the very point I am trying to make. I submit that it is will—the unconscious—which rules the roost, not conscious mentality. And what the human

knows as *his* will is a will divided against itself—the only devil.) To be candid it is about the most comforting doctrine that I have struck in the course of my musings. But (N.B.—Note this for future guidance) whatever theory you may adopt in this connection, if you should scrap the dogma of the freedom of the conscious human mentality, as a matter of practical politics, I advise you to be gloriously inconsistent and in daily affairs continue to behave as though a human being were free to order the course of his destiny. Nevertheless, it is balm to the tortured human breast to discover that the psychologist and the metaphysician concur, the former with certain reservations, the latter unreservedly, in declaring null and void the pretension that under given conditions the human is absolutely free to act in accordance with the dictates of his conscious being.

This splitting up, for purposes of explanation, of a human being into the conscious and the unconscious opens up vast fields for conjecture. It also suggests many practical expedients. If it be true that the conscious being is dominated by the unconscious being—the instincts, blind unreasoning will—this consideration would affect very profoundly one's method of procedure in attempting to shape one's habits, character and destiny. For it would be these instincts, this blind unreasoning will, in a word the unconscious, which one had to reckon with, which one had to contend with, which one had to deal with. And should there be anything which required amendment in one's life, in one's character or conduct, it would be the unconscious which one would seek to modify and amend, and not one's conscious outlook. Neither conscious circumcision nor conscious uncircumcision would avail any, nor would a new conscious creature; i.e., no sublimation of conscious resolves would avail any. The only practical and effectual expedient would be to seek to modify the unconscious. Now in what respect would one seek to modify the unconscious? The human who deals in words and not in thoughts speaks vaguely of evil and the mysterious origin of evil. As though evil were something absolute and irrelative. The only evil, surely, were

something relative, viz. :—opposition to a given definite mode of willing. Evil would be opposition to or the thwarting of a definite mode of willing. Therefore, the practical expedient for bringing to naught evil and the origin of evil would be to eliminate from the unconscious the instinct of conflict, of opposition, of antagonism, of contrariness—both active and passive. To eliminate the instinct that the will—recognised directly within and indirectly without—could be divided against itself. There is an old North Country proverb :—“ When you fight with a sweep, you must fight as a sweep.” If one would affect an unconscious one must set an unconscious to affect an unconscious, on the same principle as one sets a thief to catch a thief. How can this be done? The answer, the awe-inspiring, the wonder-inspiring, the glee-inspiring, answer is :—“ Watch and Pray.” Watch and Pray, not because on that alone hangs the issue of the day. Fortunately the issue of the day, viz. :—that mortal misunderstanding must be swallowed up of Understanding is certain, sure. But because in putting into practice the spirit of this maxim we are co-operating in the universal setting at naught of mortal misunderstanding and not opposing this salubrious process.

Perhaps you will contend that enough prayer is offered up to shift the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas, and that the geographical position of these spontaneous pyramids is in no way affected thereby. Perhaps, but it is not safe to dogmatise unless one knows for certain. A vast amount of supplicatory prayer is offered up, inside churches and without them. Please do not class me amongst the flippant nor imagine that I do not recognise innumerable exceptions to the rule, which I am about to postulate. As a rough rule, those who resort to supplicatory prayer may be divided into two classes :—(1) Those who pray earnestly and consistently, as a habit, but who are bound by oath or covenant against the acceptance of a truth which does not conform to the explicit doctrines of the religious community to which they may happen to belong. The prayers of such as these are consequently an unconscious auto-suggestion that the doctrines afore-

said are valid. Good enough if these doctrines are valid—if they have validity in substance and in fact. But what if these doctrines be merely cracked, crumpled, and distorted husks which once contained a kernel of great price, if the kernel which they once contained has dropped out and been lost, nothing remaining but the distorted husk. How then? (2) Those who resort to prayer as a last resource as a *pis aller*, when they are in an uncommon queer street and everything else, every other resource, seems to have failed. "Lord teach us how to pray aright with reverence and *without* fear." To use prayer as a *pis aller* is scarcely reverential, under the circumstances it is extremely unlikely that it is uttered without fear. In order that prayer may be efficacious it is essential that the latter condition should be complied with. Moreover, the general run of supplicatory prayer is fraught with unconscious auto-suggestion of many deadly things. (1) That the incidents of mortal experience (against which an appeal is made) have absolute validity, absolute reality, genuine actuality. In contradistinction to being something merely relative, something relative to an instinctive outlook. In contradistinction to being merely the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding. In contradistinction to being motes in the sunbeams appearing there *only* as the result of the beam in our own eye. (2) That the discordant incidents of mortal experience are instituted, authorised and approved of by an omniscient and omnipotent supernatural being, who sits on a throne beholding all the dwellers upon earth (and their misdoings). That the discordant incidents aforesaid are ordained as a punishment for mortal misdoing and must be endured with resignation to the wise dispensations of Providence. In contradistinction to seeing in these discordant incidents—mortality self-condemned—the mortal declaring its own inevitable futility, insufficiency and nullity. There is a subtile distinction between the two! (3) That when all human methods of dealing with a contingency have failed, affairs may yet be made to conform to the human standard of what is fitting, seemly and convenient by supernatural intervention—if only sufficient supplication be made. In contradistinction



to stilling for a while the surging of human hopes and fears and in the stillness listening to the still small voice, to the grand, Verity which declares unwaveringly that the mortal—his misunderstanding and the resultant misrepresentations—are eternally and infinitely set at naught (which equals nothing), are eternally and infinitely crossed out. And that the practical expedient, par excellence, is to lift the gaze to the Cross, absorb its wondrous meaning and wrapt in that vision glorious—just let the dead bury their dead. For where there is not this vision glorious the people inevitably perish or suffer grievous pains and cruel pangs. Where there is this vision, mortal misunderstanding is gradually or rapidly swallowed up of Understanding illimitable. (4) An etc., which the reader can elaborate to his liking.

The art of comfortable human living (comfort to one self and comfort to one's neighbours) consists in maintaining some sort of parity between head and heart—between the conscious and the unconscious being—in keeping these more or less on a par, i.e., not to seek to separate these, by either seeking to lift the head without ensuring that the body—the rest of the unconscious being—is lifted at the same time and commensurately; or by, in a manner of speaking, lowering the body, under the impression—the totally erroneous impression—that if the body (or what is deemed to be body) is only damned, disparaged and deprecated with sufficient vigour, it will moult off or melt away. Those who seek so heroically and perseveringly for Truth, with a capital T, seek for it in the abstract theories of the human intellect, in this system of human thought or in that, whether told by the words of the mouth or written on paper, fall within the former category. More conspicuously so, if fired by enthusiastic fervour, they proceed further and attempt to put into practice a medley of half-baked and half-digested theories. These theories may be admirable in so far as the head only is concerned, but the body is not equal to the task of assimilating them (they are at variance with habits and customs dictated more by instinct than by a process of ratiocination); result at best, discomfort; at worst, what

we call disaster. *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.* The canting moralist, he who seeks—by mere repression, by brandishing a whip, by threat or violence, by terrorsing—to subdue or crush out the random affections of the body, falls within the latter category. One who, after securing your head in the vice of his ascetic and self-mortifying prudishness, both impudent and imprudent, would endeavour to persuade you to dis-member your body piece-meal or to wrench it off below the armpits, thus leaving you a rueful cherub—Bowdlerised, may be, but heartless, eviscerate and unsexed.

But how shall some sort of parity be maintained between head and heart, between head and body, between the conscious and the unconscious being? Of course, there is one easy solution of the problem, viz. :—to duck the head and so keep it from soaring. There is another (which I specially commend to the notice of all), to leave the head alone and to concentrate on lifting up the heart, or better still to start at the feet and to lift the whole body in one motion. The head must inevitably be lifted at the same time. By thus lifting from the feet upwards (lifting the head by means of the body) you will be keeping head and heart, head and body, packed together. Putting into practice the art of comfortable human living. By doing the converse—attempting to lift the body by the head—you are asking the mortal misunderstanding to get on its hind legs and bat you all-round the ring in *n* rounds. (*C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*) Why so? Because you are seeking to dethrone and dispossess of its vaunted power the mortal misunderstanding. His Nonentity will not take it sitting down! Is this statement a reversion to medieval superstition? No! It is a fanciful method of denoting that a disparity between head and heart spells conflict. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." This saying expresses the same notion. How can the body be lifted by the feet? I mentioned, while back, that the effectual way to deal with the unconscious is by means of the unconscious. And the answer is :—Watch and Pray!

Have you ever read Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem

called "A Charm," it comes in "Rewards and Fairies." If not, I'd get the book and read the poem—sympathetically. Is it superfluous to remark that a poem is a work of art? The function of a poetic work of art is to deftly suggest an idea by means of poetic imagery, not to state the idea in precise literal terms of mental abstractions. Thus appealing more to the heart (and to continue our metaphor, appealing more to the feet—unconscious instinct) than to the head. A work of art speaks with "The simple, naïve, language of childhood." To me this poem details in charming poetic metaphor exactly the precept and practice inculcated by the cryptic command:—Watch and Pray. In the account of his inland voyage, R. L. Stevenson dwells at some length upon his intense appreciation of great churches. He likens these to mountain scenery. He is lost in wonder how anyone should dare to preach in a cathedral and as to what the preacher could say which would not be of the nature of an anti-climax. Voices are lifted up to preach in cathedrals. I do not propose to preach in this one. I merely relate what, all unbeknownst to myself, I had concealed about me, wrapped in the mantle of my heart, when I entered this cathedral—when the grandeur of the mountain scenery burst upon my view. For as has been frequently remarked, one can only find in a cathedral, mountain scenery, or a poem, that which one brings to them.

In the poem "A Charm," we are invited to take of the common earth, at the same time breathing a prayer. To take of the flowers—to consider them—to seek and to serve them. Here are indicated two antidotes to human disease. They should both be partaken of, singly or in conjunction. The first is of the earth, earthy; the second is of—what shall I say—of that which represents the acme of daintiness, delicacy, elegance, purity and grace. Curiously enough, the two classes of things which appeal most forcibly to me as incentive to—I do not like to call it "prayer," because to many the word prayer suggests impertinent supplication—to attempt to realise mentally the complete sufficiency—the concinnity—of genuine actuality are things of the earth, earthy, things fraught

with the mortal earth's discord; things boresome, wearisome, painful or heart-rending, woful episodes, and things of beauty evoking great joy. Concinnity is a word seldom used; it signifies not only complete harmony, but also graceful ease, fitness, convenience, perfect adaptation of means to end. Yes! The perfect concinnity of actuality when it is not misrepresented by mortal misunderstanding, when it is not beheld through the distorting and contorting medium of the beam which purports to be in every mortal eye. Efficacious prayer might be termed auto-suggestion of transcendent truth (transcendent because it transcends mortal experience), suggesting to oneself, without ceasing, the transcendent truth that the mortal misunderstanding (which purports to constitute the mortal selfhood) and the beam which purports to be in every mortal eye are neither, here, there nor anywhere. For they are eternally and infinitely negated, nullified and set at naught—crossed out—by the all-mighty Verity.

Of the earth, earthy. Volumes would be needed to set forth adequately all that might be said on this subject. For a start, to me, mundane or earthy experience is a sacrament to be partaken of smiling, nay more, in a frenzy of ecstasy! How so? 'Why so? Because if partaken of worthily, that is, if fed upon in the *heart* by faith with prayer and thanksgiving it affords a full, complete and perfectly arranged "Child's Guide to Understanding"; to the Understanding of which misunderstanding must inevitably be swallowed up.

It is not to be found (so far as I know) in any orthodox work on psychology, but it would appear to be more than probable that the environment, the daily mundane experience, of each of us is his own unconscious mentality externalised and objectified. His own particular variation on the original theme of unconscious pseudo-mentality externalised and objectified. (It is conscious mentality externalised and objectified as well, but that is beside the point immediately under consideration.) The Orientals have taught this doctrine from time immemorial. *Tat Twam Asi*. This thou art. In other words, the mortal selfhood "finds itself in its objects and its objects in itself."

Just as in genuine actuality the *in Itself* One beholds Its *in Itself* Only-ness externalised and objectified—idealised, realised, actualised and substantiated—so in the counterfeit actuality does the mortal selfhood behold its own divided-against-itselfness externalised and objectified in disease, discord, want and woe. If this be so, then the daily mundane experience of each individual human indicates, to a nicety, how to treat the unconscious by means of the unconscious, how to set about it.

“ Was jeder tag will, sollst du fragen ;  
Was jeder tag will, wird er sagen.”

It is very important to deal systematically and faithfully with the daily externalisation and objectification of the unconscious mentality, because it is unconscious mentality that the human is up against fundamentally.

Take of the earth, earthy, as much as either hand may rightly clutch. These lines indicate a policy diametrically opposed to that of closing the doors, holding the breath and renouncing the world. Partake of earth's joys, earth's sorrows and earth's busy-ness—as much as is consistent with playing the game by the other players. Would we not play the game in life to the most consummate advantage? The most consummate advantage is to feed upon it in the heart, by faith, with prayer and thanksgiving, as on a holy sacrament. There is, however, no advantage in clutching more than can be made use of. That is where the over busy hand and brain comes in. Does anyone really believe that the world of mortal experience could ever be rendered concinnous by human busy-ness? It is a long, long way to Tipperary along that route, in fact, that route partakes of the nature of the whirligig in a squirrel's cage. If we will but learn how to pray aright, this must serve as a powerful restraint to the over busy hand and brain. Yes! And the deft touch of an unseen hand will obliterate the seeming necessity for excessive busy-ness. This must ease our mortal strife against the immortal woe of—not life, but—mortal misunderstanding. For the woe of mortal misunderstanding is immeasurable! War, woe, waste, and want are nothing but the mortal mis-

understanding proclaiming its own ineffable futility, its own nullity. This process is merely the negating of a negative. How much would that be? Just nil! Yes! But if one were to believe, instinctively, that the negative which is eternally negated were something positive; the negating of that negative would seem to be something positive. Scientifically considered the mortal, *qua* mortal, is a mere negation, an opacity. The disproportionate extension (to constitute a distorting and contorting medium which stultifies actuality) of something which, when moderated and modulated within its proper proportions, serves as a becoming revelator of actuality. The aim and object of praying aright is to attenuate this seeming opacity, to moderate the seemingly disproportionate extension of the medium of manifestation, till it again becomingly fulfils its sublime function, till misunderstanding is swallowed up of Understanding. And if we will only learn to pray aright, this must ease our mortal strife against the immortal woe of misunderstanding. Nay, rather we shall cease to strive against it altogether, recognising that, on the whole, dis-ease in illusion were better than ease in illusion—hence the seeming dis-ease. The seeming dis-ease is only Love-in-a-mist.\* We shall concentrate on seeking first “His Rightwiseness”—Understanding—knowing full well that then all these things—peace, pleasantness, prosperity and plenty—must be added unto us. This method of using every incident of mundane experience as a way mark to Understanding—as a paragraph in our own specially devised Child’s Guide to Understanding—does, in very surety, show us treasures hid, our familiar haunts amid, at the threshold, on the hearth, all about the daily path. It must inevitably reveal (which is our urgent human need) every man a King indeed! It must, gradually or rapidly, reveal that every man is a King indeed! That is why this seeking first His Right-wiseness is of all service the noblest and the most gloriously useful.

And about the things of joy and beauty, which the English and all flowers stand for. The joy and beauty is but a modicum of the joy and beauty in genuine actuality, which has managed to permeate through the seemingly im-

permeable medium of mortality. It comes from the back of beyond. From that which, in a manner of speaking, is at the back of the genuine actuality which lies beyond mortal ken. The mortal purports to be an opacity, but he is not so opaque but that some of the glory from the back of beyond gets through the opacity. And when some of it does get through, what a delight it is! It is indeed a glowing incentive to strive to enter in at the strait gate; a powerful incentive to seek to attenuate the mortal selfhood, through auto-suggestion, without ceasing, of the truth transcending mortality. A tender encouragement to desire fuller manifestation of *the* majestic glory. Just make a mental note for future guidance:—"Only those who desire immoderately can be devoured, whilst on earth, by the gaping jaws of beatitude."

When the Way-shower, *par excellence*, said:—"If any will come after me, let him deny himself." Did he merely mean that people should do things which they do not like with a view to making themselves, or rather their selves, good? Scarcely I opine, because on another occasion when a remark was addressed pointedly to him personally and prefaced by the epithet "good"; "Good Master"; he repudiated the epithet. Presumably, if there could be such a thing as a good human being, here was one. But the Master made reply:—"Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one . . . ." Let him deny himself. What could he have meant? "This is a hard saying." Hard sayings are the test of discipleship. This hard saying is a searching test of whether or no we are able to follow the Master in his farthest flights, to see the drift of all his hyperboles, to understand his simple teaching. This teaching is the acme of simplicity, it may, nevertheless, appear inscrutable to the human, because it is so very different to the wisdom of the human. What was he driving at? If you ask me, I reply, he was indicating something very simple, but very subtle (delicate, piercing, shrewd). This subtilty is the very quintessence of his way-showing and the kind of prayer which he was advocating when he enjoined all to "Watch and Pray" was just this subtle form of self-denial. What does the

mortal selfhood claim to be? It claims to be something in itself and of itself—to possess a nature, character and qualities in itself and of itself. In contradistinction to a genuine Idea, which is merely the medium through and by means of which a particular aspect or aspects of the *in Itself* One is made manifest. An Idea is always an idea of something—an Idea of the *in Itself* One—genuine Ideas are clear as crystal, revealing the One—genuine Ideas are a Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. Yes! But the mortal selfhood claims to possess a nature, character and qualities in itself and of itself. Some natures—mortal natures—are pronounced to be good, some bad, some indifferent. Some characters are pronounced to be good, some bad, and some indifferent. Shorn of complexities, this means that these are harmonious or antagonistic relatively to some other nature or character. The mortal selfhood claims to possess a life of its own, strictly limited; a love of its own, strictly limited; an energy of its own, strictly limited; a power of its own, strictly limited; a beauty of its own, strictly limited, etc.—a will of its own, strictly limited. Now just consider. In the name of all common sense, horse sense or any other sense, how could a world composed of persons, and things each having a will of his own, or its own—mostly contrary the one to the other—how could such a world as this remotely approximate to a state of concinnity? How could it? Of what avail, then, to hope for peace and scheme for peace where there can be no peace? It is my belief that if concinnity were possible under such conditions, concinnity there would be. To maintain concinnity under these conditions would indeed require miraculous intervention! Conjecture, on the other hand, a world in which all the items severally composing it were possessed of One Will, and every item and every individual expressed that One Will in a particular or in an individual manner, in such a world as this there could not fail to be concinnity. Why? There could not be anything else. Concinnity would be profoundly natural and naturally profound.

As a somewhat rough generalisation, where is the dis-



inction between unconscious mentality, instincts and will. Is there any? I make none. The fundamental trouble about the mortal is that he instinctively believes, kind of feels, that he has a will of his own; that he is on his own; that he has nothing to rely on except his own, strictly limited, energy, power, wisdom and intelligence; that he, personally, is responsible for his own deeds, misdeeds and deedlessness. That he has a will of his own, indeed, and must, in order to maintain his honour and self-respect, preclude the possibility of any alien will encroaching upon his own volitional prerogatives. A very feeble exercise of the faculty of observation, even, reveals that the will which purports to be his own peculiar and inviolable property is a will divided against itself. Aye! there's the rub! For as seemingly within, so seemingly without. A will divided against itself within, a will divided against itself without. Has it not been postulated throughout the ages, that the macrocosm is the mirror of the microcosm. That the environment of each of us mortals is his own particular variation on the original theme of mortal selfhood, supposedly, externalised and objectified.

"I am the light of the world." What is I? "I" has been defined to be the identity of the knowing with the willing subject. It is a definition fraught with enlightenment. "The light of the body is the eye." The light of the world is the "I" whose idea that world is. The darkness of the world is the "I" whose idea that world is. I am the light or the darkness of the world, which is my idea. For *all* actuality is ideal, *all* actuality is relative. If therefore thine "I" be single thy whole body—the world which is thine idea—shall be full of light. But if the "I" that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! How great, only he knows who is trying to lift the body into the light by means of the head (in a manner of metaphor). Did not the originator of this fashion of speech declare:—"I and my Father are one." That "I" and the Father of "I" are one. And the only panacea for all dis-ease is for "I" to go to the Father, for "I" and the Father of "I" to be oned. For all to be made perfect in One. The only panacea

for all dis-ease is for the mortal to deny his self—to set his self at naught—because that mortal selfhood claims to be something other than, something separate from, the *in Itself* One. Example is better than precept. So I will give an example in a form of words, illustrating how the mortal can deny his self. It contains a denial, it is true, but the more important part is affirmation. “There is in genuine actuality, no such thing as a mortal human possessing a life of his own, strictly limited; nor a love of his own, strictly limited; ditto energy, ditto power, ditto grace, ditto joy, ditto beauty, etc., ditto understanding, wisdom, intelligence, nor a will of his own, strictly limited. Man (in the concrete always individual) is possessed through and through of the One—infinite Life; of the One—infinite Love; of the One—infinite Energy; of the One—infinite Power; of the One—infinite Grace; of the One—infinite Joy; of the One—infinite Beauty; etc., which he expresses in an individual manner and after an individual fashion. Man (in the concrete always individual) is possessed through and through of the One—infinite Understanding—Wisdom—Intelligence, which he exercises in an individual manner and after an individual fashion. Man (in the concrete always individual) is possessed through and through of the One—Will which he expresses in an individual manner and after an individual fashion.” That is the subtle form of self-denial advocated by the Sage Way-shower as the indispensable prelude to emancipation from the bondage of mortal misunderstanding. As a mere theory—as mere knowledge in the abstract—it is of little avail. As a predominating instinct there is no limit to its beneficent efficacy. Along similar lines one can deal with every contingency of human experience. The primary essential is the instinctive understanding that all activity and all actuality is the Conditioned manifestation of One which could never be divided against itself, and which has no opponent nor opposite to hamper nor impair the making manifest in perfection of the *in Itself* the Only—One.

And as regards the items of human experience, which already appear delight-full, one can mentally realise that genuine actuality is like that only more so, because in

genuine actuality there is naught to dim the vision glorious of the Rapture **THAT I AM**. This is to watch and pray, this is to keep all these things and to ponder them in the heart by faith with prayer and thanksgiving.

We do not need to fight in this battle, for the battle is not ours, but Truth's. That is one of the esoteric meanings of the Cross. To deny thy self—to deny the mortal selfhood—is to destroy this temple (the temple as known to the mortal, which mortal misunderstanding has converted into a den of thieves). Destroy this temple and in three days—in the twinkling of an eye—the Only-Power-Presence builds it up. For the Only-Power-Presence knows no battle and no building. It **IS** that which **IT IS**, and beside **IT** there is nothing.

A word of caution! Do not seek *first* the loaves and fishes. Do not seek *first* "all these things." Do not seek to improve your self nor your environment in accordance with footling human misunderstanding, misprudence and mis-take. (Of course, from the human standpoint, it is neither possible nor desirable that we should refrain from using our human faculties to try to improve our own lot and that of others). I do not allude to the practice of the human virtues. I allude to the practice of marvel working, to the showing of great signs and wonders. Whence it originated I cannot tell, but ever since I can remember, there has been ringing in my ears this refrain:—"To concentrate upon the working of marvels is a sure way to delay the revelation of Understanding."

Have you ever read "The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs? Therein is forcefully portrayed what happens to human beings when they attempt to amend destiny by means of the monkey's paw. Let us seek *first* "his righteousness"—to be possessed of *the* Understanding—for then "all these things" must be added. As for the latest crazes in 'ologies, 'osophies, 'isms and 'ciences, I would take these with a grain of salt. There is something at the back of all of them, no doubt. In a manner of metaphor, there is honey in every blossom. Take a sip of honey from each blossom and pass along. There is no need to

swallow the plants, the garden nor the parish in which the garden grows. Yes! when investigating these human theories, keep the salt handy (because there is a trap for the unwary in every human theory, in every human system of thought), and take a pinch or two, just to season them, especially when the votaries of these systems seek to establish the infallibility of these systems by the showing of great signs and wonders. Do not be persuaded to jump the track in consequence of mere volume of sound in the shout "Lo here" or "Lo there." "Beware of false holloas and juvenile riot. Though the oxe of duty be wide—never fear."

And now we come to the queerest part of this queer story. It must indeed seem queer to such as believe that everything worth knowing must of necessity be known to all potentates—popes, princes, primates, prelates, prominent politicians and professional panjandrums. Have we not read of things being hid from the wise and prudent yet revealed unto babes. The queer thing is that in order to thoroughly understand the meaning of that crucifix, which figured so largely in the opening paragraphs of this story, it is necessary to be an A-theist. What's in a name? Only what has been defined to be contained in the mental abstraction which the word labels. The word aseptic means free from germs. Similarly the word "atheist" means free from theism. The term gives no inkling as to what are the tenets of the a-theist, it merely states that he is not a theist. And what shall be deemed to be contained in the mental abstraction which the word "theist" labels? A theist is one who believes that the universe is created, governed and controlled from without—"ab extra"—by the conscious direction of a supernatural being. Now you know what the particular brand of a-theist to whom I allude does not believe in. The trouble about the theist is that he is apt to attempt "to measure the profound mysteries. . . over which the centuries have brooded with a draper's ell," to submit these profound mysteries to a process of shallow rationalism. And if we become involved in his superficialities, some of them may be (not a help, but) a hindrance. The fact is that unless

(humanly speaking), one is born with a natural aptitude that way and one devotes half a life time, say, to patient and scientific training in how to deal with these extremely subtle thoughts, how to conceive them, how to receive them, the result is probably stultifying superficiality. The point is debatable. But, surely, it were better to train the young in habits which experience has shown tend to make of them good comrades, good patriots, good citizens of the universe, and leave them to evolve their own theories, rather than to force upon them—with an air of infallible authority—a maze of questionable doctrine. Left to their own devices, may they not find “tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,” and glad news of “God” in everything. Poetic metaphor and poetic imagery, in which all can share in the measure of their imaginative receptivity, is an effective method of indicating the conditions which it is conjectured obtain in a state of genuine actuality lying beyond mortal ken, of what lies at the back of this beyond, and of the relationship of that which lies at the back to that which is in the front, so to speak. But when employing these allegories it is best to be honest and to state explicitly that these symbols have allegorical truth only. The Oriental poet proffers imagery of this description:—

“The river” (or the ocean) “and its waves are one surf: where is the difference between the river” (or the ocean) “and its waves?”

“When the wave rises it is the water; and when it falls it is the same water again. Tell me, Sir, where is the distinction?”

Because it has been named as wave, shall it no longer be considered as water?”

The waves are the surface activity of the ocean, all that is seen of its activity (except the tides). Genuine actuality is all that is seen of the *in Itself* One. The conventionally minded human may experience some difficulty in following out the parallel of the metaphor, because he does not differentiate between genuine actuality and the spurious counterfeit. Supposing we put it this way:—Genuine

actuality is the demonstration, the illustration, of an infinite Principle-Unity; the spurious counterfeit is a supposed violation of this Principle. Could an infinite Principle be violated? If it could be violated, it would not be infinite! We are therefore obliged to accept one of two hypotheses; either the Principle-Unity is not infinite or the violation of this Principle is a lie. The testimony of mortal experience declares that there could be illimitable variety of violation of the Principle-Unity—all manner of discord. Is this testimony a lie? If not, there is no such thing as an infinite Principle-Unity, which, I presume, is what is meant by the vague term "God." It is in this connection that the word "faith" has efficient meaning. Will faith enable one to set at naught the testimony of mortal experience that the Principle-Unity could be violated? Will faith enable one to see in the incidents of mortal experience the supposed violation of infinite Principle-Unity declaring its own nullity—its own nothingness? That, to my thinking, is the true and proper function of faith. To revert to the metaphor of the ocean and its waves—it is along lines such as these that it is possible to attain to conjectures, not wholly misleading, concerning that which, from the standpoint of knowledge, is the unattainable. Or as follows:—

"What a wonderful lotus it is, that blooms at the heart of the spinning wheel of the universe!"

The universe to which Kabir refers is the universe of genuine actuality and not the spurious caricature of it. Note the word "heart," there is a world of meaning in that one word! Conventional theism postulates the universe to be the creation of a head (consciousness) somewhere outside it or may be sitting on a throne somewhere within it. That way lie incongruities and incompatibilities. No! I think that the metaphor of the heart is the better guide. The heart is the emblem of instinctive (unconscious) love. The outpouring and inpouring of instinctive love. The outflowing and inflowing of instinctive love. The process being actuated by spontaneous (unconscious) rhythmic pulsation. No conscious design there! Merely

the Will to love and to be loved which are at-one. The Will to give and to receive rapture oned. Behold I show you what, to me, is no mystery, but merely the obvious and the incontestable, viz :—that all actual consciousness must of necessity be conditioned, must be subject to definite conditions ; i.e., in order to be able to know actually, one must know in a definite conditioned manner ; one's knowledge must of necessity be conditioned by the forms of knowing in accordance with which one knows ; actual consciousness must always be in accordance with the definite basic conditions which condition that particular form of consciousness. That which in one form of metaphor is termed " the wonderful lotus which blooms at the heart of the spinning wheel of the universe " and in another is known as the Father, the Father of all and the Father of all consciousness, *in Itself* transcends all conditions whatsoever, *in Itself* it is the Unconditioned, the Only, the Only Absolute. All manifestation of the *in Itself* Only-ness being merely relative and conditioned—ideal. And yet the pure Unconditioned subject of knowledge is present entire and undivided in every percipient being. May be, were we able to peep behind the veil, which shrouds from our view the cosmic polity, we should find that there also the conscious is dominated by the Unconscious. That the government, the control lies in—is upon the shoulder of—the rhythmic pulsation of that infinite Heart of Love. That It just IS that which IT IS. And that all (genuine) activity, whatsoever, consists in resting in the beat of that all-mighty Rhythm.

" What a wonderful lotus it is that blooms at the heart of the spinning wheel of the universe. . . .

Music is all around it and there the heart partakes of the joy of the Infinite Sea.

Kabir says : ' Dive thou into that Ocean of sweetness : thus let all errors of life and of death flee away.' "

Thus feet shall guide feet into the way of peace. Feet guiding feet into the way of peace is a cumulative process. It is not a case of every human for himself and the devil fly

off with the remainder. No! For that which blesses one, in this quest, must of necessity bless all. One pair of feet gently led along the mountain tops makes travelling easy for all. Giving light to them that sit in darkness and in the *shadow* of death, guiding their feet into the way of peace—the peace which is Understanding and the Understanding which is peace.

Here am I having started by trying to prove, at great length, that "it cannot be told by the words of the mouth, it cannot be written on paper." Here am I writing reams of telling! This merely serves as an admirable example and illustration of the glorious inconsistency which must obtain between the substance of our prayer and the shadow of our human practice. There must be this glorious inconsistency, you know. For our most resplendent human virtues are and must be, in some measure, an apostacy from our transcendent intuitions. In our prayers we mentally conjecture that which is perfect, in our human practice we are perforce constrained to shuffle along, doing the best that human expediency permits. In our prayers we know that the battle and the building are not ours—we seek rest in the Power-Presence that is with us alway—in our human practice we sally forth with set jaw and clenched fist to battle and to build. Wading, should human need arise, through blood, mud and mire to extend the hand of fellowship to the beggar and to lift him up from off the dunghill and to make him inherit the throne of glory. As humans we cannot sit with folded hands, because the perfect would seem to be the unattainable. We have, if it be possible, to be continuously "resisting the diabolic"; a feat none too easy for one who purports to be the incarnation of a will-divided-against-itself—the only devil in the piece, tragedy or farce, which is it? "It would be rash to hazard a suggestion." That will purporting to be divided against itself, its antics, its machinations, all its predatory activities, merits the direst anathema which poor outraged humanity can heap upon it. But, thank heaven, neither you nor I are personally responsible for any of its vagaries. (That is another esoteric meaning of the Cross.) To thoroughly understand



this is a great asset in resisting the devil before it flees, as flee it must before the sign of the Cross.

When one reverses a photographic negative in printing it off, the areas of greatest darkness in the negative correspond to the areas of greatest light in the positive, do they not? I said, while back, that mortality (the mortal) is an opacity—a negative, something negative. Perhaps, if we reverse that negative in order to obtain the positive we shall find that the darkest portions of the negative reversed show the greatest light on the positive. “If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?” A considerable reward! If ye love that which does not love you, ye have a greater reward! Why? Because it will mean that you are so keen on the realisation of the Presence, which is full-ness of joy, that you will not be put off, you will take no denial—you will not suffer anything to exclude from the Presence, not even the grossest misrepresentation of mortal misunderstanding. May be, we shall find it will be in the darkest hour that we shall first see day—light.

## ALL-PRESENCE

“ O Servant, where dost thou seek Me ?

Lo ! I am beside thee.

I am neither in temple nor in mosque. . . .

Neither am I in rites and ceremonies, nor in Yoga  
and renunciation.

If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see Me :  
thou shalt meet Me in a moment of time.

Kabir says, ‘ O Sadhu ! God is the breath of all  
breath. ’ ”

O Servant, where dost thou seek Me ? Lo ! I am beside thee. Here, now ! I am beside thee. Listen to the grand Verity, there is veritably naught else to have positive presence, there is naught else to be positively present. I AM is presence—I AM is the present—I AM is that which is present—I AM is the present presence. I AM THAT I AM, and by no manner of means could I be other than that I am. The Presence is always beside thee. What does the mental abstraction to which the word “ present ” has been attached mean ? What does it signify ? To be present signifies to be present in consciousness, to be present to knowledge. In so far as anything is present in consciousness, it is the idea of that consciousness : in so far as it is anything actual—in so far as it is actually present—it is the idea of Conditioned consciousness. In so far as anything is present to knowledge, its being for knowledge is a being for another. Of course in itself and for itself it has a being-for-self, but that being-for-self is something fundamentally different to being-for-another. It is something fundamentally different to being-for-knowledge. Being-for-self is not presence, to be to and for self is not to be present. For presence and to be present signifies

to be present to knowledge. Being-for-self, in itself, is no-being-for-another, is no-being-for-knowledge.

Do not look upon the foregoing as a mere useless splitting of hairs—as a mere profusion of verbiage—it is just for want of this clearness in thinking that the mystery with which mortal existence is encompassed appears so difficult to solve. There is no mystery. Precise, definite, thought in precise, clearly defined, mental abstractions needs precise, clearly defined, words in order that it may be expressed accurately. For the words are the cipher code by means of which thought is communicated. In order that two people may communicate their thoughts—their abstract ideas—it is necessary for them to agree upon a cipher code by means of which they communicate with one another. You may have noticed when conversing with an exceptionally able and competent man of affairs, how in discussing such ordinary, every-day, concerns as the care of, the handling and training of, horses and dogs, cow-keeping, poultry-rearing, etc., he insists with almost aggravating persistence in telling you precisely what he means by the words which he employs, and insists on knowing precisely what you mean by the words which you employ. If this precision is necessary in dealing with mental abstractions so very proximate to the concrete intuitions from which they are abstracted; how much more so is this precision imperative in making use of such very recondite and very abstract mental abstractions as “God,” “presence,” “the spiritual,” “matter,” etc.

When two parties wish to exchange their thoughts—to exchange the mental abstractions which they have formed—it is necessary that they should first think out what it is which they wish to communicate. In the formulation of clearly-defined concepts—mental abstractions—and in the accurate comparison of these concepts, the faculty of judgment plays the most important part. To these precisely-defined concepts, words are attached as labels, for convenience in handling them. These words constitute a cipher code. In order that the message which it is intended to convey may be apprehended it is necessary that the receiver of the message should be in possession of the

decode cipher—in other words, that he shall know what are the mental abstractions to which the words have been attached (as labels). In dealing with every-day concerns where the concepts in use can be easily referred to the concrete objects from which these have been abstracted, in order to ensure that the concepts are accurate and faithful representatives of the class of objects under consideration, any standard dictionary is a good and sufficient decode cipher. But when we come to deal with such very remote and abstract concepts as “God,” “the spiritual,” “matter,” etc., a standard dictionary is not an adequate decode cipher. And just as the pioneer in the sciences of zoology, botany, or psychology finds it necessary to accurately define the meaning which is to be attributed to the words which he employs, so in dealing with these very remote concepts it is imperative for us to accurately define the meaning to be attributed to the words which we employ. In order that two parties may effectually communicate to one another their respective thoughts, it is essential that : firstly, they shall both be capable of thinking clearly ; secondly, that they shall both be making use of the same cipher code of words. Otherwise the interchange of thoughts between them will be fraught with error. The word error signifies erroneous knowledge in the abstract. A misapprehension concerning some concrete object, or concerning the relationship of that concrete object to some other concrete object or combination of objects, is an illusion. It is not, accurately speaking, an error. The term error should be used to denote erroneous knowledge in the abstract and that only.

Listen ! Would you expect to become an eminent musician—say a pianist—without learning the notation, the symbols, by means of which a musical composition is written down ? No ! It would be only after long practice and constant exercise of the faculty that you would be able to read the music and to strike the correct notes on the keyboard of a piano automatically without conscious effort. An eminent judge or K.C. habitually thinks with accuracy and expresses his thoughts in precise words. This accuracy in thinking is, to a certain extent, innate, but it is also the

result of long training, and so is the command of the precise language in which to express the clear thought. The use of precise words helps clear thinking, and clear thinking tends to the employment of precise words. The two processes mutually help one another. Yet when it is a question of exchanging or communicating subtle metaphysical knowledge in the abstract—subtle metaphysical ideas—it would appear to be popularly believed that clear thinking and the choice of precise words in which to express thought is of no consequence. All that is necessary is to splash the words “God,” “Spirit,” “the spiritual,” “the material,” etc., about in all directions; without any attempt at either accurate thinking, or any attempt to define what is and what is not meant by the words which are made use of.

True! The house-wife, the carpenter, the ploughman, may be so blessed as to have wonderfully sound intuitions concerning the grand eternal verities. True! These verities, although sublime, are the acme of simplicity. It is therefore the simple-minded to whom they are most easily revealed. What the house-wife, the carpenter, the ploughman, lack (as a rule) is the faculty for translating these vague intuitions into terms of precise mental abstractions and expressing thoughts in words. In a great simple heart (using the term metaphorically) there is always room for a great intuition, for great emotional feeling. That these great simple folk are unable to express their “feelings” in terms of mental abstractions and words is of minor importance. For heart speaks to heart—unconscious speaks to unconscious—unconscious communicates with unconscious—in a more forceful and effectual manner than mere words can ever attain to. To be able to think clearly, and to give expression to the thoughts engendered, is by no means a necessity in a simple life. It cannot be repeated too often, understanding—instinctive understanding—of the grand, infinite, verities can never be attained to by means of human ratiocination. Never! But should anyone wish to translate vague intuitions into terms of mental abstractions and words, with a view to communicating them to another, it is essential,

it is imperative, to observe faithfully the principles—the rules—in accordance with which alone this process can be effectually executed. If these principles be not conformed to with precision the result is the dissemination of pernicious and deadly error.

Let us consider the word “God” which is splashed about so lavishly. What is the meaning of this word? To what clearly-defined mental abstraction is this word attached as a label for convenience in handling? Beware! For in association with this mental abstraction is the deadliest error. An error so colossal—so fundamental—that if it be entertained, it permeates throughout the whole of our human being. It affects deleteriously our every thought, our every action. Instead of being an all-powerful antidote to confusion, it makes confusion worse confounded. How did the erroneous concept “God” arise in human misconception? After this fashion. The human, seemingly, dwells in the realm of the error of dualism—in the realm of the illusory pairs of opposites conflicting with one another—the pairs of opposites; good and evil; right and wrong; truth and error; spirit and matter; joy and sorrow; beauty and ugliness; etc. To him, enmeshed as he seemingly is within the illusion of the pairs of opposites, the highest good, the greatest right, the purest truth, the most sublimely spiritual, the most complete joy, the grandest beauty, etc., seems too sublime to be included within that which he deems to be the natural; so he mentally projects this super-sublimity on to something *outside* that which he deems to be the natural, he mentally postulates a supernatural and calls it “God.” Thereby mentally banishing All-presence to the far away! Following upon this erroneous mental process the word “God” has become so closely associated with a colossal error that it is inadvisable to make use of it, for the very word is an unconscious autosuggestion of the very illusion—of the very error—which it is urgently necessary that humanity should be emancipated from.

The theologian declares that “God is omnipresent.” The psalmist declaims in his poetic metaphor:—“Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I take the wings of the

morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea ; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Both are correct, in a vague metaphorical sense. But just pause and ask the pertinent question. If God is present how is it that I cannot see Him ? (The very word "Him" is an unconscious autosuggestion of error. Why not Her ?) If I cannot see God, God is not present—not present in consciousness, not present to knowledge—for that is what the word "present" means. But what do you see around you ? What is present in consciousness ? What is present to knowledge ? That which is present in mortal consciousness, that which is present to mortal knowledge, is an indefinite number of persons and things, each having a being of its own. Each having a being on its own. Each having a nature, a character, qualities, in itself and of itself. Each to a large extent separate from and independent of its neighbours. Looked at from the standpoint of idealism, each of these persons and things is the objectification of a separate and independent will. As we say in common parlance, each has a will of its own. The actuality of mortal experience thus resolves itself into an indefinite number of separate wills, up against one another. Then it is not "God" which is present to mortal knowledge. You would not associate the highest good, the greatest right, etc., which you can conceive with any of these separate wills, up against one another ; would you ? Scarcely ! Therefore that which is present to mortal knowledge is something other than "God." That, I submit, is the mortal illusion *par excellence*. The mortal illusion *par excellence*, I submit, is that there could be anything other than (what I prefer to call) the *in Itself* One to be present—to be present in consciousness, to be present to knowledge. That there could be any will other than the One Will to be objectified. Supposing we conjecture a state of actuality in which every item composing it is the objectification of One Will. That One Will would be present, in one sense, because everything in that actuality would be the objectification of that One Will. Would you be able to see the One Will in itself ? Endeavour to see that which you as a mortal call "my will." Can you do so ? No ! You

cannot see it itself. You cannot perceive it directly and immediately. You, however, know directly and immediately what you definitely will on any definite occasion. This direct knowledge of what you will on any definite occasion is possible in consequence of the identity of the knowing with the willing subject. You know your will indirectly and mediately in its acts, in its works. What you call "my body" is "my will" known indirectly and mediately, through the intermediary of conditioned knowledge. What you call "my body" is the objectification of "my will." It is "my will" objectified. The objectivity of "my body"—i.e., that it is an object, that it is object in relation to subject—the space in which it is extended, the time during which changes are effected in it, the *causal nexus* by means of which it is affected—by means of which changes are wrought in its composition and in the sensations which it experiences—are all subjective forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject. It is (in one sense) all the same whether we say, the subject knows in such and such a fashion or whether we say the object has such and such qualities. Nevertheless the former mode of expression is accurate and tends to exclude error from our thinking processes; the latter mode of expression tends to introduce error into our thinking processes. It is thus apparent that the human knows "his self" in two totally distinct ways:—(1) directly—within—that which is known by this direct and immediate process of knowledge is a (conditioned) being to and for self, a being-for-self; (2) indirectly and mediately—without—that which is known by this indirect process is the same selfhood known through the intermediary of conditioned knowledge and through all the forms of knowing by which that knowledge is conditioned—it is, as such, a being-for-another—i.e., a being for conditioned knowledge. Do not look upon the foregoing as a mere useless academic theory. To thoroughly comprehend it is of great importance to a thinker who wishes to communicate his thought. For the status of the mortal being—the mortal selfhood—the mortal will—and the objectification of it, in and for conditioned knowledge, is merely a distorted caricature of the genuine status



obtaining in genuine actuality. Subject to this important qualification ; that whereas the spurious actuality of mortal experience ' claims to be the objectification of many " within," of many selves, of many selfhoods, of many wills, all contending with one another, all up against one another ; genuine actuality, I submit, is the objectification of that which ultimately and in its innermost being is One " within," of that which ultimately and in its innermost being is One Self, of that which ultimately and in its innermost being is One Selfhood, of that which ultimately and in its innermost being is One Will. Thus although genuine actuality consists of infinite variety of objects, of infinite diversity of objectification, nevertheless all the items composing it—all the objects included in it—are at-one through the " within " of all—through the being-for-self of all—for the within—the selfhood—of all is ultimately and in its innermost being One. This at-one-ment through the " within " of all excludes the possibility of any discord " without." This at-one-ment " within " ensures concinnity " without." Let us illustrate the proposition by a metaphor. Within is One Voice—the Only Voice—without is a glad grand chorus in parts. Within all, is the melody composed by the One Composer, without are many instruments all playing different notes, yet all the various notes must blend in perfect harmony ; must, because they are all severally expressing One perfect melody.

Now which is the primary and the ultimate ? The " within " or the " without " ? Which is the primary and the ultimate ? The being-for-self or the being-for-another ? Which is the primary and the ultimate ? That which is known—i.e., the will—or the knowledge of the will ? (In self-consciousness, that which is known directly and immediately is the will.) To answer these questions correctly is of paramount importance. Because if the " within," the being-for-self, the will, is the primary and the ultimate ; at-one-ment—the at-one-ment of all—through the " within," through the being-for-self, through all being possessed of One Will, is a possibility. I submit, that the at-one-ment of all is not a possibility by means of any alternative supposition.

Conventionally accepted theology is realistic, is founded upon Realism, it looks upon the universe from the standpoint of Realism. It declares that a definitely real supernatural Being, who moreover is actually conscious, who knows definitely and actually, has created a universe. The items severally composing that universe are real independent, separate, entities; each having an independent being of its own, each having an independent will of its own. Moreover, each independent, actual, will is free to act—upon itself and upon the other wills—just as it pleases. If such be a true cosmogeny no wonder that the cosmos is in a devil of a fix. But cheer up! Man has an independent soul of his own, which primarily knows and only secondarily wills as the result of this knowledge. Through the intermediary of knowledge man is enabled to discover the definite will of the definite, supernatural, being outside the universe; the supernatural being who has created the universe from outside it; through discovering the definite will of this supernatural being he is able to conform to this alien will, and when he conforms to this alien will all will be well with him. But how about the primitive elements, earth, air, fire and water? These have no knowledge—no intelligence—through the intermediary of which they may know the definite will of the real, actual, supernatural being. How shall these real, actual, independent entities cease from conflicting with one another, and with the vegetable and animal kingdoms?

Consider as an alternative. The wonderful, simple, sayings of the beautiful, naïve, Jesus. The sayings which called forth the anathema, the violent and active hostility, of the orthodox theologian of his day. Now I submit that when making these wondrous utterances Jesus was uttering the truth—genuine verity—for and on behalf of man. Not on behalf of the human, because these sayings would not be true respecting the human. "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me. . . ." ". . . the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." N.B.—He did not say:—I look at something outside me, in order to discover what it is that the Father wills. He said, "The

Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." It would have been of no avail to say to unlearned fisher-folk and peasants, "Within me (*qua* man) is the pure Unconditioned being-for-self which is the ultimate and innermost being of all, my actual acts (*qua* man) are the Conditioned manifestation of that One which in Itself—i.e., in its innermost being—is Unconditioned." No! So he spoke to them in parables, by means of poetic metaphor. The teaching of the beautiful, naïve, Jesus had no connection with realistic theology; the teaching of the Jewish priests and lawyers was founded upon realistic theology; hence their intense hatred of him and his teaching. From the standpoint of realism, the wonderful saying, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" has no intelligible meaning. From the standpoint of idealism it is full of wondrous meaning. For by implication, it was an emphatic denial of the mortal illusion *par excellence*, the illusion that each and every item composing actuality has an independent selfhood of its own, has an independent being on its own, has an independent will of its own. On the contrary it affirmed, by implication, that every item composing genuine actuality "within"—in its innermost being—is at-one and oned with the Father—with the pure Unconditioned being-for-self. That every presence in genuine actuality, that every activity in genuine actuality, is the Conditioned presence, is the Conditioned activity, of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned.

Only on the supposition that the "within," that the being-for-self, that the will, is the primary and the ultimate—the alpha and omega of all being—is at-one-ment conceivable. From the standpoint of idealism each and every one of the items severally composing genuine actuality can truthfully declare:—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Albeit the Father—pure Unconditioned being-for-self—cannot be perceived directly, in Itself, any more than you (as a mortal) can directly perceive what you call "my will." The in Itself One—the pure Unconditioned being-for-self—can only be perceived through the intermediary of Conditioned knowledge. The mortal illusion *par excellence*, is the illusion that there could be something or anything, to be present in consciousness, to be present

to knowledge, other than the presence of the *in Itself* One. The presence is actually present, is actually present in consciousness, is actually present to knowledge, is actually perceptible, only through the intermediary of Conditioned knowledge. Nevertheless, the *In Itself* One is the only positive, is positively all that there is to be positively present, is positively all that there is to be actually present. There is no other positive to be actually present in consciousness. Hence the origin of the term "All-presence," which means that the *in Itself* One is all that there is to be present in consciousness.

*In Itself*, the pure Unconditioned being-for-self is not actually conscious, it does not actually know; for in order that knowledge may be actual it is essential that knowledge should be Conditioned. And *in Itself* the One transcends all conditions whatsoever. Unconditioned being-for-self is no-being-for-another, is no-being-for-knowledge, but that does not mean that it has no-being. Conventional European thought conceives consciousness, knowledge, to be the primary and the ultimate of all being. Therefore, looked at from this erroneous standpoint, the hasty conclusion is jumped to—the unwarrantable assumption is made—that no-being-for-knowledge is no-being. The point may be illustrated by means of a metaphor. Thus, being-for-self may be likened to a masculine value; knowledge to a feminine value. The feminine can only give after it has received. There must be something positive for knowledge to know. The something positive which knowledge knows is the being-for-self. Knowledge cannot, however, actually know being-for-self, in *Itself*; it can only know the being-for-self indirectly through the intermediary of Conditioned knowledge. The One is actually conscious through the intermediary of man, *inter alia*—through the intermediary of every conscious being. That which we call "man"—the genuine man—has a duality of function. (1) He expresses, he is the intermediary through and by the means of which the One attains to actual expression, to actual active expression. What does the actual individual man express? He expresses an individual phase of the Nature of the One—to be precise, he expresses

an individual phase of the infinite potentiality of Nature in the One. He is an actual, individual, phase of expression by means of which the One expresses Itself. The wonderful, naïve, Jesus was therefore uttering a great metaphysical truth when he said :—"the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." The Father that dwelleth in man, he doeth all the works that man doeth. (The human claims to be something in himself and of himself, something on its own—of his father the devil). (2) Man recognises he consciously recognises, he actually recognises. What does he recognise? He recognises in an individual, actual, fashion the only positive anything which there is to recognise—the Nature of the One. He is an actual, individual phase of recognition by means of which the One actually recognises the infinite potentiality of Nature in Itself—by means of which the One indirectly recognises its own being. For the knowledge—the understanding—of which man is possessed is conditioned knowledge, therefore is its knowledge actual. But there is nothing to know, nothing to recognise, nothing to be present in consciousness but the presence of the One. The One whose presence is known indirectly through the intermediary of the Conditioned knowledge of which man is possessed. Therefore the wonderful naïve Jesus was uttering a profound metaphysical truth when he said on behalf of every presence in genuine actuality :—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

From the illusory human standpoint it is necessary to practice, without ceasing, the realisation of *the* presence. That which claims to be present in human consciousness is an indefinite number of persons and things each having a selfhood of its own, each having a being on its own, each having a will of its own. The human must lift his mental gaze to the Cross—to the grand Verity—which sets at naught the monstrous pretension that there is anything else to be present in consciousness, to be present to knowledge, save the One—the *in Itself* the Only. Many independent selves, many independent beings, many independent wills must inevitably clash with one another. But many presences all possessed "within" of One could not fail to bless one another, to minister to one another, to serve one

another in fervent joy. Actual presence is always ideal presence. Ideal in both interpretations of the word, in the philosophic meaning—viz. : object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver, in a word idea—and in the colloquial meaning—perfect. All actuality is ideal, in the philosophic sense. Hence the discord with which the actuality of mortal experience is fraught does not arise in consequence of faulty expression of the One Will, it arises in consequence of a misunderstanding concerning the perfect expression of the One Will. That discord is a subjective illusion, not something objective having absolute reality.

Genuine actuality is a game of joy, “the sport of the Unattainable One.” The One, in Itself, cannot be attained to through the intermediary of knowledge; yet is it ever-present, ever present to knowledge, for it is the only that-which-could-be-present to knowledge.

*If thou art a true seeker?* Nay, but the genuine man could be naught else. With him to seek is to find, is to find immeasurably. For in genuine actuality demand and supply are inseparable correlatives. Man seeks, without ceasing, ever new tokens of *the Presence*; he finds, without ceasing, ever new tokens of *the Presence*. Man sees naught else for seeing the Conditioned manifestation of THAT I AM. Man meets naught else for meeting the Conditioned manifestation of THAT I AM. Man knows no other presence than THAT I AM. For all breath—all activity—is the Conditioned manifestation of that “One” which *in Itself* is Unconditioned.

## ALL-PRESENCE II

In genuine actuality, all—each and every item composing that genuine actuality—is the Conditioned manifestation of that—the One—which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. What a tiresome jargon of long words! It is! Unfortunately, in order to deal accurately and precisely with such very remote mental abstractions, it is impossible to avoid employing a technical jargon. If you desired to become a senior wrangler, desired it ardently, you would not grumble about the formulae employed in mathematics, you would not say: "Why do they make use of these technical formulae and employ all this technical jargon?" No, you would cheerfully submit to many years of technical training, you would spend long days becoming familiar with the technicalities of the formulae employed in mathematics. You would realise, at the start, that mathematical quantities could be accurately expressed in no other way than by means of these extremely technical formulae. But when it comes to attempting to communicate accurately the most abstract metaphysical ideas, people seem to think that precision of thought and precise words—a technical jargon—in which to communicate these very abstract ideas is quite superfluous. All that is necessary is to lavishly splash about the words "God," "the spiritual," etc. In fact to flounder about famously and splash up words in all directions, like the literary ladies at Todgers'.

It is contended that Jesus—the Wayshower *par excellence*—made use of no technical jargon in his teaching, and that therefore such a jargon is unnecessary. But pause a moment. The life story of the beautiful Jesus, the incidents comprised in it, the words which he uttered, were all a work of art. An exoteric drama with an esoteric meaning. It is just on account of its being a work of art that it

preserves its immeasurable value throughout the ages. But respecting the teaching set forth in actual words, what was the aim of this teaching—what was the Christian mission? The aim of the Christian mission was to take theological Realism and—not to destroy it, but—to fill it full with a living, glowing, meaning which it had not previously possessed. It is true that this full filling with a new living meaning, to all intents and purposes, would destroy theological Realism. But mere negative criticism of it would have served no useful, practical, purpose; the Christian mission was constructive, positive, above all things of practical efficacy. It is extremely doubtful whether or no the esoteric meaning of the drama *par excellence* was clearly understood by any of the actual witnesses of the drama. It is extremely probable that its esoteric meaning has never been clearly understood from that day to this. To-day humanity are beginning to entertain some inklings—some faint glimmerings—of understanding of its portentous meaning. But what has happened in the meanwhile? The object of the Christian mission was to substitute for the rigid formalism of theological Realism a simple understanding of the primitive verities. The medieval theological rationalist who had failed to grasp the esoteric meaning of the drama *par excellence*, jumped to the hasty and unwarranted conclusion that the aim of the Christian mission was to bolster up theological Realism—the very thing it aimed at doing away with—and proceeded to embody his (the theological rationalist's) interpretation of the Christian mission in a number of creeds and dogmas. These creeds and dogmas were expressed in a highly technical and very complicated jargon. A jargon, moreover, which had this great demerit: the words employed in it were not intimately associated with clearly defined mental abstractions abstracted from concrete ideas of perception; no, these words were associated with notions drawn from the supposed infallibility of "ipse dixit."

But to revert to our own special brand of jargon. Whatever demerits it may have, it has this crowning merit: that the words employed in it are intimately associated with clearly defined mental abstractions abstracted from con-



crete ideas of perception. Some will, perhaps, say, "Why import these new-fangled words into the proceedings, why not make use of the words—cause and effect—we are all familiar with the expression 'The Great First Cause,' we are all used to describing actuality as the effect of the Great First Cause." Very likely! But it is just this slipshod, careless, fashion of employing words which are not intimately associated with clearly defined mental abstractions which leads to the grossest of errors and which makes complicated that which when accurately dealt with is the acme of simplicity. The words—the mental abstractions—cause and effect have a precise, definite, meaning in relation to changes in states of matter. They have no precise, definite, meaning in relation to anything else. They are utterly misleading when made use of in attempting to describe the relationship between concrete actuality and that of which the concrete actuality is the actual manifestation—the making manifest of. Why not employ the familiar term "Creation" to express this relationship? One meaning assigned to the word creation is:—"to bring into being out of nothing." Where in concrete experience is to be found a case of a bringing into being out of nothing? From what actual, concrete ideas—from what actual, concrete objects—was this mental abstraction abstracted? The answer is, it could not be abstracted from any concrete experience. There is another meaning assigned to the word "creation." "To invest with a new form." That meaning is not so wholly objectionable. It is, however, inadequate for the purpose of describing the relationship between actuality and that of which actuality is the making manifest. Because that which is made manifest is not and never could be, in itself, invested with any form nor any forms, for it, in itself, transcends all conditions through and by means of which alone could the idea of form arise. These vague and inaccurate modes of expression tend to produce and to maintain error of a most pernicious kind.

But, right under our noses, so to speak, is an example of the precise kind of relationship which we are in search of. It has nothing to do with cause and effect, it is not a causal relationship; it has no connection with creation.

It is a clear, definite, example of ideal re-presentation. I allude to the relationship between that which is known directly and immediately in self-consciousness as a phenomenon of will, what we humans call "my will," and the objectification of this same phenomenon of will as a corporeal, spatial, extension, that which we humans call "my body." And when I say that actuality is the Conditioned manifestation of that which in Itself is Unconditioned, the mental abstractions to which the words "Conditioned" and "Unconditioned" have been attached as labels were abstracted from this concrete phenomenon. The phenomenon of will does not create the body, the metaphysical will does not create the physical body, nor is the metaphysical will the cause of the physical body, neither is the physical body the effect of the metaphysical will. No! But the physical body is the metaphysical will known through all the forms of knowing which condition the conditioned knowing of the knowing subject. As has been already stated this process is a caricature of the genuine process which it counterfeits. It supplies data from which to abstract mental abstractions which can be made use of to elucidate the mystery with which mortal existence is encompassed, these mental abstractions used in conjunction with judicious conjecture may lead to a comprehension of the transcendent verities, of the verities transcending actual mortal experience. At any rate we set out upon our quest with some idea of the correct relationship existing between that which is made manifest and the manifestation of it—i.e., actuality.

It is interesting to note that there is some evidence, even in mortal experience, tending to establish the transcendental unity of the will; tending to show that the will which is objectified in what we call Nature in its innermost being is one. There are many examples of this evidence. The vegetable moulds and bacteria which break up decaying vegetable and animal tissue, whilst other bacteria form compounds from this decomposed material exactly suitable to the requirements of plants in the way of plant food. Then there is the wonderful co-operation between the insect and the plant. The plant provides honey and pollen for the

benefit of the insect and in return the insect fertilises the plant. But although the will as known to the mortal furnishes some evidence of its transcendental at-one-ment, it also furnishes abundant evidence of its divided-against-self-ness. This divided-against-self-ness is not, however, a genuine proclivity of the will, it is a mortal illusion concerning the proclivities of the will. In its innermost being the will must be one, for it transcends the conditions conditioning knowledge through which alone could the notion of multiplicity exist.

Let us consider the meaning of the word "condition." Firstly, from the objective standpoint. The substantive "condition" is defined in Murray's dictionary to mean:—II Mode of being, state, position, nature. II.9. A particular mode of being of a person or thing; state of being. II.12. Nature, character, quality. 13. A characteristic, property, attribute. And the verb "to condition":—V.4. To govern, qualify, limit, restrict, as a condition. To determine as a condition the existence of. To constitute or frame with conditions of being.

Supposing that someone came to me and said:—"I have just seen the most gloriously beautiful woman." I should probably reply:—"What is she like?" Supposing that he said:—"She is just absolute beauty!" I must answer:—"My good man, you are talking nonsense, you cannot *see* absolute beauty, absolute beauty is synonymous with beauty in general. You cannot *see*, actually see, beauty in general, you can only think of beauty in general in terms of mental abstractions." Then he might say:—"She has flaxen hair, blue eyes, dark eyebrows and eyelashes, the most dazzling blonde complexion, etc." I should say:—"Now you are talking sense. You are describing beauty actually expressed in a concrete, definite, conditioned, manner. Beauty actually expressed in a concrete, definite, conditioned, manner is actually and concretely perceptible."

In order to be actual—in order to be actually perceptible—a thing must be definitely conditioned. It must have a definite, particular mode of being—nature, character, quality. It must have definite, particular characteristics,

properties, attributes. Actual being is synonymous with conditioned being. Actual presence in consciousness, actual presence to knowledge, is synonymous with the presence of a definite, conditioned, mode of being. Definite being is synonymous with conditioned being. A definite presence is a conditioned presence.

We took as an example the quality, the attribute, of beauty; in order to show that absolute beauty, beauty in general, is not actually perceptible. The same principle holds good with reference to life, love, energy, power, grace, joy, etc. Life in general, love in general, energy in general, etc., is not actually perceptible—cannot be actually present in consciousness, cannot be actually present to knowledge. In order that these may be actually perceptible—in order that these may be actually present to knowledge—they must have a definite, conditioned, mode of being—they must be expressed in a definite, conditioned, manner. Why all this redundancy of platitudinous truisms? Because the elucidation of the mystery with which mortal existence appears to be encompassed, is really a matter of extreme simplicity. The simplest thing in the world! To many it appears an inscrutable mystery, because when attempting to deal with it instead of looking within—where all is the acme of simplicity—they look without, they espouse some system of human intellectualism, supposedly founded on infallible authority, euphemistically termed a faith. The words employed in this system are not associated with any definite mental abstractions abstracted from concrete ideas, consequently these serve to obscure the issue rather than to elucidate it.

All actuality is a being-for-knowledge. Both actual knowledge and the content of actual knowledge are conditioned. The former is conditioned by the forms of knowing in accordance with which it actually knows, the latter is conditioned in that it has a definite, particular mode of being. The former might be termed subjective conditioning, the latter objective conditioning. Actuality—the content of conditioned knowledge—is dualistic. It consists of conditioned knowledge and that which is known—i.e., the content of conditioned knowledge—it consists of con-

ditioned being-for-self and conditioned being-for-another ; it consists of conditioned expression and conditioned recognition ; it consists of subjective expression of will and the objectification of this expression of will. Each item constituting one of a pair in the foregoing is the inseparable correlative of the other. The one does not exist without the other, conjointly they constitute the world as idea—actuality. The will in so far as it is actually known in the concrete is a definite expression of will ; as such it has a definite conditioned mode of being. It is only by means of mental abstractions—in the abstract—that it is possible to conceive of Unconditioned Will—of will in general—of will in the abstract. It is only by means of mental abstractions—in the abstract—that it is possible to conceive of Unconditioned Being, i.e., of being in general, of being in the abstract ; i.e., of being which has no definite, particular, mode of being. Unconditioned Being must be a being-for-self. There could by no manner of means be such a thing as unconditioned being-for-another. No ! Unconditioned Being is a being-for-self. It is the primary and the ultimate—the alpha and the omega—of all being. It is not the Cause of all actual being, it is not the Creator of all actual being, it is not the Source of all actual being. The only accurate method of stating the proposition (which I have ever come across) is to say :—Actuality is the Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned.

And where is this Unconditioned being-for-self ? Time and space exist only as the idea of conditioned knowledge ! The *in Itself* One—Unconditioned being-for-self—transcends all conditions. The words “ where ” and “ there,” have meaning only with reference to spatial determinations. They have no meaning with reference to that which transcends space. Unconditioned being-for-self must be “ within.” Here again, it is not easy to get away from the notion of space. “ Within,” is apt to suggest the notion of being enclosed within, of being as it were “ shut up ” within. The “ within ” is a vague term made use of, for want of another, in default of a better, to designate a being-for-self. The being-for-self can be known only to

a in so far as it definitely wills, definitely wills this and not that. In so far as it is known, it is conditioned. In its innermost being it is no-being-at-all-for-knowledge. It is Unconditioned being-for-self.

By means of this technical jargon we are seeking to express in precise, literal, mental abstractions and words, exactly the same notion—exactly the same idea—which the wonderful, naïve, Jesus was expressing in beautiful poetic metaphor when he said:—"the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me." He was stating a profound verity, not on behalf of himself as a human being, but on behalf of the genuine man. The genuine man who would never lay claim to be anything positive in himself and of himself, but who is the expression in a definite, Conditioned, individual manner of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned; who is the recognition in a definite, Conditioned, individual manner of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. Whereas theological Realism banishes the Presence to the far away, to heaven, to some remote experience after death. The teaching of the Sage Way-shower brings it very near. Nearer than anything. For he states that the *in Itself* One—the Father—is "within." In the hurlyburly, the hubbub, the discord, the misery, of mortal experience it is easy to believe that the *in Itself* One—the Father—is far away. The simple, naïve, Idealism of the Sage Way-shower tends to destroy this belief in the far-away-ness of the *in Itself* One—the Father. For the quintessence of his way-showing was the denial—the setting at naught of the mortal selfhood which claims to usurp the prerogatives of the *in Itself* One—the Father—within. The quintessence of his way-showing was the revelation—that *the* sin—the prototype of all sinning—the only sin—was the failure to recognise, instinctively, the at-one-ment of all with the *in Itself* One—at-one-ment with the Father—was the failure to recognise, instinctively—the one-ness of all and the All-ness of One. At-one-ment is only possible through the "within." He definitely states that the Father is "within," "the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." Do not attach undue impor-

tance to any "ipse dixit." The marvel, however, is that the findings of pure metaphysics agree, entirely, with the simple metaphor of the Sage Way-shower. These findings concur with and corroborate his simple teaching. The findings of pure metaphysics do not, however, agree with the teachings of theological Realism ; with all its inaccurate, ill-defined, concepts, e.g., the supernatural, the spiritual, the material, etc. All this tends to perpetuate and maintain the mortal belief that the *in Itself* One-Presence which is full-ness of joy is far away ; that this presence can be attained to only in some "spiritual" state of being which is far away. The notion of two elements in antagonistic opposition, the one to the other—the spiritual and the material—tends to perpetuate and to maintain the belief that All-presence—the Only Presence—is far away. The concrete matter of mortal experience is merely the supposed actuality—the supposed actualisation—the supposed objectification—of the presence of some selfhood or selfhoods other than that of the One. The only practical and effectual expedient is the setting at naught of the subjective illusion that there could be anything to be present except the *in Itself* One. Then the objective illusion of an indefinite number of persons and things each having a will of its own—all up against one another—will take care of itself. The objective illusion will also be set at naught.

Surely, assuredly, nothing could be more glorious than the notion that "within" is the Presence. That "within" all is the Presence. What an indescribable grandeur, beauty and dignity it imparts to all being. The resources of rhetoric, the most flowery poetic imagery, the fantastical imaginings of the teller of fairy tales, are inadequate to describe the possibilities of being on this genuine basis. The One, *in Itself*, transcending all conditions, must be the Only One. Consequently there could be no limit, no impediment, to the Self-revealing activities of that One. The mental abstraction "infinite" has, properly speaking, a negative signification. It signifies, "having no limit." Obviously there could be nothing to limit the Only One. It is to the understanding of this glorious verity that a profound study of pure metaphysics leads. It confirms the

teaching of the Way-shower *par excellence*, it imparts to this understanding the actively efficacious power, which the Way-shower displayed. The Father which dwelleth in man, he doeth the works and there is none other to be present, either within or without.

The world turned upside down of mortal experience is a world of suppositional opposites (in so far as it can be said to have any being at all). The motive running through all its vagaries is the denial of—the setting at naught of—the mortal selfhood. The motive running through all the exuberant wonder of variety of genuine actuality is the assertion of the Only Selfhood. Genuine actuality is the revelation to knowledge—the making manifest to knowledge—the presence to knowledge—of the grace, joy, beauty—the glory and majesty—of the Only Selfhood.

Yes! Presence means present to knowledge. The “within” is so little known to knowledge. Without, the without, is the field for the activities of knowledge. The One who is within is without, there is naught else to be present to knowledge, either within or without.

This wondrous simplicity, this simple solution of all mystery, this actively efficacious panacea for all the ills to which the illusion of mortal selfhood is inevitably prone, can be attained to only through the revelation that the primary and the ultimate of all being—the alpha and the omega of all being—is “within,” is the being-for-self which in Itself—in its innermost being—is no-being-at-all-for-knowledge. Yet, nevertheless, is the infinite potentiality of all knowing, of all knowledge, of all presence, of all presence to knowledge. One making manifest to actual knowledge the infinite possibilities of its own being. There is naught else to be made manifest. One Presence “within,” idealised, realised, actualised and substantiated (through the intermediary of Conditioned knowledge) to constitute many glowing, glorious, glad, presences “without.” One Presence “within,” many presences “without.” One—the Only—to and for Self; the presence to and for knowledge of many. Many, all at-one “within.” Unity “within;” exquisite concinnity “without.” One, an abiding habitation—



without variableness neither shadow of turning—"within;" "without" an illimitable supply of fairy mansions; fields, forests and gardens to sport in; "All the gardens and groves and bowers are abounding with blossom; and the air breaks forth into ripples of joy;" "the rain of nectar pours and pours and never ceases." For the genuine "without," is the idealisation, the realisation, the actualisation, the substantiation—the objectification—the actual presence to knowledge—of the will to give and to receive rapture oned. The objectification of One Will—the Only Will. The objectification of One "Within"—the only "Within." The actual manifestation in a definite Conditioned manner of that One which *in Itself* is indefinite and Unconditioned.

## INFINITE AFFIRMATION

Reality—genuine actuality—consists of one continuous denial and affirmation; this is infinite, this is eternal. Properly speaking it is one infinite affirmation which necessarily implies the denial. The denial does not actually appear in genuine actuality, it merely follows inevitably, by implication, from the all-embracing affirmation. It is not a mere verbal denial and affirmation, it is not a denial and affirmation expressed merely in abstract thought. It is a concrete, live, demonstration: established, unequivocal: which could never be misunderstood nor called in question. It concretely demonstrates:—"I AM THAT I AM and beside Me there is nothing." The denial and affirmation are one, each inevitably presupposes the other. They are one—co-existent, co-extensive, coeval, inseparable. \*

Do not confuse this glorious and marvellously simple phrase "I AM THAT I AM" with any complex theological speculations as to its meaning. There is no actual "I" in Unconditioned being-for-self, which (from the standpoint of knowledge) is the infinite potentiality of all actual "I"s and all actual being. "I" is something secondary and derived. "I" only appears in the making manifest to knowledge—the making manifest in consciousness—of that which in Itself—in its innermost being—transcends all knowledge. "I," in the abstract, represents the Unconditioned subject of knowledge and the Unconditioned subject of willing, which constitute the two poles of the universe as idea. "I" in the concrete is the identity of the actually knowing and actually willing being. The Unconditioned subject of knowledge and the Unconditioned subject of volition are present entire and undivided in every

knowing and willing being. Therefore, properly speaking, it is only in relation to actual being that the phrase "I AM THAT I AM" has definite meaning. Thus employed it denotes that all actual being is the Conditioned manifestation of the *in Itself* One—the *in Itself* the Only.

Now what does the mortal human claim to be? He claims to be a self-being, something other than the *in Itself* One. His being, in so far as it can be said to be anything, claims to divide the Indivisible against, itself. His being, *qua* a mortal, claims to divide everything, against itself. Amongst other things, it claims to divide the infinite denial and affirmation the one against the other. To make these appear to be hostile and antagonistic the one to the other. How so? Because he sets up to be a positive being which is declared in the infinite fiat of Verity to be nothing. "Beside Me there is nothing" and he positively claims, *qua* mortal, to be something; to be something beside the *in Itself* the Only, to be something in addition to or something subtracted from the One which alone can, genuinely, declare "I AM." The denial "and beside Me is nothing" is the negating of a negative, which is nothing. This negating of a negative could never appear to be something positive in genuine actuality, it could never be known at all. It would not be in antagonism to the infinite affirmation in genuine actuality because it would never appear there in the guise of anything positive. But in the spurious actuality of mortal experience, where a negative claims to be something positive, the negating of that negative appears to something positive. And in this spurious actuality, the affirmation and the denial seem to be antagonistic the one to the other because the "I" (in the spurious actuality) is antagonistic to the only genuine "I." May be not consciously so, may be not of deliberate intention, but because inevitably:—"That which is not one with Me is against me." Paul states that "the carnal mind is enmity against God," so much for the standpoint of the theologian. I should prefer to state the case by saying:—The mortal will (a will claiming to be on its own) is enmity against the One Will, because it is not subject to the sway of the One Will, it is not at-one

with the One Will, it does not rest in the sway of the One Will, nor indeed can it.

The mortal gets a dim, partial, imperfect, vision of the infinite affirmation "I AM THAT I AM" on a May morning, say, when the sun rises, the birds sing, the dew bedecked plant world wakes from its beauty sleep with the spring flowers at their loveliest, fleecy clouds sail across the sky and all Nature shouts in rhapsody. The mortal also gets a pretty vivid realisation of the infinite denial "and beside Me there is nothing" in the vanity and suffering of the spurious mortal being. In its ceaseless strife, discomfort, fear, worry, anxiety; in the agony of mind or body, in the excruciating dis-ease of boredom unutterable, from which mortal existence is never secure. A seeming dis-ease inevitably associated, more or less, with the initial fatal illusion that there could be something other than the *in Itself* One—that beside Me there is something. Moreover that this something could have a being of its own, a will of its own, a presence of its own, a power of its own.

I say, advisedly, the mortal gets a dim, partial, imperfect, vision of the infinite affirmation "I AM THAT I AM" on a May morning, say, etc.; because all that there is, all even in the spurious actuality of mortal experience, is I AM. We must not say that only that which seemeth good to our mortal misunderstanding is I AM. To do so is to fetter ourselves more securely with the illusion of the pairs of contradictory opposites opposing one another. All that is is I AM. Some of the items in the seeming of mortal experience appear to be good and some to be evil. This illusion arises in consequence of the divided-against-self-ness which is indigenous to mortal misunderstanding. "Within" the mortal is divided against itself and so is the "without" which it experiences. The apparent evil is in the spurious "within," it should be dealt with there, not by condemning the spurious "without," but by a confident reference to the infallible standard of Verity, which declares inexorably that there is no mortal selfhood to be divided against itself, nor to experience a "without" parts of which are good and parts of which are evil.

The dictum of the Sage, Way-shower was so uncompromising in this connection. There went great multitudes with him, multitudes who had witnessed the feeding of the hungry, the healing of the sick, etc. And he turned and said unto them :—

“ If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.

So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.”

He did not say unless he complies with these conditions I will not accept him as my disciple, I won't have him as my disciple, he said “ he *cannot* be my disciple.”

This saying has an esoteric meaning hidden in its quaint phraseology. To forsake all that he hath means for the mortal to forsake his spurious mortal selfhood; the illusion of spurious mortal selfhood. Nothing else need be given up. To forsake the illusion of mortal selfhood is to give up that which claims to separate insatiable demand from commensurate supply. Is to establish at-one-ment between insatiable demand and inexhaustible supply. To “ come to me,” to come to Verity, to come to the living presence of Understanding, is to attain to the revelation that the infinite affirmation and the infinite denial are not antagonistic the one to the other, but that on the contrary they are at-one. But this revelation *cannot* be attained to whilst the illusion of mortal selfhood is entertained—it *cannot*. Because so long as the illusion that a mortal selfhood were something positive is entertained, so long is it self-condemned, so long does the negating of a negative seem to be something positive—so long must the illusion of mortal selfhood positively declare “ I'm not.” Declare it in the seeming of sin, dis-ease, death, bondage, want and woe. For all that which claims to be something other than the One *in Itself* Only-ness must inevitably proclaim its own futility, its own nullity, must inevitably declare “ I'm not.” But fortunately the denial, being merely the negating of a negative, which equals nil, cannot truly exclude from the present realisation of genuine actuality. Bits of the affirmation “ I AM THAT I AM ” continually

peep through the negating of a negative, which to the mortal appears to be something positive. Dim visions of the positive continually brighten the gloom of the content of misunderstanding. "In the world"—the content of misunderstanding—"ye shall have tribulation." Do not let us be under any misapprehension on this score! In mortal experience, the human should not count upon happiness, but be ready to acclaim, heartily, every vestige of it. Being confident that if he do but seek *first* Understanding, happiness will seek him and find him. For the negating of a negative cannot, positively, exclude from the Presence which is fulness of joy. The positive Presence is with us always, in the homeliest guise:—In the glance of a child, the song of a bird; a May morning, sunset glows; in winter's pageant of scarlet berries, moorland's browns and woodland's purples; in field, forest and garden; in the waving fields of ripening corn; in summer sea; in fertile mead and frowning mountain; on the down and in the city; on the lawn and in the library; in song, dance and symphony; on the bright hearth made gay for us by the presence of those we love—whither shall we go from All-presence. How could the negating of a negative exclude from a positive; how could the denial of a nothingness affect One—Affirmation?

In genuine actuality denial and affirmation are at-one. One glorious affirmation:—"I AM THAT I AM and beside Me there is nothing." The denial does not appear. If it could appear it would be shade—a shadow—but no shadow is apparent, such is entirely lost in the wondrous, glorious, glowing, effulgence:—"I AM THAT I AM."

Genuine actuality might be compared to a brilliancy in which actual being is discernible by a relatively greater or lesser degree of brilliancy. The greater degree of brilliancy enhancing the beauty of the lesser degree of brilliancy and vice versa. The spurious actuality of mortal experience to a land of shadows, in which the value of being is computed from the degree of its comparative darkness—the deeper the shadow, the greater its importance, the greater its relative value. Hence it comes about that in the land of shadows combative efficacy is rated above all

other virtues in public estimation. In the land of shadows it is an exceedingly valuable virtue. Finishing a close second to this, in public estimation, comes the faculty of personal acquisitiveness. The hero of a hundred fights or the possessor of millions (so be that these millions have been acquired without a flagrant violation of the tenets of common honesty) loom large in a human assessment of comparative values. Naturally so! When in Rome it is no virtue to abjure the manners and customs of the Romans. From the standpoint of the true seeker to be a thorough-going Roman when in Rome is the pathway along which he attains to the object of his quest.

From the illusory human standpoint, the human must practise incessantly a confident appeal to Truth—Light to vindicate its All-ness. In that Light nothing is seen but the lustrous brightness :—"I AM." I AM : shedding abroad the Lustre : THAT I AM. I AM THAT I AM—the All-in-all.

## THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

“ Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things.

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.”

What is the one thing needful which Mary and her sons do not choose, but which is chosen for them? In the work of art, *par excellence*, the life story of the beautiful Jesus, the one thing needful is presented with the wonder-inspiring persuasiveness of the drama. There it utters its all-hallowing message, universally, to all the ages; with an imperturbable assurance which finds no equivalent in mere terminological inexactitudes. Dramatised, it appeals to head and to heart alike; to trenchant acumen allied with cold calculating reason and to the warm impulsiveness of enthusiastic emotion. There it stands forth, a glowing luminosity, proclaiming the one thing needful—not as something which has to be painfully and laboriously attained to, accomplished or won, by means of heroic vigil and strenuous ordeal, by each human individual for himself, but—as something infallibly and invincibly established—eternally and infinitely—for all. For saint and sinner, for the learned and the unlearned, for ascetic and voluptuary, for the opulent and the indigent, for the highly strung and the phlegmatic—for each and all.

And what is the one thing needful which by means of this drama is revealed as incontestably established? It is the infinite negation of all that which would claim the power to exclude from the Presence which is fulness of joy. The negation, the setting at naught, the crossing out, of the mortal selfhood, which claims the power to express and to recognise something other than the *in Itself* One, the *in Itself* Only-ness. Revealing by this infinitely established



axiom that all genuine actuality is the Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. The actual (therefore ideal and real) manifestation in infinite variety of definite conditions of that which *in Itself* is Indefinite—(from the standpoint of knowledge) Unconditioned Potentiality, *the Potential*. And the one thing needful is to acquiesce in, to endorse, the setting at naught—its true equivalent—of that which claims to be the manifestation of something other than the *in Itself* One. Consider what it means! It means that a mortal selfhood, which alone could experience sin, sorrow, disease and death—which alone could experience want, woe, discomfort, disaffection, discontent, disgrace, disgust, dismay—is eternally and infinitely set at naught by Truth's inexorable finding. And in place thereof is revealed :—Man (in the concrete always individual) possessed through and through of the One—infinite Life, of the One—infinite Love, of the One—infinite Energy, of the One—infinite Power, of the One—infinite Grace, of the One—infinite Joy, of the One—infinite Beauty, etc., which he expresses in an individual manner and after an individual fashion. Man possessed through and through of the One—Understanding-Wisdom-Intelligence which he exercises in an individual manner and after an individual fashion. Man possessed through and through of the One—Will the *in Itself* Only-ness, which he expresses in an individual manner and after an individual fashion. Revealing that all—within and without—is possessed of One—in *Itself* Only-ness—which could never be divided against Itself and which has no opponent nor opposite.

This Drama is just the concrete demonstration in a homely setting of the infinite Fiat :—I AM THAT I AM and beside Me there is nothing. For, truly, all and everything, every body, is the making manifest (conditionally) of the *in Itself* One Unconditioned—the infinite Only-ness THAT I AM.

In this Drama, the mortal selfhood is represented as being set at naught. How could nothing exclude from All-presence? How could nothing dim the vision glorious THAT I AM? How could nothing mar or impair the

perfect expression and recognition—the appreciation—of the majestic glory THAT I AM? After the Crucifixion came the Resurrection and Ascension. Revealing man eternally at home in many mansions, universally at home in the Omni-presence altogether delightful, gleefully at home in the infinite Rest Unbounded—which is unimpeded activity. From the illusory human standpoint, the naughting of the mortal selfhood is the indispensable prelude to at-one-ment. The naughting of all that which claims to be the manifestation of something other than the One *in Itself* Only-ness is at-one-ment : and at-one-ment is the naughting of all that which claims to be the manifestation of something other than the One—altogether lovely and altogether sweet.

Truth eternally and infinitely setting at naught the mortal selfhood, with its claims to be able to express and to recognise the imperfect—imperfection—within and without ; reveals individual man exulting in perfection. The perfection inseparable from, inalienable from—the perfection indigenous to—being the Conditioned manifestation in an individual manner of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned—the in Itself the Only—which could never be divided against itself and which has no opponent nor opposite to mar, thwart, hamper nor impair the infinitely varied, infinitely available, manifestation in perfection of the ineffable and inexhaustible loveliness THAT I AM.

## THE CONSCIOUS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS

"Between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, there has the mind made a swing." Thus sings Kabir the servant of all servants. Note the words "between" and "swing." One of the snares of conventional thought—of the conventional way of looking at things—is that this conceives actuality to consist of absolutely real objects-in-themselves. Whereas a more profound and scientific apprehension of actuality—whether the pseudo-actuality of mortal experience or the genuine actuality of genuine experience—reveals that this though empirically real is transcendently ideal. That all actuality (the content of actual knowledge) is relative to and conditioned by the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject in and for whose conditioned knowledge alone it has reality and actuality. The only constancy in actuality is its ceaseless change and variation. Ideal and relative actuality swings (is always on the move) between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious.

Some people take exception to the term "unconscious." They contend that to speak of unconscious mind or unconscious consciousness is a contradiction in terms. So it is! But it is the best fist we are, at present, able to make of translating into terms of knowledge in the abstract—into terms of abstract being for another—that which verges on a being-for-self, which is no-being-for-another.

"Between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, there has the mind made a swing." In "The Standpoint of Idealism" A. Schopenhauer sets forth a similar notion in a more elaborate form of precise words. "The world as idea, the objective world, has thus, as it were, two poles; the simple knowing subject without the forms of its knowledge, and crude matter without form and

quality. Both are completely unknowable; the subject because it is that which knows, matter because without form and quality it cannot be perceived. Yet both are fundamental conditions of all empirical perception. Thus the knowing subject, merely as such, which is a presupposition of all experience, stands opposed as its pure counterpart to the crude, formless, and utterly dead (i.e., will-less) matter, which is given in no experience, but which all experience presupposes." Let us substitute the word "universe" for the word "world" in the foregoing, and say:—The universe of actuality—the universe composed of definite Ideas, actual Ideas, actual in that they are actively effective and effectively active—has, as it were, two poles (1) the conscious—the simple subject of knowledge devoid of any definite forms and fashions of knowing; and (2) crude matter devoid of any definite form or quality. The notion of crude matter without definite form or quality is nothing but a pure mental abstraction, it can be thought of as a pure mental abstraction, it could never be perceived—it could never be actually perceived, it could never be actual. In order to be perceptible, in order to be actual, it must have definite, conditioned, form and quality. Kabir and Schopenhauer are in agreement concerning one of the poles; save that Kabir calls it "the conscious" and Schopenhauer calls it "the simple knowing subject without the forms of its knowledge"—the same thing expressed in different words. But, as regards the other pole, they would, at first sight, appear to differ, for Kabir calls it "the unconscious" and Schopenhauer calls it "crude matter without form and quality." Yet are they, fundamentally, at variance? No! They both mean one and the same thing. For the unconscious is a vague term used to denote the will and matter is the objectification of the will. For that which objectively apprehended is matter, subjectively apprehended is will—that which objectively apprehended is a definite, conditioned, form and quality of matter subjectively apprehended is a definite, conditioned, form and fashion of willing. Crude matter without form and quality is a pure mental abstraction, the objective counterpart of the pure mental abstrac-

tion—will in general. Neither of these could be experienced.

(NOTE.—The definite material object of mortal experience is the supposed definite actuality of a will-divided-against-itself. That which objectively apprehended is a material object, subjectively apprehended is an expression of mortal will—of a will-divided-against-itself. If the reader will refer to *The World as Will and Idea* and look up all the passages indexed under the heading "matter" in that work, he will find that the subject has been thoroughly dealt with. It will, however, throw a flood of light on the subject if he re-christens the book and calls it "*The World as Will-divided-against-itself and Misrepresentation.*" For from these two aspects the world of mortal experience can be most easily interpreted.)

The preceding thesis is no mystery which must be accepted upon authority, on the contrary, it is a plain statement which everyone can authenticate for himself—if he do but have sufficient patience, clearness of thought and profundity of penetration. To each of us, conditioned will (i.e., definitely willing this and definitely not that) is known more immediately, intimately and directly than anything else. The dis-ease of mortal experience arises, directly and indirectly, through the contingency that the conditioned will known to the mortal is seemingly divided against itself. So that it wills now one thing and now another, nay more, it frequently appears to be divided into two hostile camps; the commander of one camp definitely willing one thing and the commander of the opposite camp definitely willing something else which is incompatible with the willing of the other. As an extreme case consider that of a Tannhäuser who alternates between the Venusberg and pilgrimages nach Rome; or the double life of Dr. Jekyll and Edward Hyde. Matter must not be held to be either primarily or ultimately responsible for the dis-ease inseparable from mortal existence. Matter is merely the objectification of the will—the will idealised, realised, actualised and substantiated—the will thus become actually effective and effectively actual. Matter is merely the actual visibility of the will. The concrete matter of mortal

experience is thus the actuality—the seeming actual visibility—of a will-divided-against-itself. The concrete matter of genuine experience is the actualisation—the actual visibility—of One Will, the Only Will. Genuine matter would be the actual visibility to the actually conscious of the unconscious.

The unconditioned conscious and the unconditioned unconscious—the simple knowing subject devoid of any definite forms or fashions of knowing and will in general devoid of any definite form or fashion of willing (i.e., devoid of any definite mode of expression)—as such, could have no actual content. In order that these may have a definite, actual, content they must both be conditioned. In order that it may be actually conscious, in order that its knowledge may have a definite, actual, content; the knowing subject must be conditioned by the imposition upon it of definite forms and fashions of knowing (i.e., it must know in a definite conditioned manner) and in order that willing (the unconscious) may have a definite, actual, content; it must be conditioned through having a definite form and fashion of willing, the willing must be definitely expressed, it must definitely will this and definitely not that. The content of the conditioned conscious is a definite, conditioned being-for-another. The content of the conditioned unconscious is a conditioned being-for-self. The being-for-another, as such, is no-being-for-self. Conditioned being-for-self is both a being-for-another and a being-for-self, because it is always known, it is always the content of knowledge. It is thus the connecting link between the conscious and the unconscious. Unconditioned being-for-self is no-being-at-all-for-knowledge. The elucidation of this extremely subtle proposition is so far reaching that it fairly takes the breath away.

The content of the conditioned conscious is a being-for-another. Now has the unconditioned conscious—the pure subject of knowledge devoid of any forms or fashions of knowing—any content of being-for-another? No, it has not! The content of the conditioned unconscious is a definite being-for-self. Has the unconditioned unconscious any content of being-for-self? Yes, it has! Very

remarkable, most wonder-inspiring! What does this denouement reveal? Why, that the unconscious—the being-for-self—is the primary and the ultimate—the Alpha and the Omega—of all being. That there can be a being-for-self without any being-for-another. If you refer back you will see that I said “in order that the unconscious may have a *definite, actual*, content” it must be conditioned. The content of the unconditioned unconscious is not definite, it is not actual, in the sense of being actually perceptible, in the sense of being actually active. For to be actually perceptible requires another—a perceiver—by whom the actual objective being is actually perceived. The content of the unconditioned unconscious is a being-for-self which is no-being-at-all-for-another. Moreover, there is in being-for-self, as such, no other by whom it could be perceived. In order that actual activity may take place, a duality—a pair—is essential. The actor and that which is acted upon. There could be no actor without the presence of another upon which to act. And in pure being-for-self, as such, there is no other upon which to act. It is a being-for-self which is no-being-at-all-for-another or of-another.

. Conditioned being-for-self, as such, is also always conditioned being-for-another. Why so? Because the phrases “I definitely will this and not that”, “I definitely feel this or that”, are merely contractions of the more precise phrases “I am conscious that I definitely will this and not that”, “I am conscious that I definitely feel this or that”. Conditioned being-for-self and conditioned being-for-another both exist, as such, only relatively to conditioned knowledge. These are inseparable correlatives, they are mutually indispensable the one to the other, the one cannot exist without the other. They constitute the complementary halves of conditioned being, they are mutually indispensable the one to the other, conjointly they constitute actual being, the actual universe or rather an actual universe. (For aught we humans know to the contrary there may be  $n$  actual universes).

We have arrived at the momentous conclusion that though there can be and there is unconditioned being-for-

self, there cannot be and there is not unconditioned being-for-another. I submit that what I have termed "unconditioned being-for-self" is a scientific rendering of the vague and (in consequence of the misconceptions associated with it) the misleading term "God".

A. Schopenhauer analyses self-consciousness and illustrates his meaning in the following manner. "In all knowledge, however, the known is first and essential, not the knower; . . . Therefore in self-consciousness also, the known, thus the will" (the unconscious), "must be what is first and original; the knower, on the other hand, only what is secondary, that which has been added, the mirror. . . . We may also regard the plant as a like symbol of consciousness. It has, we know, two poles, the root and the corona: the former struggling into darkness, moisture, and cold, the latter into light, dryness, and warmth; then, as the point of indifference of the two poles, where they part asunder, close to the ground, the collum. The root is what is essential, original, perennial, the death of which involves that of the corona, is thus the primary; the corona, on the other hand, is the ostensible, but it has sprung from something else, and it passes away without the root dying; it is thus secondary. The root represents the will" (the unconscious), "the corona the intellect, and the point of indifference of the two, the collum, would be the I, which as their common termination, belongs to both. This I is the *pro tempore* identical subject of knowing and willing, whose identity I have called in my first essay . . . the miracle *par excellence*." This simile illustrates admirably that unconditioned being-for-self is the primary and the ultimate—the Alpha and the Omega—of all being. That knowledge and its content is something secondary and derived. That the pole—the conscious—the pure subject of knowledge, devoid of any forms or fashions of knowing, is, as such, secondary and derived. That the existence of the conscious—the pure subject of knowledge—is, as such, in no way necessary nor indispensable in order that there may be unconditioned being-for-self. It contributes nothing towards unconditioned being-for-self. (Actual "I," in its dual capacity of actual knower and actual



willer is also, secondary and derived; it is in no way necessary nor indispensable in order that there may be unconditioned being-for-self.) The unconditioned conscious—the pure subject of knowledge—is merely the timely efflorescence of unconditioned being-for-self. It, the forms and fashions of knowing which condition its knowledge and the actual content of this conditioned knowledge (actual consciousness), are merely the incidental (in no way essential) sport of the unconditioned being-for-self. As expressed in the poetic metaphor of Kabir it is “the Sport of One Bliss.”

“Before the Unconditioned, the Conditioned dances :  
Thou and I are one ! this trumpet proclaims.”

N.B.—It is essential to differentiate between the spurious actuality of mortal experience and the genuine actuality of genuine experience. The former, when all the agony and terror inseparable from it are taken into account, could afford sport to none other than a fiend. It is the latter which is “The Sport of One Bliss.”

As regards the pole—the unconditioned conscious—the pure subject of knowledge devoid of any conditioning forms and fashions of knowing. It cannot be known for it is that which knows, consequently it has no-being-for-another. When conditioned through the imposition upon it of definite forms and fashions of knowing, its content is an actual being-for-another. Yes, but it, itself, has no-being-for-another. Therefore if it has any being at all, its being must be a being-for-self, otherwise it would have no-being. It must have being, for it is the indispensable condition—one of the indispensable conditions—of the actual universe. In Itself, then, it has a being-for-self. There is no other alternative. But the pole—the Unconditioned unconscious—also is a being-for-self and has as its content a being-for-self. Now can there be more than one being-for-self? Can there be a multiplicity of being-for-self? In the shape of a query we are, here, demanding a conjecture concerning that which would, at first sight, appear to be completely occult. A being-for-self is, as such, no-being-for-knowledge—no-being-for-another. Nevertheless, we can

assert with apodeictic certainty that there could not be more than one Unconditioned being-for-self. How so? Because only through and by means of the conditions conditioning knowledge does the notion of more than one-ness arise in and for consciousness. Because only through the fundamental condition of knowledge—subject and object—does the notion of a pair arise in and for consciousness. Because only through the union of time and space does the notion of multiplicity arise in and for consciousness, only through this union does multiplicity become an accomplished perceptibility. And time and space are forms of knowing of the knowing subject, conditioning its conditioned knowledge, conditioning the being-for-another which is the content of that conditioned knowledge. But Unconditioned being-for-self, in Itself, transcends—it is not amenable to, it is not subject nor liable to—any conditions. The conditions conditioning conditioned knowledge do not apply to it, they have no meaning with respect to it. It is therefore, in Itself, One; but not in the sense in which an object is one; for an object is one in contradistinction to a possible multiplicity of that object: nor yet in the sense in which a mental abstraction is one, for a mental abstraction is one in that it has been abstracted from a multiplicity. But it is One in that it transcends all conditions whatsoever, through the intermediary of which alone could arise the notion of more than one-ness—of multiplicity. It is One in that it transcends time and space through the intermediary of which alone could arise the notion of individuation—of particularisation—of multiplicity. We are thus led to appreciate the glorious certainty that the pole of the conscious—the pure unconditioned subject of knowledge devoid of any conditioning forms and fashions of knowing—and the pole of the unconscious—will in general, will in the abstract, devoid of the imposition upon it of any conditions conditioning the form and fashion, the mode, in which it shall will—are both and each of them Unconditioned being-for-self which is One, which is the Only (since as we have shown it transcends the conditions indispensable to multiplicity). “The Only,” having as its unconditioned content “Only-ness.”

Following from this it becomes apparent that the ideal, real, actual and substantial universe consists of One which perceives itself indirectly in the realm of the idea and which is perceived indirectly in the realm of the idea by itself. Consists of One which perceives its (in Itself) Only-ness indirectly in the realm of the idea and whose Only-ness is perceived indirectly in the realm of the idea by itself.

In Itself, the Unconditioned being-for-self transcends all knowledge. In Itself, it passes all understanding, it transcends all understanding. From the standpoint of knowledge, it is merely the unconditioned potentiality of all conditioned being. In order to evoke infinite variety of actuality, of actual being, it has merely to project outwards (in a manner of speaking) the pole of the conscious—the unconditioned subject of knowledge—and then to impose conditions, forms and fashions of knowing, upon the subject of knowledge, so that it knows in a definite conditioned manner. And the content of this knowledge, the content of this perception, the content of this awareness, thus conditioned, is actual conditioned being-for-another. That is the content of the conditioned conscious. And the content of the conditioned unconscious is a conditioned being-for-self. The latter is the inseparable correlative of the former. Neither can exist without the other. Conjointly these constitute the actual universe. One, appearing to and for knowledge in a dual aspect, as Conditioned Will and Conditioned Idea. All the items severally composing this actual universe are possessed through and through of the One Will, it is in, through, and by means of them, that the One Will finds actual expression. All are possessed of the One Will, the Will constitutes the subjective being of all, surely an indication that the Will—the unconscious—is the primary and the ultimate. Some of the items composing this universe are possessed of consciousness—of intelligence—not all. The degree of capacity to apprehend objectively varies considerably throughout the whole range of the animal kingdom, it reaches its fullest extent in man. It is through and by means of the consciousness of which the animals and man are possessed that the One

actually recognises its own being indirectly in the realm of the Idea.

This notion is effectively illustrated in the poetic metaphor of Kabir :—

Kabir says : “ Whether I be in the temple or the balcony, in the camp or in the flower garden, I tell you truly that every moment my Lord is taking His delight in me.”

This universe—the unfolding of One to the knowledge of One—the outpouring before the knowledge of One of the Ocean of love and sweetness of which the One *in Itself* is the infinite potentiality. What a setting, what a stage, for illimitable possibilities of romance ! What a field for sport ! What a home of many mansions ! A home of splendour and a home of calm joys ! What a playground for all the Happinesses ! What a kingdom for the great, silent, Joys ! Kabir says : “ It is the sport of the Unattainable One ; look within, and behold how the moonbeams of that Hidden One shine in you.” That which is within is without and that which is without is within. All (actuality) within and without is the Conditioned manifestation of that—the One—which *in Itself* (in its innermost being) is Unconditioned. “ The distinction of the Conditioned from the Unconditioned is but a word.” In analysing being, for purposes of explanation in terms of words and mental abstractions, a distinction is drawn between the Conditioned and the Unconditioned. In the concrete there is no such distinction. One it is that pervades the whole universe ! We speak of the One—infinite Life ; of the One—infinite Love ; of the One—infinite Energy, etc., etc. By this phrase we denote that the One is invariably made manifest as actual life, as actual love, as actual energy, etc., etc. There is no distinction—no separation—between the actual life, the actual love, the actual energy, etc., and that of which these are the Conditioned manifestation. How could there be ? Life as known to conditioned knowledge is many lives, but each of these lives subjectively—“ within ”—is at-one with the One. Each of these in its innermost being is at-one with the One. The same principle holds good with respect to

love, energy, grace, joy, beauty, etc. All life, all love, all energy, all grace, all joy, all beauty, etc., is the Conditioned manifestation of that—the One—which in Itself is Unconditioned. The Self as known to Conditioned knowledge is many selves, but each of these selves subjectively—"within"—is at-one with the One. Each of these in its innermost being is at-one with the One. All selves are the Conditioned manifestation of that—the One—which *in Itself* is Unconditioned.

IT IS THAT WHICH IT IS and beside IT there is nothing. The sway of the swing, which the mind has made between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, actually reveals to actual knowledge that which IT IS.

## THE CONSCIOUS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS II

Let us examine, more minutely, the content of the swing which sways between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious. We deduced a startling—an inspiring—hypothesis, viz. :—that the unconscious—a being-for-self which is no-being-for-another—is the primary and the ultimate—the Alpha and the Omega—of all being. That (from the standpoint of knowledge) it is the infinite potentiality of all actual being. That the being-for-self, in itself, is self-poised, self-supporting, self-sufficient, self-sufficing, self-contained. That, in itself, it is no-being-for-another, consequently it is futile for another—a knower—to attempt to know the being-for-self. In itself, it is unknowing, unknown and unknowable. Yes! But in the sacred cause of sport (not of necessity—the word necessity has no meaning with reference to that which is unconditioned) it projects a swing which sways between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious. To project this swing the unconscious—the being for self—the *in Itself* One—must be, as it were, divided into two—into two poles. (Each poles constituting another to the other). There thus arises the prototype of all dualism. The One divided. Divided, not again itself, but, by itself; in order to reveal to knowledge—in order to make concretely perceptible—in order to render appreciable—in order to render objectively recognisable—that which is infinitely available within its boundless and inexhaustible (potentiality of) empiry. By and through this process arises a pair—a dualism—the potentiality of expression and recognition. Hitherto, I have spoken of the poles of the conscious and the unconscious; I have done so purposely, in order to bring into prominence the fact that the unconscious—the being-for-self—is the primary and the ultimate, whereas

consciousness and its content—the being-for-another—are secondary and derived. Now, however, that we wish to examine more minutely conditioned actuality, it may be expedient to present another aspect of the affair and to speak of the two poles of conditioned actuality—the unconscious “I” and the conscious “I”—of the willing “I” and the knowing “I”—of the subject of volition and the subject of knowledge. The unconditioned subject of willing, in its innermost being, and the unconditioned subject of knowledge, in its innermost being, are present entire and undivided in every willing and percipient being. Consider this last statement attentively, it is an initiation in itself. To resume our theme, through (what might be termed) the division of the One into a pair arises the potentiality of expression and recognition. In order that the potentiality may be converted into an actuality it is necessary that conditions should be imposed (1) upon the willing subject (2) upon the knowing subject. The former must will in a definite conditioned manner—definitely will this and definitely not that—the latter must know in a definite conditioned manner—in accordance with certain definite forms and fashions of knowing. The foregoing is an analysis made from the standpoint of knowledge, it separates into two processes that which is virtually one process—for the two processes are inseparable correlatives—the (so-called) two processes are inseparable correlatives—the same thing (in the concrete). Moreover, in the concrete the content of the conditioned being-for-self and the content of the conditioned being-for-another merge by delicate gradation the one into the other.

The particular form of conditioned consciousness with which we are familiar has as its forms of knowing: the radical form of knowing—subject and object; the form of knowing—time; the form of knowing—space; the form of knowing—cause and effect—of causal relationship—which is known as the law of causality. It is possible that time and space—that the nature of time and space—as known to the mortal may constitute a mortal limitation. For instance, the mortal knows in three dimensional space. May be it would remove some of his disabilities

were he able to know in four dimensional space. This is, however, a matter for conjecture, it is best to stick to that which is given in experience, it serves the purpose and the aim in view. The so-called law of causality probably has genuine validity. It, or some modification of it, is essential and indispensable to a state of actuality. The actual must have the capacity to act. In a state of actuality the items and objects composing it must have the capacity to act upon one another. If not, there could be no perception—there could be no apprehension—of an object. An object is perceived—is apprehended—because it acts upon the body of the percipient which is for him the immediate object. Moreover the nexus of the ceaseless variation in actuality depends upon causality—or upon some modification of causality—for its conduct. In an actuality, the items severally composing it must reciprocally act the one upon the other. We are here concerned with a problem analogous to the problem concerning matter. For matter (in the abstract) is the objective correlative of a subjective understanding of causal activity in general—of the nature of cause and effect in general. Matter has to be considered in a two-fold aspect. Firstly, in respect to what it is to another—in respect to what it is when viewed from without—secondly, in respect to what it is in and for itself—in respect to what it would be if viewed from within. In this latter aspect, devoid of the forms and definite qualities with which the forms of knowing invest it, it is merely will in general—a being-for-self. There is nothing inherently vicious about will in general—about will in the abstract. No! There might be something vicious about a will divided against itself—about a will definitely antagonistic to some other will. And the concrete matter of mortal experience claims to be the vehicle by means of which a will divided against itself finds expression. Whereas the matter of genuine experience would be the vehicle by means of which the only will finds objective expression. Similarly the causality—the causal activity—the cause and effect—of mortal experience claims to be the medium through which many wills—many powers—more or less antagonistic the one to the other—



reciprocally act upon one another—mutually impede, thwart and harass one another. This experience of mortality in no way precludes the possibility that in a state of genuine actuality in which all the items severally composing it are possessed through and through of One Will ; this one will should not employ as the medium through and by means of which its manifold and varied definite expressions should affect one another, to their mutual and reciprocal benefit and convenience, a scheme of causal activity—of causality—of cause and effect—analogous, if not exactly similar, to the causal activity—the law of cause and effect which constitutes one of the forms of knowing of the mortal knowing subject. (As a fact there is no mortal subject of knowledge, it is the misunderstanding in association with it which constitutes the mortality). The mode in which empirical perception arises, the fashion in which empirical actuality is brought about, has been thoroughly investigated by A. Schopenhauer. To deal thoroughly with the subject required nigh on two thousand pages. The reader is referred to these voluminous works, more especially to a small volume entitled :—The Four-fold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason ; the latter is a liberal education in itself.

As regards the conditioning of the will—of the being-for-self—there is not much to be said. A given animal or a given individual human definitely wills this and definitely not that because it is its nature to do so. That is all which can be said about it. Now, were we not able to take a peep behind the scenes and trace to its source the process which eventuates in activity of the body, we should be completely at a loss to account for the activities of inanimate and inorganic bodies. But we are able to look within and to follow out how a definite mode of volition is expressed—finds expression—and how this definite expression of will becomes actively objectified in an activity of the body. The expression of will is not the cause of the bodily activity. No ! The bodily activity is the act of will (which is known directly within) known indirectly through all the forms of knowing of the knowing subject—passed into objective perception—objectified—

and thus become causally effective, actually effective. And just as the activity of a human body is the objectification of an act of will, so the activity of an inanimate or an inorganic body is the objectification of an act of will. There is, however, this very important distinction between them; in the former case the will is illuminated by knowledge—by intelligence—in the latter case it is not so illuminated. To ask for a sufficient reason why a human being wills as he wills and not in some other definite fashion is a stultification of thought. We are, however, completely justified in asking why, under certain definite circumstances, given that he definitely wills as he does, he definitely acts as he does. That is a perfectly legitimate question. We are completely justified in asking for the sufficient reason—the motive—which impels him to act in the definite fashion in which he acts. Just as in the case of the movement of an inanimate body—a stone—we are justified in asking for the sufficient reason—the cause—of the motion of the stone. In both cases the activity assumes a definite, conditioned, form and fashion in consequence of a sufficient reason—which in the former case is a motive—in the latter case a cause (in the narrow sense)—in both cases, however, the activity is an expression of will objectified—passed into perception—idealised, realised, actualised, substantiated, and thus become actually effective and effectively actual. In the former case, knowledge—the intellect—plays an important part in determining what definite form the activity shall assume. Given an exhaustive knowledge of the character of the individual—an exhaustive knowledge of what he wills and how he wills, of how he definitely wills this and not that—together with a complete knowledge of the particular, concrete, circumstances in which he is situated and by which he is environed; it would be possible to predict with certainty how he will act—of how he will respond to the motive. It is not possible, however, to know exhaustively, in advance, how he wills and what he wills. Why not? Enquire within! You will then and there discover that you only know *a posteriori*—as the result of definite experience—what you will and how you will. What you will and how you will—what the willing

"I" wills often comes as a surprise to the knowing "I." Often causes a very rude shock to the knowing "I," Is frequently a source of bitter regret to the knowing "I." Why so? Because the definite, conditioned, willing "I," of mortal experience, is the seeming of a will divided against itself. Whereas in the case of an inanimate body—a stone—on the other hand, it is possible to compute in advance the actual nature of the causal elements which condition the effect, to estimate these with complete accuracy, and to predict with certainty the resultant effect. The investigation, the thorough and complete investigation, of the provinces of motivation and causality reveal the startling and staggering denouement, that the human reacts with the same strict, inviolable, definite, necessity to the sway of a definite motive as does the stone react to a definite impact. Startling but true!

Why all this elaborate excursion into the provinces of human motivation and material causation? Because, if ye have not understood the things patent to mortal vision, how shall ye understand the things patent in im-mortal vision? If ye have no knowledge of the so-called facts of the spurious actuality, how shall ye attain to knowledge of the facts of genuine actuality. To my thinking, genuine actuality is very little removed from the spurious actuality of mortal experience; although it is expedient to qualify this statement by reiterating that actuality is not something absolutely established within a constricted province, it swings, it sways, it is subject to an infinity of gradation and variation—it is always on the move—between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious. Surely it were better to investigate scientifically that which is given in mortal experience and by a process of judicious analogy conjecture what are the conditions obtaining in genuine actuality, rather than to embark upon a sea of wild conjecture and speculation, without any means of checking—with no data to corroborate—this wild conjecture.

We have touched upon the two inseparable correlatives—the mutually indispensable correlatives—the two complementary halves of actuality—the definitely conditioned knowing "I" and the definitely conditioned willing "I;"

the content of which are, respectively, conditioned being-for-another and conditioned being-for-self. It is interesting to trace how these mutually interpenetrate one another. When the sense of sight is made use of, when the faculty of ocular vision supplies data to the understanding (mortal understanding)—the intellect—which the latter works up into objective perception; the content—the produce—of this intellectual activity is pure being-for-another. We might dub this process an intellectual occupation. If we now proceed to consider the process of hearing, bearing in mind that the process, though subject to considerable modification, is conducted on similar principles, we discover that the content of this process is a bit of both being-for-another and a bit of being-for-self. It more nearly approximates to a being-for-self than does the content of the process of ocular vision. The latter, it is true, may furnish—may bring about—a feeling of great joy and satisfaction, but the joy and satisfaction are more intellectual than sensual; which accounts for the fact that only those beings endowed with a high degree of intellect can find intense, glowing, rapturous, delight from pure aesthetic contemplation. The content of the process of hearing is certainly a being-for-another—the sound, as such, exists for me, as something distinct from me. But it is also, markedly, a being-for-self. It affects the feelings—the emotions—in a more immediate fashion than does the content of the process of vision. Whereas in the process of vision the content of the process is more objective than subjective, in the case of hearing the content of the process is about six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Weighed in a balance, to which side would the balance tend? The appreciation of classical music may require a high degree of intellectuality; on the other hand it also requires a high degree of refined emotionalism. In fact the latter alone would suffice in order that it might move the heart to sublime rapture. Moreover, there is no authentic standard by which the aesthetic value of sound may be validly computed. The pibroch may evoke in the manly breast of a Highlander, or the beating of the Tom Tom in the heart of a West African native, emotions as fine as does the

perfect rendering of a Schubert symphony in the hearts of a musical audience in a concert hall. And more, to the simple-minded rustic, "the music of day-break and the silence of great nights," may mean just as much as does a grand concerto to the appreciative musician. In the case of the content of hearing, it would require a high degree of meticulousness to decide which preponderates—the being-for-self or the being-for-another. When we come to the content of the process of smelling, this is certainly less intellectual and more sensual—less objective and more subjective—less of a being-for-another and more of a being-for-self than is the content of the process of seeing. Still more so does the foregoing apply to the processes of tasting and feeling. In the case of feeling, we must not omit to qualify the last statement by pointing out that feeling is sometimes a purely intellectual operation, as when the sensation of the hand corroborates the process of vision, or, as in the case of the blind, replaces, to a limited extent, this faculty. Undoubtedly, in the case of tasting and feeling, the content of these processes consists more of a being-for-self than of a being-for-another. Although, it must be repeated, these contents are from one aspect a being-for-another. For in the case of hearing, smelling, tasting, the knowing subject is emancipated from the form of knowing—space—and except in so far as it knows that the corporeal sensation must be attributable to some objective agency, it is also emancipated from the form of knowing causality. The knowing subject, however, is still conditioned by the radical form of knowing—subject and object—in that the sound, the smell, the taste, are objects for the knowing subject. It is also still conditioned by the form of knowing—time—in that these sensations are varied, are modified, succeed one another and come to an end. The same holds good with respect to feeling, in so far as this is merely a pleasing or a displeasing sensation. When, however, the sense of feeling is used as a means to appreciate the shape, size and weight of objects, their roughness or their smoothness—when used to complete an intellectual operation—the knowing of the knowing subject is conditioned by all the forms of its knowing.

I ask a question. Why has the word "sensual" become the equivalent of a term of reproach—the equivalent of an opprobrious epithet? Why, indeed? It is true that the gratification of the sensuous appetites affords to the hallucinatory monstrosity—a will divided against itself—the only devil—limitless opportunities to bring about shipwreck, ruin, distress and disaster in human lives. Yes! And as a matter of human expediency, it is imperative to submit these appetites to a strict and wholesome discipline. But why all this laudatory appraisal and approbation of the intellectual in contradistinction to the sensual? Does not the human intellect also afford to the hallucinatory monstrosity unrivalled opportunities to bring about confusion and every evil work—to bind the human with burdens grievous to be born—to compel him by the use of thumbscrew and rack to embrace a system of human intellectualism (euphemistically termed a faith) which is repugnant to both his reason and his instinctive conscience—for those highly placed in spiritual darkness to impose their darkness on their humbler and less educated fellow mortals—to cabin, crib, confine—to quench the first faint morning beams of the light of verity—of the understanding of the eternal and infinite verities—which can (and but for the oppression of superstitious bigotry, would) set free?

It is worthy of note that the great Way-showing Master did not remark:—"How hardly shall the sensualist enter into the kingdom" nor "How hardly shall the simple-minded and unlearned enter into the kingdom." No! He made no mention of this. But he did say "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom." Of course, the sentence may have been intended to be construed literally, but it is more probable that like most sayings of the Master, it had an exoteric, literal, significance and also an esoteric significance; and that the esoteric meaning was of more far-reaching importance than the literal. That it signified:—How hardly shall they that have intellectual riches—those who are enmeshed in a stereotyped system of human intellectualism, which from their standpoint of ignorant bigotry they consider to be infallible—how hardly shall these enter into the kingdom.

But respecting these sensuous or sensual joys which the canting moralist finds such unhallowed delight in gibbeting and condemning. In the first place, I should like to point out that the delights of aesthetic contemplation by means of ocular vision and the emotional joy produced by responsiveness to the rhythm and harmony of grand music are, in some measure, sensuous ecstasies. If the senses are instruments of degradation employed by an evil adversary, why should these two senses be immune from the general condemnation? Answer. Because these are deemed to be intellectual activities. The human surveying his environment observes that the most conspicuous distinction between the human and the brute lies in the contrast between their respective intellectual powers—lies in the contrast between their respective minds. According to theological dogma the former possesses a soul (or mind) and the latter does not. The human then hastily jumps to the conclusion that everything intellectual must be elevating—must be superior to the merely sensual. To satisfactorily decide the point at issue would require a very wide range of knowledge, but from the meagre information at the disposal of any student of history, I am inclined to think that were he impartial, he would declare that the human intellect has been responsible for far greater bondage, misery and distress, in the long, heavy and confused dream of humanity, known as history, than sensuality and debauchery has ever occasioned.

Now I submit that this condemnation of the senses and of sensuous and sensual delights is one of the deadliest of human errors. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest. Supposing, instead of condemning off-hand these senses and the random affections of the so-called body to which they minister, we were to look upon them as the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding, misrepresenting and thus portraying as something ignoble, something squalid, something undesirable, that which when rightly understood, when rightly appraised at its true value, is noble, incalculably valuable, utterly wholesome, consummately beautiful. When David went forth to fight Goliath he "chose him five small stones out of the brook."

The esoteric interpretation of this story is that David cleansed—sweetened and made whole—the five senses, in the brook—Understanding. To do this is the first preliminary in the fight with the Goliath of mortal misunderstanding. I have said that the aim in setting an unconscious to affect an unconscious—that the aim of autosuggestion of transcendent verity—is to eliminate from the unconscious the instinctive notion of conflict—of antagonism. To attenuate the mortal selfhood with its misunderstanding, so that misunderstanding may be swallowed up of Understanding. We are here considering a special department of the general undertaking. From the human standpoint, the complete satisfaction of the sensuous desires is unattainable. The more these are pandered to and gratified, the more they demand to be pandered to, the more they clamour for gratification. They are insatiable. And it is a wholesome expedient to impose upon them, in the interests of general personal well-being as well as in the interests of the community, a wise and benevolent discipline. When dealing with a young 'un—an unbroken horse—if you are wise you do not place a great cruel bit in its mouth and then hit it over the head with a gnarled club. No! You put in its mouth a soft india-rubber snaffle, you are the embodiment of patience and tolerant forbearance in your dealings with it. You coax and humour it. You let its head alone, you guide and control it with your legs—“*Toujours avec les jambes, Monsieur*” as they say in the *haute école*. The findings of the New Psychology demonstrate the folly and risk of merely suppressing the sensuous desires. I advocate, in dealing with them, a procedure similar to that which you would adopt in handling a young 'un. Give them their heads, guide and control them *avec les jambes*—set an unconscious to guide and control an unconscious—sublimate them and their activities—their functions—by mentally realising the glorious genuine actualities which the random affections of the mortal body caricature. The unconscious—the sensuous desires—which the human is up against is an unconscious divided against itself. That is the mischief. It is not that there is an absolute right and an absolute wrong—that



the gratification of the sensuous desires is absolutely wrong. No! It is only that under certain definite conditions, the gratification of these may be inexpedient and so may conduce to bring about a state of relative wrong. There is only one way to effectually sublimate this misrepresentation. The mortal human claims to be an actor, *per se*. To be possessed of an unconscious divided against itself. To him there is ever present the contingency that impelled, led, goaded, by the imperious sensuous appetites he might, could or would, do that which, under the particular circumstances, he ought not to do, or leave undone that which, under the particular circumstances, he ought not to leave undone. That goaded by these desires, he may perpetrate, at best merely an indiscretion, at worst a crime. The human is necessarily a vortex of unrest. Only the unreceptive, the unresponsive, the unimpressionable—the human oyster—the moribund human—is exempt from the cravings and surgings of passionate desire. Why? Because the human—conscious and unconscious—is the counterfeit of a state of being—swaying between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, both illimitable—which is an infinite yearning to explore, exploit, to savour, the illimitable glory, majesty and sweetness of the Illimitable. A being whose boundless receptivity is its unrestricted opportunity to explore, exploit, to savour, the delights of the Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. Yes! And the only effectual mode of sublimating the random affections of the body is, in a manner of metaphor, to nail them to the Cross. To refer them to the standard of eternal Verity which declares with irrefragable certitude that the instinctive notion postulating a mortal human, the spoil and sport of random sensuous proclivities—of inordinate desires, unchaste affections, unclean passions—the gratification of which he can consummate to his own detriment and to that of his fellows—that there is a mortal selfhood at all, having a maleficent, or any, initiative of its own—is a delusion and a sham. Revealing, in place of this vain superstition, man (in the concrete always individual) possessed through and through of the One—Will, of the One—Unconscious, taking his fill

of music, joy of thought and seeing, and also his fill of feeling, tasting and smelling. Man, having an unlimited capacity of appreciation—unrestricted proclivities for seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling. Man the Conditioned expression and Conditioned recognition, in an individual manner and after an individual fashion, of the glory, the loveliness, the sweetness, of the One *in Itself* Unconditioned. Man indescribably attractive in virtue of the grace, charm and beauty illimitable of which he is possessed. Man indefatigably and immeasurably responsive to the grace, charm and beauty of which all the glad comrades in the ideal kingdom are also possessed. Revealing, that which is within is without. Revealing that there is nothing to be expressed nor recognised other than the Conditioned manifestation of that—the One—which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. Thus ends the war between the flesh and the Spirit. This is the only way to effectually end such a misconception. What more deadly notion could exist than that there are two powers warring the one against the other? It is the very antithesis of the all-hallowing, calm-bestowing, peace-ensuring, fiat of eternal and infinite Verity. This reveals man immersed “for ever in a deep deliberate bliss.” As Mother Julian of Norwich would phrase it “Him verily seeing and fully feeling, Him spiritually hearing, Him delectably smelling and sweetly swallowing.” Yes! Subject to the qualification that an unconditioned being-for-self is no-being-for-another, consequently in order that there may be actual being—actual being-for-self and actual being-for-another—both the expression of being and the recognition of being must be conditioned. So that One may actually know itself and be actually known by itself. So that One may see hear, feel, taste and smell in an actual—in a definite, conditioned—manner all that lies latent within its boundless, *in Itself*, potentiality. To do this, between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious has the only Power-Presence made a swing.

“All swing! the sky and the earth and the air and the water; and the Lord Himself taking form.”  
And the knowledge—the understanding—of this makes man a glad son and servant.

## THE CONSCIOUS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS III

We have already mentioned and indicated how through the imposing upon the unconditioned conscious—upon the unconditioned subject of knowledge—the radical form and fashion of knowing—subject and object—arises the prototype of all dualism—one and another—each being the other from the standpoint of the other. We also indicated how through the union of time and space subjectively arises the possibility of the objective perceptibility of multiplicity. Let us now proceed to more minutely examine the contingent ramifications and consequences of this departure from unity.

When we come to consider the actuality of mortal experience we find “the other” figuring in two rôles—appearing in two guises—in concrete experience. (1) As the welcome comrade. (2) As the unwelcome adversary. It is advisable to note, at the start, that the guise a given individual, object or combination of objects, assumes is relative. Whether he, she, it or they, appear to belong to the former category or to the latter, is relative to a subjective state of mind—conscious or unconscious. The proximity of an individual or combination of objects which may be welcome and delightful when we are in one frame of mind—or in conjunction with one set of circumstances—may be unwelcome, even intolerable, when in another frame of mind or in conjunction with another set of circumstances. To select a very curious instance, the strains of a favourite melody which, in normal times, makes me feel happy, contented—which soothes and stimulates—which invests my surroundings and prospects with roseate hues—at times of great mental distress, may add ten-fold to my agony. Why so? Because it forcibly reminds me of the paradise from which I am excluded in consequence of my painful agitation.

But respecting the welcome comrade. . The comradeship must not be confined to human companionship only. The welcome comrade insinuates his genial, devotion-kindling, presence in a billion guises. Proffers ingenuous tokens of his kinship and friendly fervour in an infinity of deft, delicate, caresses. The dog who thrusts his cold muzzle into your hand in earnest of his capability to share your joy or sorrow. The long-tailed hunter who sharing your innermost secrets tops the high railing, braves the formidable bullfinch or the forbidding-looking bottom, in order that you may shape your own course "o'er the billowy grass." The sun, moon and stars. The earth, sea and sky. The field, the forest and the garden. The heaving ocean, the roaring cataract and the shining river of water clear as crystal. The fell, the down, the dale, the moorland—the haugh, the hill. The herb, the shrub, the fragrant flowering plant, the fruit on the warm wall or in the orchard, the stately spreading tree. The flashing fish, the humming insect, the soaring carolling bird, the black-bird and the thrush, the warblers in wood or hedgerow. The furry-coated denizens of field and forest, the ruminating beast. Are these not welcome comrades? That is the legitimate function of "the other." These, in their ordinate gradation, ranging from the brown earth and lichen-covered crag, through the flora and fauna, to the dumb four-footed friend and companion, constitute, in a manner of metaphor, the orchestral accompaniment of the grand concerto in which man plays the solo part. All that is necessary in order to apprehend, in some measure, the constitution—the status—of genuine actuality is to eliminate the element of conflict, fear, mistrust—devilry—which mars the counterfeit actuality of mortal experience. To imagine all these comrades to be the objectification of One Will—the Only Will—to be ideal comrades, the idealisation, realisation, actualisation and substantiation of One Will. All mutually ministering to one another, benefiting one another, serving one another with joy and thanksgiving. Ministering to one another's need for comradeship, love of comradeship, appreciation of and responsiveness to comradeship. Nor must the love of the sexes be omitted from

this picture of consummate reciprocity. In genuine actuality, reciprocity, reflex action, mutual giving and receiving, the mutual interchange of benefit, are indispensable in order that the full-ness of joy which is indigenous and appropriate to it may be consummated. The wind in the trees is a boon companion to man and man is a boon companion to the wind in the trees. How should man be denied the satisfaction of his romantic proclivities. How could he be debarred from consummating this special and all-essential style of comradeship? Believe me, it is no flimsey whimsey which inspires the psycho-analyst to attribute innumerable neuroses, cranks, fads and foibles, which afflict humanity, to thwarted sex conations. In the kingdom of heaven (which is a poetic way of designating genuine actuality) there may be no marrying nor giving in marriage in accordance with the sacerdotal meaning of the term, but I shall not readily be persuaded that the love of the sexes—sex, in the broadest and most comprehensive meaning of the term—which plays such a prominent and indispensable part in the spurious actuality of mortal experience, has no sublimated counterpart in genuine actuality. Why! In my conjectural hypothesis concerning im-mortal actuality, sex plays a still more prominent part than it does in the mortal phantasmagoria. There it is the incessant *joyeuse réunion* of complementary affinities. In this guise it saturates every gradation of the objectification of the Only Will. In the kingdom of the inorganic it finds an outlet for its activities in chemical affinity. Don't you see? Of course you see! That what we, humans, call a mineral has very little being-for-another—very little being-for-knowledge—on the other hand it has vast being-for-self, which, as such, has very little being-for-knowledge; its being-for-self is almost completely hid from knowledge. Knowledge can only know, or rather perception can only perceive, an infinitesimal amount of its being. The mineral verges on the norm of the conditioned unconscious—its conditioned being is almost entirely subjective unconscious—its being, as such, is almost entirely hid from the objectively conscious. The mating of the positive and the negative magnetism; the mating of the

positive and negative electricity which is so speedily accomplished through their mutual unconscious divination of the line of least resistance to the consummation of their reciprocal mergeance, the one into the other; furnish examples of the unconscious love of the sexes. To mount (what we ignorantly call) higher in the gradation of the objectification of the Will; there are the plants, displaying with such naïve and ingenuous candour their organs of generation to all and sundry casual observers. Depending for the enactment of their spousal functions upon the co-operative industry—upon the glad, gentle, offices—of their brother the wind and their sister the insect. Here, again, all that is, is not patent to knowledge. In the plant—the unconscious—the conditioned unconscious—the subjective—the conditioned being-for-self—roughly balances—the conditioned conscious—the objective—the conditioned being-for-another. It is noteworthy that only in the human—"the fool of false dominion"—the fool and tragedian of false consciousness—is there any taint of mawkish prudery respecting the province of the sexes. The dawning of improvident false consciousness in the mortal animal is registered by the unconscious relegation of the organs of generation to an inconspicuous position. An unconscious—an instinctive—confession that, for them, all unconsciously, there is diffidence in responding to the query:—"Who told thee that thou wast naked?" But, because to mortal misconception, misunderstanding and misrepresentation, there is something to be concealed, hidden—and except when condoned through the ceremonial of sacerdotal formalism, something heinous and reprehensible—about the consummation of the love of the sexes. This does not necessarily exclude the possibility that in the kingdom of heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, that there is no necessity for any rigid formalism, because all is inevitably, infallibly, inherently, initially and ultimately, essentially, and ineffably hallowed. It is not a question of all being hallowed in contradistinction to being unhallowed. No! All is immersed in that One—Great Unity—which transcends the footling pairs of opposites—the pure and the impure—the chaste and the unchaste—

the hallowed and the unhallowed. So believing, so seeing, so knowing, we can conceive of the love of the sexes running through an infinity of delicate gradations, always and everywhere maintaining the imprint of its universal prototype—the *primum mobile* of all actuality—the Sport of One Bliss—the giving and the receiving of rapture, oned. Thus is idealised, realised, actualised and substantiated—actually consecrated and consummated—the giving and the receiving of actual rapture, at-one and oned—made perfect, ineffably perfect, in and by One.

In general, the sexual habit is made manifest in a number of ways. Amongst these, one of the more important is the duality—expression and recognition. This terminology might be paraphrased as utterance and response to the utterance. A decidedly male human is chiefly expressive, consciously and unconsciously. A decidedly female human is chiefly cognitive—responsive—consciously and unconsciously. This accounts for the phenomenon that a male human sometimes is possessed by a fervour to express truths, enlightening notions, ennobling themes, the purport of which are known to him, only, unconsciously and instinctively. Possessed by this fervour, he pours forth a flood of exuberant verbosity, the meaning of which he does not, himself, consciously understand. His words are then pronounced, by the uninitiate, to have been divinely inspired. So they are! On the other hand, the male human is slow to appreciate, consciously, new ideas; whereas the female human is frequently eagerly responsive to new hypotheses. Responds fervently to the romantic, to what is called the spiritual, easily becomes a religious devotee, readily acknowledges the influence of the mystical. She is also unconsciously responsive—intuitional. The antidote to thwarted, prohibited or denied, exercise of the sexual emotions is the certainty that in genuine actuality, expression and recognition—the prototype of the sexes—are mutually infinitely available the one to the other. There the mortal selfhood, which in the realm of mortal misunderstanding claims to be ubiquitous, incessantly interposing its divided-against-itselfhood between demand and supply, between wish and fulfilment, *non est*. It is eternally and

irrevocably set at naught—crossed out—by the all-mighty—Verity. And genuine actuality is here now—had we but eyes for seeing, the wells of our own being; what draughts of living water we might take. Illimitable draughts to satisfy an illimitable thirst. Yes! In genuine actuality the glad, genial, deftly responsive comrade is always and everywhere lavishly but concinnately available. For the demand for any style of comradeship is the inseparable correlative of the supply of that definite style of comradeship—the demand and the supply are at-one in the unconscious, the being-for-self, which is their common progenitor and of which they are, both, the conditioned manifestation.

Within the purlieus of the dreary domain of mortal misunderstanding we find “the other” figuring conspicuously as the unwelcome adversary. He assumes a million forms and guises in the eye of his mis-creator. He attains to empirical reality with insinuating and insistent pertinacity. No human artifice avails to elude his toils. Apparently out-witted and baffled in an assault, he retreats; but with him to retreat is *reculer pour mieux sauter*. (There is ever-present with us the inscrutable mystery that, often for no apparent reason, some human beings are born under a lucky star, as it is said, and their destiny is to a great extent immune from the machinations of the unwelcome adversary.) Whether he take shape in the character of adverse circumstances—of the inhospitable elements, as baffling wind, destructive flood or parching drought—of the raging, gutting fire—of insect or animal pest—of marauding beast of prey—of the pestilence that walketh in the darkness—of bodily or mental ailment or deficiency—of terrific pain or overwhelming pang—of boredom unutterable, the surprising neediness of the so-called rich, the fierce misery of the idle pleasure seeker—of the sharp stab of a craftily educated or artificially enlarged conscience, or as the inevitable consequence of harbouring such a (to a human) inconvenient censor, whose verdicts are usually posthumous, being dilatorily delivered some time after the decease of honour and integrity—of an inquisitive, obstructive, cranky, cantankerous, uncongenial, unclean or



uncomfortable associate—he continually obtrudes his self evoking heartfelt anathema which finds expression in fierce paroxysms of resistance or non-expression in the ignoble inertitude of despair, the one only slightly less agonising than the other.

But tell me ! How does it come about that within an ideal domain which has as its confines two poles—the simple knowing subject devoid of any form and fashion of knowing—the unconditioned conscious—in itself, pure being-for-self which is no-being-for-another, and—the simple willing subject, the pure subject of volition devoid of any definite form or fashion of willing—the unconditioned unconscious—in itself, pure being-for-self which is no-being-for-another ; and moreover when we know with apodeictic certainty, when we know *a priori*, that there could not possibly be more than one being-for-self and that therefore the being-for-self which occurs at the two poles must be one and the same being—the only being—how comes it that this fearsome and unwelcome adversary ever succeeds in jumping a claim to verisimilitude ? *Mirabile dictu ! Mirabile visu !* Wonderful to relate ! Marvellous to see ! But he does ! Moreover that he maintains his fictitious claim with (to the mortal) many infallible proofs. All this is surprisingly intricate, when it is patently obvious and logically irrefragable that the One, unconditioned unconscious—that the One, pure being-for-self—in Itself, One—in Itself, the Only—is the *fons et origo* of all conditioned being whatsoever ; that the One—the Only—Unity is and must be the all-in-all. Through what avenue does this interloper effect an entrance ? Who and on what authority gave him the entrée ? What does he impersonate ? It is conventional to teach the young to be devoutly thankful for the so-called blessings of mortal vision, for the food which they eat, for the clothes which they wear, for the approximation to health of that mortal body which even the chief of all the apostles of sanguineness (R. L. S.) characterised as a bagful of petards, for the wonderful gift of so-called life which to the majority of humans consists of a dreary succession of perplexities, make-believes, make-shifts, miasma, martyrdom and maranatha—in brief, a state

in which the highest virtue consists in demonstrating, concretely, the liveableness of so-called life and the acme of success is to co-endure with one's existence and at the same time preserve some rags of honour and integrity—a redoubtable achievement. Instead of this procedure it would be more natural and consistent if the breakfast table problem, the post-prandial conundrum, the tea table tangle, the evening jig-saw, were the prodigious inappropriateness that a state of being which (to the trained mind of the philosopher, the metaphysician and the psychologist) is obviously and incontestably the offspring—the making manifest—of One—of Unity : and in which One—Unity—must inevitably be all-in-all : should, could or can display empirically—to mortal experience—such a strange, such a confounding, mystifying, lack of co-ordination, co-operation, coherence, correspondence—in a word, concinnity.

How does the welcome comrade arise in and for consciousness? How does the notion—how does the concrete perceptibility—of multiplicity arise in and for consciousness? How does particularisation and individuation arise in and for consciousness? How does “the other” arise, at all, in and for consciousness? It should not be necessary to recapitulate what has already been fully stated. Well, just in and after the same fashion as there arises the presence of the welcome comrade, so there arises the pseudo-presence of the unwelcome adversary. The presence of the welcome comrade is a good, glad, thing, is it not? The pseudo-presence of the unwelcome adversary is the fictitious proceed of the seeming of too much of a good thing. For the same process which when moderated within its legitimate confines gives rise to the actual presence in consciousness of the welcome comrade, when disproportionately exaggerated, in excess of its legitimate confines, gives rise to the seeming presence in consciousness of the unwelcome adversary. From the standpoint of crude realism which conceives of actuality as having an absolutely real existence as such, i.e., as actual ; as having an absolutely real self-being which is also an absolutely real actual being ; the foregoing statement must be not only incomprehensible but also impossible. It is only in the

light of the comprehension that all actuality is ideal, that, *qua* actual, it is object *in relation* to subject, perception of a perceiver, in a word idea, that is from the standpoint of idealism, that the statement is not only comprehensible and also possible but, more than probably, true. A false basis of consciousness within gives rise to a false content of consciousness without—nay, the content of consciousness must always be within consciousness, but through the intermediary of the form of knowing space the content of consciousness is projected into 'externality.' The psychological pathologist tells us of many neurotic hallucinations which arise through what he terms "mental projection." As an example of this form of neurosis may be quoted the well known case, not unfrequently occurring, of the dypsomaniac—the confirmed inebriate—who finding that his bodily health, his fair fame and fortune, are sadly compromised if not ruined by his intemperate habits, conceives a loathing and contempt for this special form of vice—he heartily and unreservedly condemns the vice of drunkenness. To acknowledge that this monstrous iniquity is his own would be excessively painful to him, nevertheless is he determined to condemn it with forceful anathema. So he mentally projects his own failing on to someone else—his wife—and obtains great relief by telling all his neighbours how his life is ruined and rendered almost intolerable by the vile intemperance of his wife, whilst she, good lady, all the while is as temperate, thrifty, and industrious, as wife could be. Strange as it may appear when crudely propounded, all actuality, *qua* actuality, is a series of mental projections. I say "*qua* actuality" because it is only the form and quality of actuality which is ideal, which is a mental projection. The subjective being of actuality, the conditioned being-for-self, is ideal only in so far as it is object in relation to subject and that it is temporal, i.e., that it is conditioned by the form of knowing time. But actuality, *qua* actuality, is a series of mental projections. This statement holds good of both genuine actuality and its spurious counterfeit. In the former case the genuine conditioned being—the conditioned subject of knowledge plus the conditioned subject of volition—

mentally projects on to an ideal externality, the content of its own conditioned being-for-self or the complement of its own conditioned being-for-self. Which is it? Probably the latter. Just as when we see a green object, it is not that the object is green, but that the object has absorbed all the colours except green and what is seen is the rejected or non-absorbed element. It is probable that the Conditioned being-for-self inevitably associated with a conditioned percipient being projects mentally on to externality the complementary fraction corresponding to the fraction of totality which it, itself, represents, that is why it finds its environment so exceedingly attractive—whichever it be does not vitally affect the question, suffice it to say that genuine actuality is a mental projection. One, divided not against itself but by itself, in order to disclose to knowledge the content of its nature—the content of its being. One which perceives its own nature indirectly in the realm of the idea and whose nature is perceived indirectly in the realm of the idea by itself. At-one-ment—unity—within and without. A conditioned manifestation of the Unconditioned subject of knowledge which has as its object (within and without) Conditioned will which is the Conditioned manifestation of the Unconditioned Will (being-for-self). One—being-for-self—which has as its object One—being-for-self. Now in the case of spurious actuality the conditions are very different. In place of a conscious conditioned being-for-self-hood which is at-one with—in harmony with—its mental projections, there is seemingly a conscious being-for-self-hood which, in the main, is antagonistic to its mental projections. A being-for-self-hood divided against itself within which mentally projects on to an ideal externality a being divided against itself. But how came the subjective being-for-self-hood to be divided against itself? The answer is, it never did! But there is an illusion that it did. The whole conception, the notion of, the concrete perceptibility of, dualism—of one and another—of the other—arises in and for conditioned knowledge through the conditioning of the knowledge of the subject of knowledge. The fundamental conditioning is the division of consciousness into two—the subject and

the object—the knower and the known. Again we must have recourse to the simile of the swing. We must regard consciousness as swaying between a state in which all being of the other is merged in self-feeling (we are very familiar with such a state in what is known as self-consciousness) and a state of consciousness in which the other is recognised as a complete objective externality. This complete objective externality is necessary in order that the game of joy may be zest-full and purpose-full; in order that the comradeship of the Comrade Himself may be thoroughly realised, actualised and substantiated. So far, so excellent. Excellent so long as the other maintains and plays his part as the welcome comrade. But should the differentiation between self and the other be carried to such lengths that the other comes to be regarded, instinctively, as an alien, moreover as an enemy alien, the process of differentiation between self and not-self might be said to have been carried to excess. It might be said that there is too much of a good thing. It is just this extreme differentiation between self and not-self which constitutes the mortal selfhood. The theologian adjures the human to turn in thought to "God" as an escape from the ill of excessive differentiation between self and not-self. But what is the God of the theologian? Merely a mental projection on to another—a supernatural other—of the utmost sublimity which the human is capable of conceiving. This procedure does not annul excessive differentiation between self and not-self, on the contrary it maintains it in a most insidious form by banishing the only sublimity to the far away. The only way out of the seeming impasse is the instinctive recognition of the grand verity that all (genuine) actuality is the Conditioned manifestation of that—the One—which *in Itself* is Unconditioned.

In the spurious actuality of mortal experience, the object is a foreigner, something separate and distinct from the subject; the known is a foreigner something separate and distinct from the knower. In mortal self-consciousness the object—that which is known—is conditioned willing, i.e., definitely willing this and definitely not that. Here the alienage of the object—of that which is known—is

constantly brought into prominence. How frequently does one hear a fellow exclaim :—"I do wish that I was not so irritable." "I do wish, that I was not so clumsy." "I do wish that I was not so restless!" etc., etc. The mortal selfhood claims to be something subtracted from Unity! Unity in this connection means also totality, because the Unity here designated is *in Itself* One in that *in Itself* it transcends the fundamental conditioning element of all conditioned knowledge—the *fons et origo* of all duality—the form of knowing subject and object. This mortal "I" is a foreigner, an alien, an adversary to that which it knows. The "I" which wishes that the other "I" was not so irritable, etc., has been instinctively, subtracted from Unity—from totality. Seemingly, it is one subtracted from Unity. Of course it is always the other who is to blame for the alienage and resultant adversity. In what is known in the technical language of the psychologist as positive self-feeling it is the external, "other" which is to blame; the adverse circumstances, this confounded thing or that adjective thing, this blithering idiot or that qualified fool, if only he had had the sense to do this or that all the trouble would have been avoided. Would it? All the trouble is merely a symptom, which is bound to recur in one form or another given the seeming subtraction of one from Unity. In this connection, an Oriental might make remark :—"That other confounded fool of a fellow, This thou art." The adage "This thou art" holds good of both the spurious actuality and the genuine actuality. In the former, the folly, the futility, the contrariness, the cussedness, of the external other is the objectification of the divided-against-itself-ness resulting from the seeming subtraction of one from Unity. These damned things one after another—these damned things plaguing one another—this thou art—this welter of inconsequent incoherence is that "I" supposedly subtracted from Unity—the mortal selfhood—externalised. In the latter case, genuine actuality, is One—Unity which perceives itself indirectly as the other and is perceived indirectly as the other by itself. In the spurious actuality we see the mortal "I" as the victim of externality. It is expedient to recognise as the

alien, as the adversary, the mortal knowing "I," because ultimately and immediately it is the source of all the trouble. The mortal knowing "I" is the darkness of the world which is its idea, or rather misrepresentation. In the case of what is known to the psychologist as negative self-feeling, on the other hand, instead of externality being held to blame for the untoward happenings of mortal experience, it is the other "I" which is the delinquent; the "I" which "I" wishes was not so stupid, so clumsy or so vile. Self-depreciation, self-condemnation, though it be honest in attributing all ill to the mortal "I," does not help any to set it at naught. It is still attributing the cursedness to another, for it attributes the villainy to the known "I" instead of to the knowing "I." It is in the illusion of the knowing "I" that the other, as an unwelcome adversary, alone exists. The bacteriologist speaks of isolating the germ of influenza, typhus, or what not. When he has isolated the germ to which the particular disease is attributable, he reckons the battle against it nearly won. It is the same with respect to mortal dis-ease, when the germ to which it is attributable is isolated, the battle is nearly won. The mortal selfhood when arrayed in the pomp and circumstance with which it is invested in mortal experience appears as the arch-enemy of the One—Unity. When isolated, so far from appearing as the opponent of the demonstration of the All-ness of the One—Unity; through demonstrating its own futility and nullity, it negatively attests the All-ness of the One—Unity. It proclaims in concrete demonstration:—"Beside the *in Itself* One—Unity is nothing." The mortal selfhood is the seeming of a negative, its experience is the negating of a negative. That is why the true seeker could not seek *first* to put things right in mortal experience. Unity minus one equals nothing. The world of mortal experience demonstrates this elementary principle. It seems a devil of a bobbery to demonstrate so simple a proposition. Yes, but the subtraction of one from Unity was performed instinctively and unconsciously, it is not a question of erroneous knowledge in the abstract nor of false education, only, it is a false instinct, an unconscious instinct, which

can be reached and affected by an unconscious only. All-unconsciously the mortal selfhood negatives or attenuates itself, or the process may be effected consciously by the true seeker, who, through the instrumentality of prayer or auto-suggestion of transcendent verity, consciously sets an unconscious to modify an unconscious.

It is in man that the being of another—the differentiation of self from not-self—the differentiation of the other as welcome comrade—reaches, so to speak, its climax. And since by man came death (the illusion of impediment and opposition) by man comes also the resurrection and the life. In that man can consciously or unconsciously lift his gaze to the Cross—to the grand Verity—which sets at naught the mortal selfhood with its claim to be a knowing “I” antagonistic and in conflict with the known “I” or the objectification of the known “I,” i.e., with that which is known objectively. In genuine actuality, the actually percipient “I” in its inmost being is at-one with the pure Unconditioned subject of knowledge. The actually percipient “I” is the Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. In the language of metaphor, I and the Father of I are One.

It is interesting to note the result of positive and negative self-feeling in human expediency. Negative (mortal) self-feeling is not only prohibitive of human efficacy, but it is also the more difficult of the two to temporarily eradicate. The positively self-feeling proficient in extroversion may come to forget all about his “self” in the ardent pursuit of his undertakings, more markedly so if these are directed to the enhancement of the public weal. Whereas the negative self-feeling Mrs. Gummidge is not likely to forget that she is a lone, lorn, creature and that everything goes contrary with her.

So long as the excessive differentiation between the self and the not-self—between the knowing “I” and the known “I”—illusorily prevails, so long is it self-condemned, so long does it set itself at naught. This is an automatic process, not one arbitrarily imposed from without. All conditioning of knowledge might be said to be



negative, it is never anything positive. The conditioning of consciousness might be compared to the refractive activity of a prism. The refractive activity of the prism discloses that in the totality of pure white light are all the colours of the rainbow. The refraction is not the colours of the rainbow, nor does it create them, it merely reveals to knowledge—to perception—that which prior to its intervention already existed, in potentiality, in the pure white light. Its function therefore is merely negative. From the space where a given rainbow hue appears its refractive activity has excluded all colours except the one seen there. The seeing of the colour blue means that all the colours (which when blended constitute pure white light) except blue have been excluded. And similarly the conditioning of consciousness may be said to be a negative process. The conditioning of consciousness—the conditioning of the knowledge of the subject of knowledge—is not that which is known, it does not create that which is known, it merely gives form to that which is known. It imposes a definite form upon that which is known. It excludes somewhat of totality in order that that which is not excluded may be actually and concretely known. Its true activity is the division of One by One, not the division of One against One. The conditioning of consciousness reveals as an actuality that which without its intervention would remain mere potentiality of actuality. Its function of exclusion is thus a negative one. In the mortal illusion the prism (in a manner of metaphor) has come to believe that it is the creator of the rainbow's hues. As a fact, it generally disapproves most emphatically of the rainbow which it believes it has created. The excessive differentiation (illusorily) between the "I" which knows and the "I" which is known, might be likened unto a prism which instead of presenting a spectrum with the colours in their appropriate order presents one in which the colours are all jumbled up, many of these conflicting violently with those contiguous to them. The pure white light would be in no way to blame for the clashing of adjacent colours in this bogus spectrum nor would the colours which clashed with one another, what would be to blame, if the word blame

could be used in this connection, would be the prism. Surely, it were fatuous inanity to impute blame or to apportion censure to either the prism or to the colours which when in juxtaposition clashed with one another. The only effectual proceeding would be to do away with the prism whose interposition resulted in an unsatisfactory spectrum and to substitute for it one whose refraction resulted in the presentment of a spectrum with the colours of the rainbow in harmonious sequence. The excessive differentiation between the knowing "I" and the known "I" is merely too much of a good thing—attenuate it. Deny thyself. Use the incidents of experience as a cue in respect of what to deny the mortal selfhood. The excessive differentiation between the knowing "I" and the known "I" results in the illusion that there could be an "I" separate and distinct from the only totality. Deny thy self. Attribute "I" to the Father of "I," then in place of one subtracted from Unity which equals nothing is revealed Unity divided by One which eternally is Unity.

The transformation of the welcome comrade into the unwelcome adversary arises in consciousness through excessive differentiation between the knowing "I" and the known "I," this excess is illusory—an instinctive illusion—an unconscious illusion—it can only be attenuated by the setting an unconscious to affect an unconscious. Nevertheless being illusory it must yield to the treatment of autosuggestion of transcendent Verity.

Some folk contend that a state of being in which no adversary figured would not be a happy one, for it would be intolerably dull. This contention arises in consequence of attempting to measure genuine actuality with a human scale. To the human an adversary is oft-times welcome. The worst adversary the human knows is boredom. Thus an adversary and conflict with an adversary is frequently a boon to him. There is no rest for the human, strive he must, he must seek diligently for that which is seemingly lost to him. The pain of conflict is for him, at times, preferable to the boredom of inaction. Human satisfaction consists in the overcoming of obstacles, inevitably so.

Blessed is he who gleefully fares forth in quest of some El Dorado, expecting every moment to espy this region of abounding treasure bathed in the rosy glow of sundown. Assuredly, the sanguine quest for this human El Dorado is, for the human, a greater blessing than to arrive there, and human success is to be measured by the ardour with which the seeking is imbued. In this connection woe to the human whom "fancy gains, winning from reason's hand the reins." Fancy would tell the human that just round the corner, just out of reach, is human happiness; and that he does but need to run a little faster or more circumspectly in order to find it—like the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. The only effectual use of human reason is to make clear that the obstacle to complete happiness—that which keeps it ever just out of reach—is the mortal selfhood; the supposed limit to the Limitless, the supposed divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself, the supposed impediment to the Unimpeded. And that the only effectual pursuit of happiness lies in partaking worthily of mortal experience and feeding upon it in the heart by faith with prayer and thanksgiving as on a holy sacrament. Our feet thus shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, we can join impetuously and ardently in many human activities; recognising that though the dolls, *quâ* dolls, may be stuffed with sawdust, they are nevertheless excellent playthings. To play enthusiastically with them occupies satisfactorily the time till misunderstanding is swallowed up of Understanding, and conduces to a thorough study of the Child's Guide. It is the pathway, strait and narrow, to genuine actuality. In genuine actuality there is no need of an adversary to relieve monotony nor to banish boredom, because all is ceaselessly made new. Genuine actuality is a ceaselessly varied actualisation, by means of the conditioning of consciousness, of infinite potentiality. Because genuine actuality consists of a swing swaying ceaselessly between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious. What could the heart wish for more? There is no more than illimitability, than the Limitless without a limit, than the Unimpeded without impediment, Genuine actuality is the Rock of ages cleft by itself in order that its potential

content may be idealised, actualised, realised and substantiated. Let us hide mortality in the sublime self-cleavage of the Rock of ages. No blame is attributable to anyone nor anything on account of the illusion of mortality. Instead of condemning the spurious content of false consciousness let us recognise that the mortal selfhood is merely a bit too much of a good thing. Let us lift the gaze to the Cross—to the grand Verity—which sets at naught excessive differentiation between the knowing “I” and the known “i,” thus revealing infinity of variation of glad, genial, comradeship—the illimitable omnipresence of the Comrade Nimsel—comrades all exulting in perfection, all perfect in One, all Conditioned manifestations of the One—Sweet Heart.

## THE CONSCIOUS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS IV

The following must be considered as a number of vague, fanciful, imaginings. Imaginings tossed about, in the hope that this vague record of them may lead to some precise thought upon the subject.

"Between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, there has the mind made a swing."

All swaying, all swinging, all variation, all variableness, exists in relation to conditioned knowledge. That which is known, in its innermost being, could undergo no change, no variation, for in its innermost being it transcends the conditions conditioning knowledge in relation to which, alone, change and variation take place. The extent of the sway of the swing—the possible extent of variation in actual, concrete, experience—is determined by the extent of separation of the two poles between which the swing sways. If this separation be great, there is great possibility of variation in actual, concrete, experience. If this separation be small, there is small possibility of variation in actual, concrete, experience. This variation in actual experience is seen to knowledge in a two-fold aspect (1)—within—as a variation of conditioned being-for-self and (2)—without—as a variation of objective externalisation of this subjective, conditioned, being-for-self. Empirically these two appear to be totally dissociated the one from the other. Could we take a peep behind the scenes, I am convinced that we should discover that these processes, though apparently two and distinct, are one and the same process seen in a two-fold aspect. The conditioned being-for-self, as such, is a definite expression of will; as such, it is known, it is the object of knowledge. It varies, as does all being-for-knowledge—as does every object of knowledge. There is, however,

no such thing as an object-in-itself ; an object, *qua* object, is such only in relation to a knowing subject ; an actual object is such only in relation to a knowing subject whose knowledge is definitely conditioned. This principle holds good whether the object is known more directly and immediately through the forms of knowing—subject and object and time, only—that is, as we term it, within—or whether the object is known less directly and only mediately through all the forms of knowing conditioning conditioned knowledge—as we term it, without. In both cases that which is known is known only mediately, the knowledge in the former case is merely less mediate than in the latter case. That which is known is not exclusively in either subject or object, it is in both (i.e., in its ultimate essence it is in both). Some systems of thought, e.g., what is termed materialism have sought it, exclusively, in the object ; others have sought it, exclusively in the subject (thus postulating actuality to be a mere subjective phantasm). Neither of these systems could attain to validity. For actuality is a relative being-for-another. The genesis of an actuality consists in this, that One is present entire and undivided in both knower and in that which is known to the knower. Human knowledge has no faculty for appreciating such an arrangement. Its notions of division are none of them apposite in this particular connection—none serve to express, accurately, such a relationship. The nearest we can approach to designating such an arrangement is to say, that in a state of actual being the primary and the ultimate of all being is divided between subject and object—between knower and that which is known. These, as pure mental abstractions, constitute the potential poles of an actuality. In a concrete, actuality, the conditioning of the knowledge of the knowing subject results in the objects of its knowledge being also definitely conditioned. In an actual universe, the primary and the ultimate of all being is present entire and undivided in every knower and every known. It, *Itself*, in *Itself*, could never be known, for in *Itself* it is One, in that in *Itself* it transcends this dividedness between subject and object, between knower and known.

"Between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, there has the mind made a swing." In this vague simile is to be found the elucidation of all mystery.

When we call up a mental image of a swing we naturally visualise a swaying which is chiefly lateral and horizontal. To be precise, a swaying along the arc of the circumference of a circle, but it is the lateral motion which we take notice of chiefly. Imagine a swing swaying to and fro and up and down, simultaneously, the vertical and the horizontal swaying being independent the one of the other. This is necessary in order that the simile which we have selected may be a faithful representative of actuality. It would be more accurate to say a faithful representative of actual experience. Moreover, in order to complete the parallel, the swing must sway higher and lower, lower and higher, more to left and right, more to right and left, in each successive sway, until the norm of oscillation is reached, whereupon each successive sway, up and down and to right and left, becomes less and less, until it ceases to sway altogether, until it comes to rest. Until it comes to rest as a prelude to a new series of swayings—of swaying up and down and to right and left. The foregoing is a parable. What is the interpretation of the parable? The being at rest of the swing, the state in which the swing has no motion either vertically or horizontally, represents Unconditioned being-for-self, which in *Itself* is no-being-at-all-for-knowledge: i.e., there is no actuality, merely infinite potentiality of actuality. In order that there may be an actual swinging, two poles are necessary between which the swing may sway. The knower and that which is known, in self-consciousness, constitute, as it were, the two poles between which the swing sways. The extent of differentiation between the knower and that which is known in self-consciousness regulates the extent of the sway of the swing. The farther apart the poles are, the more complete will be the differentiation between knower and known in self-consciousness; and the more complete the differentiation between knower and known, the farther apart will the poles be. The farther apart are the poles the more complete will consciousness become. The climax

of completion of consciousness is self-consciousness. Complete consciousness of a being "within" which is clearly differentiated from the knower and yet one with it. Man is fully self-conscious. Moreover, not only does he clearly differentiate, in the concrete, between the knower and the being "within" which the knower knows; but also by means of the faculty of reason he attains to knowledge in the abstract concerning this being "within." His knowledge in the abstract, however, affords him but a vague and uncertain notion as to how and as to what this being "within" is likely to will on some future occasion or under some set of circumstances which have not yet arisen; for the being "within" is known to him only in its successive acts of volition, never in its entirety.

It is useful to take human self-consciousness as a type of the most extended differentiation between the knower and that which is known in self-consciousness. True, it is only a caricature of some genuine state of consciousness, but such as it is, it is all there is to go on. It serves as an admirable illustration. The extreme differentiation between the knower and that which is known in self-consciousness is the subjective counterpart of the more extended completeness of external knowledge concerning the without which distinguishes the human, comparatively, from the animal. As a rough generalisation, the animal is not self-conscious, i.e., there is no differentiation in self-consciousness between the knower and that which is known. The objective counterpart of this relatively smaller degree of self-consciousness in the animal is a restricted external knowledge of the without. That whereas the range of interest of the human may extend to affairs so remote and so indirectly connected with his personal well-being as the computation of the distance of a star; the range of interest of the animal is confined to assessing the without, external happenings, only in so far as these immediately affect its own well-being, in other words only in so far as these immediately affect its volition. Respecting the vegetable and the mineral, we lump them together in the hasty generalisation that they are unconscious, that these are not possessed of any consciousness. This lack of consciousness



is however only relative in comparison with the degree of consciousness which distinguishes the human and the animal, respectively. The fact is that we have not an apparatus sufficiently delicate to register the minute gradations of consciousness (or the analogy to consciousness) of which the mineral and the vegetable are respectively possessed. To the naked eye, the difference between two thousandths of an inch and one thousandth of an inch would be inappreciable. Both would be represented by a thin line. A line is defined to be length without breadth, as such, it could not be seen, it would not be perceptible—it would have no-being-for-knowledge in the concrete, it has being only for knowledge in the abstract. If we take a line, as a simile, to represent Unconditioned being-for-self, the line might be said to have no actual being for concrete knowledge; similarly Unconditioned being-for-self, *qua* Unconditioned being-for-self can neither actually know nor be actually known, in the concrete. In other words, it is neither actually conscious nor the object of actual consciousness. It can only be thought of by means of mental abstractions. To follow out the parallel, mineral and vegetable consciousness would be represented by a line so narrow as to be scarcely perceptible, animal consciousness would be represented by two lines, close together, having but a small space between them and human consciousness by two lines having a wide space between them. The simile is very suggestive. In the human the knower and that which is known in self-consciousness are separated by an appreciable amount. In the animal this separation is scarcely perceptible—is very minute. In the vegetable and the mineral this separation is so infinitesimal as to be inappreciable to the human observer.

Imagine a world consisting exclusively of minerals, liquids and gases. N.B.—You must not import into this world an eye which sees; you must not import into this world an intellect possessed of conditioned forms and fashions of knowing which by means of an intellectual operation transmutes the subjective sensation afforded by the eye into objective perception and represents this world to and for conditioned knowledge as extended in space and

changing in time in accordance with the vicissitudes of the causal nexus. By no means! For that would stultify the aim and object of this imagining. What being would there be in that world? The being-for-knowledge would be practically non-existent. But, I submit, if we possessed an apparatus sufficiently delicate to apprehend it there would be some, although this being-for-knowledge would be so infinitesimal in comparison to that which we humans term knowledge that we say it is non-existent. But there would be some being in the world of our imagining, yes, but such being as there was would be (to all practical intent and purposes) subjective—a being-for-self but conditioned being-for-self or it would not be actual being. It would be conditioned being-for-self which from the standpoint of knowledge would be indistinguishable from Unconditioned being-for-self, that is in its subjective aspect in so far as it existed to and for itself, analogously to the manner in which the human exists to and for his own knowledge. There would be in the being of these minerals, liquids and gases, an actual definite expression of will, a conditioned expression of will, a will willing to be expressed as mineral, liquid and gas. Not a conscious willing as we know conscious willing, but the analogy of it in such an infinitesimal degree as to be indistinguishable to our crude methods of apprehension. Taking the mineral, the liquid and the gas, on the one hand and the human on the other we have representatives of the two extremes of actuality. In the latter the knower in self-consciousness is widely separated from the known—i.e., the poles of consciousness are wide apart, in the former the knower and the known are not appreciably separated—i.e., the poles of consciousness are close together. This bears out the hypothesis that in Unconditioned being-for-self the knower and the known are merged in One: i.e., the One is not divided by itself in order to reveal to knowledge—to actual knowledge—the illimitable potentiality of actual being latent within it. The revelation to actual knowledge of the illimitable possibilities of actual being latent within the One is brought about through the dividing of itself between two poles—between the subject and the object—between the knower and the

known in self-consciousness—of the *in Itself* One. This process—the separation of the two poles of consciousness—is of recognisable proportions in the human; it is not of recognisable proportions in the mineral, the liquid and the gas. But, I submit, the same principle obtains throughout all actuality; whether it be recognisable to human observation or no. A bacillus is not visible to the naked eye, still less its habits and mode of being, nevertheless when an apparatus of sufficiently delicate susceptibilities is brought to bear upon it—to wit a powerful microscope in conjunction with a human eye—the bacillus is discernible and so are its habits.

In that which we term Nature, is provided a caricature of the genuine lateral or horizontal swaying of the swing of consciousness. Do not let us term it “evolution” for that word suggests that something which did not previously exist has been evolved. Let us look upon the process as an unfolding to actual knowledge of that which previous to the unfoldment existed in potentiality only. This unfoldment to actual knowledge is brought about by the progressive separation of the two poles of consciousness between which the swing sways. It consists of a modification—an elaboration—of the fashion of knowing; not in the evolution or creation of something absolutely objective which had no being before. The swing sways laterally, each sway surpassing in amount of lateral extent its predecessor, on the one hand there is the subjective separation of the two poles of consciousness; the counterpart—the objective correlative—of this subjective separation of the two poles consists in more complete objective knowledge—in knowledge which is more and more completely objective. Seen objectively, this process eventuates in the actuality of mineral, liquid, gas; by successive gradation, in the actuality of the vegetable kingdom; by further progressive gradation, in the actuality of the animal kingdom and lastly in man. Just consider each of these categories, not as they appear objectively to the fully conditioned consciousness of man; but as each is to itself and as the objective environment of each is to it. With the exception of the animal and man; in so far as

there can be said to be any consciousness or the rudiments of consciousness, the being of these would consist of consciousness of willing and the consciousness of the will being affected either agreeably or disagreeably. In the mineral and the vegetable, being would consist of conditioned being-for-self within—a definite grade of willing within. This conditioned being-for-self within would be affected by the conditioned being of others without. Yes, but they would not be consciously known to be others without, because the form of knowing—space—would play no part in the proceedings. The other would be only in so far as it affected the conditioned being-for-self, within. Animal being, again, consists to a large extent of conditioned being-for-self, chiefly of this, but with this profound modification. The animal is possessed of animal understanding, of knowledge fully conditioned by all the forms of knowing conditioning conditioned knowledge. To it the without is clearly distinguishable from the within. To it the being of another is clearly recognisable in clear consciousness as something without, but interest in the other is confined to determining whether or no the other can be used as an instrument for the satisfaction of the definite fashion of willing which constitutes the being of the animal. In man alone is there complete separation between the knower and the known in self-consciousness. In human self-consciousness we draw a sharp dividing line between knowing and willing. The point I am making is, in fact, that there is no such sharply dividing line. On the contrary these two merge by imperceptible gradation the one into the other. This fact is brought into prominence in the phraseology of the psychologist, who speaks of the conscious and the unconscious mentality. And that which he terms the unconscious is in no way to be radically differentiated from will. The conscious and the unconscious merge the one into the other, mingle the one with the other, by imperceptible degree of gradation. The separation of degrees of this—conscious or unconscious—constitute the poles between which there sways a swing. Let the actual world comprising the mineral, the liquid and the gas, represent a sway of the swing of very limited extent,

an actual world comprising the aforesaid plus the vegetable kingdom a more extended sway of the swing; and so on. The swing sways to and fro increasing very gradually the extent of its swing. In other words the differentiation between knower and known—the separation between the poles—is gradually increased, until——. Until a point is reached at which the separation between the knower and the known in self-consciousness becomes so marked that there is a possibility that the known in self-consciousness instead of appearing in the guise of a welcome, sympathetic, well-disposed comrade might appear as an unwelcome, unsympathetic, evilly-disposed, alien enemy. What then? How shall such a possibility be prevented from becoming an actuality? Why, the swing must abate somewhat the extent of its sway. The two poles between which the swing sways must be brought nearer together. There must not be so great a separation between the knower and the known in self-consciousness. In Unconditioned being-for-self knower and known are merged in One; a being which cannot be translated into terms of knowledge, it is the being of the Self-poised, Self-sufficient, One. And between that being and the state we have just described, in which the knower and the known in self-consciousness have become so far separated that they do not recognise one another as the making manifest of One and the same One, there lies infinite variety of concinnous games of joy. Games of joy making manifest the One in the Sport of One Bliss. And the way of redemption is to bring the two poles between which the swing sways nearer together. To diminish the separation between the knowing "I" and the willing "I" in self-consciousness. How can that be done? Through the conscious realisation by the knowing "I" that that which it deems to be an unwelcome adversary—an enemy alien—is in truth nothing but its own being seen through conditioned knowledge—conditioned knowledge conditioned to such an inordinate extent that "I" does not recognise itself. Does not recognise itself either subjectively within nor objectively without and proceeds to condemn itself, to hate itself, to murder itself. This failure to recognise its own being in the guise of the other,

both within and without, constitutes, fundamentally, the illusion of mortal selfhood. That "I" in self-consciousness, which deems itself to be an autonomous, independent, being, separate from all else constitutes the mortal selfhood. And in order that harmony may be restored in consciousness, that mortal selfhood must be set at naught. In the realm of mortal illusion this setting at naught of the mortal selfhood appears to be a purely negative process. Yes! But the denial of the mortal selfhood is the affirmation of a Selfhood which in its innermost being—"within"—is infinite. The denial of mortal selfhood is the affirmation of at-one-ment with the infinite One. Supposing we put it this way, just at the point where the most extended outward sway of the swing changes into being an inward swing, just there, where the distance between the poles between which the swing sways are at a maximum, just there occurs a mare's nest of a nightmare of what would actually happen if the outward sway of the swing were not speedily abated. The mortal experience of contrariness, cussedness, in brief one damned thing after another, is that mare's nest of a nightmare. It seems real enough to the mortal. It is, however, the danger signal—the shadow of death, not really actual death. The excessive swaying of the swing automatically abates itself, next time it does not swing quite so far, still less is the extent of its swing in the succeeding swing, and so on. Peace—full-ness of peace—and harmony are once more restored. The game of joy, the Sport of One Bliss, goes on serenely again without let or hindrance. Consciousness swaying between the poles of consciousness keeps within ordinate bounds.

Let us now consider what I have described as the vertical sway of the swing which goes on synchronously with the horizontal sway. In what manner is this vertical swaying counterfeited in human and mortal experience? In a variety of fashion. A variety of fashion which permeates in one form or another the whole of so-called Nature. The actual form may vary but the inherent principle is the same throughout. This principle of alternating periods of repose and activity is counterfeited in mortal experience by in-

breathing and out-breathing, by night and day, by sleeping and waking, by winter and summer, by death and life so-called. Thus stated the process is considered in its objective aspect. There is a subjective counterpart to this objective aspect. It is the subjective aspect of the proceedings to which the greater prominence should be given. The subjective aspect is the same old story of the separation of the poles between which the mind has made a swing. In the in-breathing, by night, in sleeping, in winter, in death, the poles between which the swing of consciousness sways are brought nearer together. This process goes on independently of the horizontal swaying of the swing. It affects a terrestrial hemisphere in the alternation of night and day, it affects the vegetable kingdom, chiefly, in the alternation between winter and summer. The Orientals term the period of repose—of in-breathing—"pralaya" and the period of activity—out-breathing—they term "manvantara." They declare that pralaya must succeed manvantara and manvantara pralaya illimitably. It is a wonderful notion. The aspect of it, which most intimately affects the human (and the genuine man), is the alternation of pralaya and manvantara in sleeping and waking, in death and life. There is in-breathing in sleep and death; out-breathing in waking and life. That which the human calls waking and life is merely a distorted caricature of the genuine manvantara which these counterfeit. Which is the primary and the ultimate, the will or actual knowledge, the "within" or the "without"? The intelligible meaning—the necessity—of this process of alternate pralaya and manvantara depends upon the answer to this question. If the will, if the "within" is the primary and the ultimate, the meaning of and the necessity for this process becomes readily apparent. The in-breathing, the pralaya—sleep, death—are readily seen to be the *rapprochement*—the drawing near—of that which is secondary and derived to that which is primary and ultimate—the drawing near of the secondary to that from which the secondary is derived. In its subjective aspect the drawing near of "I" to "I," the drawing near of the "I" which knows in self-consciousness to the "I" which

is known. The prototype of all dualism—of all more than one-ness—is the separation of the “I” which knows from the “I” which is known. In this separation of “I” from “I” in self-consciousness, in the degree of this separation, is to be sought the fundamental and essential being (to and for knowledge) of the worlds which are being told like beads: If the degree of separation be comparatively small these worlds are in an incipient stage to and for knowledge. If the degree of separation be comparatively great these worlds attain to complete objective being to and for knowledge. That of which the objective worlds are a making manifest (to and for knowledge) is unaffected by any processes of pralaya and manvantara—of in-breathing and out-breathing—it is pure Unconditioned being-for-self which is without variableness neither shadow of turning.

We must not, however, look upon the states of pralaya—sleeping and death—as a mere quiescence. These are states of in-breathing, the glorious prelude to out-breathing. In them the “I” which knows approaches nearer (in a manner of speaking) to the “I” which is known. In the manvantara—objectively seen as actuality—in order that the sport may attain to being poignantly realistic it is necessary that the “without” should appear to be, in some measure, independent of the “within.” One can conjecture that this feature—these traits—is less pronounced during the in-breathing. Dreams afford an example and parallel of the state of consciousness which I allude to. The human dreamer may be asleep in a bare garret surrounded by a weary waste of prosaic bricks and mortar. That does not impede nimble fancy. In his dreams he may be surf-riding on the shores of an enchanted island in the bright Pacific Ocean. Laughing and shouting for joy amongst many sport-loving, mirth-provoking, genial comrades. Wandering through fairy bowers, along sunny paths in endless gardens, climbing trackless mountains, slowly tracing “the forest’s shady scene,” light-heartedly treading an upland heath amongst flaming gorse bushes or dawdling through a fertile valley sown with spring flowers beside still waters. He may be tobogganing, ski-ing or



rolling home an easy winner on a fifty to one chance in the finest National that ever was seen. These dreams when translated into terms of human waking consciousness often appear grotesque and highly inconsequent. That, I submit, is not the fault of the dreams but of the topsyturvydom of human waking consciousness into which these dreams are translated. To human consciousness, there is a sharply dividing line between the experiences in pralaya and those in manvantara. I conjecture that this sharp and pronounced division between the two is to a great extent the product of mortality. With emancipation from the mortal illusion this pronounced separation between the two will be diminished. Sleep will no longer appear as a state of "lying drugged with slumber," nor will death appear to be associated with the laying out of corpses, the smug undertaker, hearses, plumes, draped steeds, corporeal disintegration in the soil of the revolting cemetery and all the abhorrent accessories so dear to morbid human imaginings. The transition from the process of out-breathing to in-breathing will seem but a happy diversion, death will seem no more appalling than it now does to snuggle into a cosy bed in a daintily furnished chamber and give fancy free rein in delightful dreams. Which is the more real, the subjective dreams or experience associated with a full, complete, external objectivity? This question has very little meaning. From the standpoint of idealism, all actuality is ideal. All actuality has but a relative reality in relation to definitely conditioned knowledge. All actuality consists of ideal re-presentation—of ideas, concrete ideas—concerning that which *in Itself*—in its innermost being—is neither actual knower nor actually known but which *in Itself* is the infinite potentiality of all actual knowing and of all that which is actually known. The only valid distinction which I can draw between a state of genuine actuality—genuine manvantara—and its corresponding period of pralaya is to say that in the former the "without" appears to be independent of the subject (in its dual capacity of knower and willer); in the latter the "without" is to a greater extent the product of fancy free. All this is mere conjecture! The practical value of this

notion, that there is a vertical swaying of the swing which goes on independently of and yet synchronously with the horizontal swaying of the swing, is that it robs the king of terrors of his spurious kingdom. In this respect alone it is of inestimable value. But more than this, it enables us to regard sleep not as a mere period of repose but as a period during which that which is to be out-breathed during the succeeding day is in-breathed. It is a period of inspiration, both literally and metaphorically: With what glorious inspiration may we not be invested during this pralaya. Sleeping and death are both periods of inspiration during which the "I" which knows and the "I" which wills receives, as it were, the impress of that which it is to expire. (It is significant of the topsyturvy-dom of mortal being, that to us to die is to "expire," the exact opposite of the true process; for the period of pralaya counterfeited by death is a period of inspiration, so that when a human dies we should say "He has inspired" and not "He has expired.")

What is it that the human clings to so tenaciously in the notion of the immortality of the soul? The permanence of a particular fashion of knowing or the permanence of a particular fashion of willing? Just consider a moment. If you, as a human, are in any measure receptive, imaginative, observant, discriminating, is your mental outlook to-day the same as it was even a year ago, still less the same as that of ten years ago? No, as you might express it in vague language:—"No, I'm a different being to what I was ten years ago, my whole outlook on life has changed." Well then is your particular fashion of willing the same as it was ten years ago? No, for your changed outlook will have profoundly affected the definite fashion in which you will under any given circumstances. You are quite right when you declare that you are a different being to what you were ten years ago, you would not be far wrong if you were to assert that you are a different being every day of your so-called life; that is if you are not merely shuffling along a groove, that is if you are in any measure responsive to your environment. If there be no permanence throughout the measure of a decade, how shall there be permanence

for ever and ever. Oh, perhaps you will say, I do not mean by immortality of the soul that there will be no change in either the fashion of knowing or the fashion of willing. I mean that "I" shall survive for ever and ever. Of course "I" will survive for ever and ever. "I," in its dual capacity of knower and willer, in the abstract, is merely the infinite potentiality of self-revelation latent within the *in Itself* One—the *in Itself* the Only. "I" has no actual being till a game of joy is initiated, till the One commences to reveal to its own knowledge the boundless possibilities of its own being. Concrete, actual, "I" in its dual capacity is the actual self-revelation of the One to itself. "I," actual "I," could never be anything but infinitely available. "I" could never be lost. "I" has permanent infinite availability in the *in Itself* One. The One does not endure throughout infinite time, the One transcends time; it is not in time but all potentiality of time is in it. In a manner of speaking, it is time. But if by the term "immortality of the soul" is meant that something—an "I"—having a separate and independent existence of its own and on its own, endures for ever and ever, why the notion will not bear the most superficial scrutiny. If one independent "I" is immortal the same immortality must be conceded to all the other independent "I"s. We should have in perpetuity a state in which minds many and wills many were up against one another. Besides, if there be One infinite, as there must be, since this class of infinity does not mean extended throughout boundless space nor enduring throughout endless time, but means that the One infinite transcends all forms of conditioned knowing through which alone could arise the notion of multiplicity: how could there be something else outside infinity? That notion that there could be something outside the infinite or something subtracted from the infinite is the illusion of mortal selfhood, which is—the devil and the devil to pay. Individuality, which properly defined means a definite actual individual fashion of knowing and willing could not be immune from change. It is actual, and the only constant factor in actuality is its incessant change. The happy solution of the problem is the certainty that no actual being

can be without the presence of "I." "I" is the indispensable condition of actuality. Any form of actuality demands—necessitates—the presence of "I" in its dual capacity of knower and willer; either in a complete or in a rudimentary form. So be of good cheer! "I" can never miss anything. Put "I" in its rightful place, i.e., the glorious situation of being the Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. Kabir says: "If you merge your life in the Ocean of Life you will find your life in the Supreme Land of Bliss." Jesus said:—"If any will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." The cross referred to is, I submit, the Cross crossing out the illusion of mortal selfhood, the illusion that there could be anything outside or subtracted from One infinite. "For my sake." What do these words mean? For the sake of at-onement, at-one-ment through the "within." For the sake of at-one-ment with the One. To put "I" in its rightful place is the same idea as to "Take your seat on the thousand petals of the lotus, and there gaze on the Infinite Beauty."

In some respects, the simile of the swaying swing might be more easily understood if we were to regard the motion of the swing as a swaying away from a central point and back again towards this central point. Thus stated, however, the simile would be misleading. For the central point—the *in Itself* One—is the only positive there is. The centre is "within" all being. All actual being is the Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. The pure Unconditioned subject of knowledge is the Unconditioned being-for-self and the pure Unconditioned subject of volition is also the Unconditioned being-for-self. The Unconditioned being-for-self is divided between the two poles of actuality and yet, nevertheless, is present entire and undivided in both. This contradiction in terms does not mean that the abstract notion which I am attempting to communicate has no genuine basis. It signifies that the mental abstraction "division"

has no definite meaning in this connection. That it is quite inadequate to denote the relationship which I desire to express. There is, however, no other way of stating the proposition. The mental abstraction "division" has definite meaning only in respect to determinations in time and space. It has no meaning in respect to that which transcends time and space. Therefore it is possible that the *in Itself* One can be present entire and undivided in both subject and object, in both knower and known. For the One is all that there is to positively know or to be positively known.

And between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious the swing sways unrestrictedly, automatically excluding the possibility that there ever could arise in and for consciousness the presence of any positive being other than that of the One. Any illusion of mortal selfhood, i.e., of some positive being other than that of the One—automatically sets itself at naught. It is this automatic self-setting at naught of the mortal selfhood which occasions the seeming discord in the world of mortal experience. The negating of a negative is nothing. The dead are automatically burying the dead. No negating of a negative can ever abate any of a positive. Let us seek the living amongst the living; through the present realisation of the one-ness of all and the All-ness of One.

## BEHOLD THE MAN

The word "Man" occurs repeatedly in these random writings. It were fitting to give a brief outline of what the expression designates, for there is in a word only that which has been defined to be in the mental abstraction which it labels.

What is the legitimate method of arriving at the abstract concept "Man"? To give free rein to conjectural speculation? I opine that this is not a satisfactory method of arriving at this abstract concept. That the actuality of mortal experience is a counterfeit of some genuine state of actuality, that it is a misrepresentation concerning some genuine state of actuality, is not a new idea. Probably it is older than the hills. The Sages of the East have long taught that mortal experience, *qua* mortal experience, is "Maya"—*qua* mortal experience illusion. Illusory it may be, but such as it is it is all there is from which to abstract a mental abstraction. It is unwise to accept without reserve any "ipse dixit." For it is as though mortality were loth to resign its claim to genuineness, consequently its aim is to throw dust in the eyes of the seeker after genuineness. Therefore, the testimony of every human *ipse dixit* must be regarded with suspicion. The standpoint of idealism indicates that all actuality is ideal, is the ideal re-presentation of One which in itself transcends the conditions conditioning actual knowledge, through which alone arises the possibility of more than one-ness. Following from this it is reasonable to suppose that the illusory element in mortal experience, if such there be, is that of antagonism and conflict, since it would be unnatural for that which is the making manifest of One-ness to be antagonistic to anything or to conflict with anything. Starting with this hypothesis, in order

to form a conjecture as to the status of a genuine actuality, we proceed to eliminate from mortal experience the element of antagonism, hoping thereby to arrive at some sort of reliable conjecture as to the nature of a genuine actuality. But in doing this we must keep constantly in touch with the counterfeit actuality, in order that there may be some check upon our conjecture—something to corroborate our conjecture.

We start with the human who is conjectured to be the counterfeit of man as datum. The transcendental analysis of the empirical reality as known to that human made by the metaphysician profoundly modifies commonly held notions respecting this empirical reality. I confess that I see no advantage in discussing the problem from any standpoint except that of the standpoint of transcendental idealism. Transcendental Idealism is a profoundly simple, a primitive and an elementary notion. Bereft of the technical jargon in which it is expressed it is the simplest of notions. It is the solution of the mystery with which mortal experience is encompassed. The human is conscious of his self in two aspects : (1) directly, what we call within ; (2) indirectly, what we call without. Within he is conscious of his self as willing, primarily through the affection of his will either agreeably or disagreeably, secondarily as longing and the exercise of the will to satisfy that longing. Without, he is conscious of his self as a corporeal extension of his selfhood, as a body whose affections supply the means for the satisfaction of the longings of his will. But that corporeal extension is not the effect of his volition, it is that concrete volition known in a radically different manner to that employed when he knows it directly and subjectively within, it is that concrete volition known indirectly and objectively. The corporeal extension is the ideal, actual, objectification of that concrete volition. The within of the human is a being-for-self which can be known only indirectly as a being-for-another. The corporeal extension is a being-for-another—the other being the subject of knowledge, of conditioned knowledge, whose idea it actually is, as such. The content of all knowledge is a being-for-another, con-

sequently all being, in so far as it is known—within or without—is a being-for-another. This being-for-knowledge, this being-for-another, might be likened unto moonbeams in contradistinction to the being-for-self which might be likened unto sunbeams. Being-for-self, however, as such, *qua* being-for-self, could never be completely known. The actual corporeal extension in space is susceptible to change, change an actual possibility only through the notion of time, change wrought through the actual incidence of the law of causality (the notion of cause and effect). Space, time and causality, being forms of knowing conditioning the knowledge of the knowing subject. All actual experience being conditioned by the fundamental form of knowing—subject and object. Transcending all actuality is the being-for-self which as unconditioned being-for-self transcends all conditions whatsoever, and consequently is subject to no change, no coming into being nor passing away, consequently is “without variableness neither shadow of turning.”

The corporeal extension known to each animal as his body, is the medium through and by means of which all actual experience takes place. It is the medium through and by means of which the will finds actual expression, the medium through and by means of which the conditioned subject of knowledge actually recognises, actually perceives, it has been termed the immediate object, as such, it is the connecting link between the world as conditioned will and the world as conditioned idea. This does not alter the fact that all perception is an intellectual operation, for this reason the actual world, the world of actuality is said to be ideal. For a full exposition of the subject matter *vide* “The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason.”

The elucidation of the mystery with which mortal experience is surrounded lies in the comprehension that the “within” as known to the mortal is divided against itself, that the will as known to the mortal is divided against itself, that the self-being as known to the mortal is divided against itself. All actuality being ideal, it is not inaccurate to say that actuality, *qua* actuality, is a mental



projection. In genuine actuality, One-ness—Unity—mentally projects its unity on to an ideal actuality. In the spurious actuality of mortal experience, divided-against-itself-ness mentally projects its divided-against-itself-ness on to an actuality of misrepresentation. Concrete matter and conditioned knowledge are inseparable correlatives, “both stand and fall together, the one is only the reflex of the other. Indeed, they are really *one and the same thing*, regarded from two opposite points of view . . . .” Concrete matter is the idea of conditioned knowledge; conditioned knowledge is that in whose idea alone matter exists. If the knowledge of the knowing “I” be vitiated by an instinctive notion of divided-against-itself-ness—of antagonism in the abstract—will not this divided-against-itself-ness be actualised in the matter which, as such, exists only as its misrepresentation. This hypothesis obviates the need for all the confused and confusing thought and talk about the spiritual and the material. For matter is merely the capacity to act—to be actual—in general—in the abstract. Thus the matter of genuine actuality would be the capacity to act—the capacity to be actual—in general, in the abstract, of the One and the Only Will, which is not divided against itself and which has no opponent nor opposite.

This hypothesis that actuality is the objectification of a Will, which *in Itself*—in the innermost recesses of its being—is unconditioned, therefore *in Itself* free, simplifies the problem amazingly. The hypothesis that the Will is the primary and the ultimate in self-consciousness and that knowledge is merely the secondary and the derived does away with a host of perplexities and incompatibilities. Actuality is thus seen to be a definite expression of Will objectified—idealised, realised, actualised and substantiated. The definite, conditioned, expression of Will being directed, governed and controlled, directly from within. This, however, is a clumsy and misleading way of stating the case, for the Conditioned expression of Will and the Unconditioned Will of which it is the expression are one, at-one and oned. In a manner of metaphor :—Whatsoever the Father (Unconditioned Will) doeth that

must the Son (the Conditioned expression of Will) do likewise. For there is no distinction, no separation, between them except in so far as they are separated in abstract knowledge for purposes of explanation. The definite, Conditioned, expression of Will and the Will of which it is the definite, Conditioned expression are One. Following from this, "Man" may be described as the most elaborate objectification of the One Will. N.B.—Man, *qua* man, is actual therefore ideal. In a manner of metaphor, man, *qua* man, is a moonbeam not sunbeam; that is in so far as he is the object of knowledge, in so far as he is an idea. This elaboration of the objectification of the One Will gives rise to man's individuality. Man, in the concrete, is always individual. As a rough generalisation, for purposes of explanation, it might be said that minerals display only the characteristics of their kind; vegetables display only the characteristics of their species; animals display only the characteristics of their species; the human alone displays the characteristics of his individuality. The domesticated animal is the only one which markedly displays individual characteristics. The more elaborate the objectification of will, the more nearly does it approximate to individuality. In dealing with minerals we can predict with certainty that definite causative elements will produce a definite effect. In dealing with the vegetable in order to be able to predict the effect which will be produced by the application of a stimulus it is necessary to know exhaustively the characteristics of the species of vegetable; in dealing with an animal, the process is rendered far more complicated, in that the animal is possessed of intelligence, that this intelligence is the medium for motives, through and by means of this intelligence does the motive attain to actual ascendancy and thus impel the animal to act in accordance with the innate characteristics of its species. In the animal the sway of the motive is, in the main, confined to that of objects concretely present in consciousness. To a great extent the animal is controlled by instinct, the instinct characteristic of its species, which might be vaguely defined to be control from within—the control by the

unconscious characteristics of the species. In the human the process of motivation is still further complicated through the employment of the faculty of reason, of ratiocination. The faculty of reason which abstracts from concrete representations that which is essential in the particular connection under consideration, rejects all that is non-essential, and by means of the mental abstractions thus obtained proceeds to form judgments. These judgments form the premises of syllogisms from which he arrives at deliberate conclusions. So that the motives, of which his intelligence is the medium, are not confined to objects concretely present in consciousness, these are extended to include a whole host of abstract ideas of the reason; of abstract principles, adages and maxims, formulated by the reason. Now though to a certain extent the human re-acts to these abstract motives in accordance with the characteristics of his species, nevertheless, in the main, he re-acts to them in accordance with his individual characteristics. This constitutes his individuality. No two human individuals are exactly similar. A given set of circumstances, acting in the capacity of a motive, will impel one human being to fierce wrath and indignation, will impel another to mirth, will impel another to woful despondent inertitude, another to seek refuge in philosophic consolation, another to resort to supplication to his Deity, etc. No two human beings will be swayed in an exactly similar manner by a given motive. It is this which constitutes human individuality. Moreover the human is to a large extent swayed by instinct, to some extent the instinct characteristic of the human species, nevertheless, in the main, the instinct characteristic of the human individual—control by the unconscious from within, the unconscious characteristic of the human individual. As a rough generalisation, the animal responds to the sway of a motive in accordance with the characteristics of its species, the individual human responds to the sway of a motive in accordance with the characteristics of his human individuality. A very important difference and distinction! Individuality is a very marked characteristic of the human, this individuality is a very marked characteristic of

the man which the human temporarily and illusorily caricatures.

I have stated that actuality is a mental projection, *qua* actuality it is a mental projection. This statement taken by itself might be misleading. Actuality is the objectification of the Will, definite conditioned expressions of Will passed into perception and thus embodied in consciousness become actually effective and effectively actual. Actuality is definite conditioned expressions of Will seen through conditioned knowledge—through the forms of knowing with which the actual subject of knowledge is conditioned. It thus becomes apparent that what is within is without. One and the same thing known subjectively within and objectively without. Man might thus be said to be controlled both from within and from without by one and the same power, by one and the same governance. He is possessed within of the Will, the circumstances of his environment are this same Will objectified. All within and without possessed through and through of One Will—the Only Will. Man possessed of One—Intelligence acts in accordance with circumstances, circumstances are his guide, the guide in accordance with which he shapes his activities. Thus consciously and unconsciously he is dominated by one governance. When in response to the domination of his environment he adopts a definite line of conduct in accordance with his individuality he is subject to the sway of One—Governance and One—Governance only. The circumstances which are his guide are the enlightened leading the enlightened shall they not both prosper immeasurably. The One Will is his shepherd; he shall not want. The One Will maketh him to lie down in green pastures, it leadeth him beside still waters. It incessantly prepares a table before him, it anoints his head with oil; his cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow him all the days of his life and he dwells in the house of One—Concinnity—for ever. In his inmost self-being he is at-one with the Unconditioned self-being; the definite, Conditioned, individual, expression of Will which constitutes his individuality is the expression of a Will which *in Itself* is Unconditioned therefore *in Itself* free.

The human on the other hand arrogates to himself, *qua* actual human, unconditioned freedom to be what he, *qua* actual human, chooses to be and to act, *qua* actual human, as he chooses to act. The circumstances of his environment are something alien to his own being, usually an enemy alien. Sometimes he acts in accordance with the circumstances of his environment, more often he ignores (through lack of intelligence) these circumstances and attempts to act in defiance of them. His within consists of a will divided-against-itself; his without consists of the objectification of this same divided-against-itself-ness. Throughout the long-drawn agony of his Calvary—throughout the long, heavy and confused dream of humanity—there persists like an *idée fixe* the notion that he, *qua* actual human, is the master of his fate, and that at any moment some new form of human knowledge may enable him, *qua* actual human, to dominate the enemy alien of his environment. Perforce is he constrained to act, more or less, in accordance with circumstances. And what are the circumstances of his environment? The blind leading the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch!

And all the while, the very stones are crying out to him to deny the mortal selfhood which finds spurious actuality in the guise of innumerable human beings, all arrogating to themselves, *qua* actual human beings, autonomous self-government and even seeking to extend this self-autonomy to their environment. Imagine innumerable independent wills each and all self-autonomous extending their autonomy to their environment. It would be a pretty kettle of fish! Something very like the "one damned thing after another" of mortal actuality. Man, on the other hand, *qua* actual man, lays claim to no autonomy; he, *qua* actual man, makes no claim to dominate his environment. No! But he and his environment are at-one in the Unconditioned being of which they are both the actual, Conditioned, manifestation. That were a way of pleasantness and a way of peace—i.e., a full-ness of concinnous, unimpeded, activity. All, within and without, rests in the rhythmic beat of the infinite Heart of Love. Behold what wonderful

rest is there in the Only—Unity. “Held by the cords of love, the swing of the Ocean of Joy sways to and fro; and a mighty sound break forth in song.” (Kabir.)

Did I say that the actual human and his actual environment were the blind led by the blind? So they are. The blind led by the blind into the light of day. All-unconsciously, all-unwittingly—blindfolded, may be, loth—are the blind led by the blind into the light of day. It is always going on automatically; the preliminary preparation for the blind to receive their sight. The blind have but to listen to the very stones crying out the cure for blindness. Were it not wiser to hearken to the stones, rather than to hearken to human systems of human intellectualism, claiming infallibility on human *ipse dixit*. To attempt to lift the body into the light by the head were a perilous and painful process. What if you be trying to lift the body into the dark by the head! How then! Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth unto darkness, and many there be that enter in thereat.

Man is the most elaborate expression of the Will objectified. He is susceptible to every shade and nuance of delicate receptivity and responsiveness. It is delicacy of colouring, of touch and tone, which gives the most intense delight. It is this delicacy of responsiveness which distinguishes the human from the animal. Man expresses infinite gradation of delicacy, he recognises with infinite gradation of delicacy. He utters and responds to utterance with infinite gradation of delicacy. Therefore, in a manner of speaking, is his joy the fullest of all the grades of objectification of the One Will. This is to present the case from the objective standpoint. The objective is the inseparable correlative of the subjective. Subjectively considered, man is possessed of a more delicate Understanding, which (to revert to the simile of the refractive prism) refracts the pure white light, in order to display with the greatest refinement of nicety the myriad shades of colouring of which the pure white light (totality) is the infinite potentiality. Individual man expresses and recognises individual, actual, spectra of which the pure white light is the illimitable potentiality. This

individual fashion of expression and recognition constitutes his individuality. This individual fashion of expression and recognition is (from the standpoint of knowledge) both conscious and unconscious, it is exercised both consciously and unconsciously. All activity, conscious and unconscious, is, however, under the domination of the Unconditioned being-for-self—the Unconscious—the *in Itself* One—which for want of a more precise means of describing it we term the “within.” Thus it is that man is unstriving and self-impelled, guided, controlled and governed from within by the *in Itself* One which *in Itself* is Unconditioned therefore *in Itself* free. Actual man is Conditioned, his actuality is Conditioned therefore, *qua* actuality, it is not free. Just the converse of the human who claims, *qua* actual human, to be the master of his fate and to be able to impose that fraction of *his* will, which for the nonce happens to be in the ascendant, upon his self and upon his environment. Every man is a King, indeed! For why? Because he and his environment are at-one in the Unconditioned of which they both are the Conditioned manifestation.

Respecting the faculty of reason of which the human alone, of all grades of objectification of the will, is possessed. This human reason is merely the caricature of a genuine faculty and function. Wherein does the distinction lie between the spurious and the genuine? Only in this! The human reason in the exercise of its function abstracts from the concrete misrepresentations of a misunderstanding that which is essential in the particular case under consideration and rejects that which is not essential in the particular case under consideration. That which has been abstracted from the concrete misrepresentations is termed a mental abstraction, because it has been mentally abstracted from the concrete misrepresentations. For convenience in handling, a label is attached to this mental abstraction, this label we term a word. There is in a word only that which has been defined to be in the mental abstraction which the word labels. For example, in order to obtain the generic concept or mental abstraction “Dog” the reason abstracts

from the concrete, particular, Colley, Mastiff, Greyhound, Pom, Poodle, Aberdeen, Fox-terrier, etc.; that which is common to all dogs, viz. :—that they delight to bark and bite, it is their nature to do so, that they have four legs, a hairy coat, etc., etc. All the rest of the particular characteristics which are not common to all dogs is not essential to the particular connection under consideration, it is therefore dropped for convenience in ratiocinating. In order to form accurate concepts, the faculty of judgment is essential. The faculty of judgment also plays a part in the comparison of these concepts and in the grouping of them in premises from which conclusions are arrived at. It is the faculty of ratiocination which introduces such a wide gulf between the behaviour of the human and that of the animal. By means of it is the human enabled to surround his daily life with elaborate organisations of far-reaching importance. There is a very remarkable characteristic about these concepts or mental abstractions. The greater the extent of the concept, the less is the content and vice versa. For example, the concept to which the word "thing" has been attached as a label has universal extent, everything is subsumed under the concept "thing," but it has next to no content. You cannot form a mental image of a "thing." On the other hand, the concept "black and tan foxhound" has a small extent, you could count up the black and tan foxhounds in the world with comparative ease; but this concept has considerable content, you can easily form a mental image of a black and tan foxhound. It is the superiority in the exercise of the faculty of judgment which differentiates the clever human from the fool. All humans possess the faculty of ratiocination. Some have exercised this faculty more than others, the mere training of the faculty for reasoning counts, however, for very little, it is innate proficiency in judgment coupled with nimbleness in reasoning which characterises the competent and clever individual. The proficient exercise of the faculty of judgment in forming and precisely defining very abstract concepts (which have great extent but very small content) it is which distinguishes the philosopher proper from the mere word



juggler. The latter flounders about famously and splashes up words in all directions but the words which he uses have no precise content. In making use of words labelling concepts very proximate to the concrete misrepresentations from which they are abstracted it is unnecessary to constantly describe what is and what is not included under the concept employed. But when very abstract concepts are made use of it is imperative to precisely define what is and what is not included under the concept employed. For example, practically everyone knows what is and what is not included under the concept "foxhound"; whereas when making use of very abstract concepts such as "ideal," "God," etc., it is imperative to define precisely what is and what is not included under the concept. It has been said "A God is the noblest work of the human"; meaning thereby that to formulate so sublime a concept is the noblest thought of which a human is capable. So it is, if the concept so formed has a precise content, and one which tends to lift human thought above mundane experience in an effectual manner. Could we but form a concept adequate to denote that which is included under the word "God," surely that were the end of all our human and mortal disease, at any rate we should have made a prodigious stride in that direction. But, in human practice, this word is splashed about as though everyone knew precisely what is and what is not included under this very abstract concept. (It is, indeed, the most abstract of all the concepts.) And in consequence of this most pernicious practice the word has become associated with such colossal error that it is no exaggeration to say that it is the most deadly word in the English language. I submit, that as used by the theologian, it is an unconscious autosuggestion of the very illusion and error from which all should be seeking with ardour to escape. All this, by the way, leads up to the point germane to the subject under discussion. Just as the human is possessed of the faculty of reason—the faculty by means of which he forms mental abstractions and ratiocinates with these mental abstractions—so, I submit, does man. Only in the case of man the concepts are abstracted from genuine ideas,

instead of as in the case of the human being abstracted from the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding. Through the exercise of the faculty of Understanding, of which man, *inter alia*, is possessed arises in and for knowledge—concrete actuality. And man forms concepts concerning the ideas which collectively constitute the universe in which he has his being. The animal is not possessed of this faculty of reason, consequently the content of its knowledge is confined to an actual appreciation of the concrete ideas with which it is surrounded and of the actual, concrete, relationship of these to one another and to its own being. Man alone can ratiocinate and the most wonderful result of the employment by him of this faculty of reason is that he is enabled to recognise that the actuality which he concretely experiences is the Conditioned manifestation of that—the One—which in *Itself* is Unconditioned. It is this faculty which constitutes his crown, his patent of especial nobility, his priesthood and his priestly office. The animal is the living, conscious, witness to the Nature and natural works of the One; in that through and by means of the faculty of Understanding, of which it is possessed, it idealises, realises, actualises, and substantiates in a concrete actuality some measure of the (from the standpoint of knowledge) One Potentiality. The animal exercises this function intuitively. Man alone, in virtue of being possessed of that consummation of intelligence termed reason is able to form mental abstractions and by means of discursive ratiocination attain to being a conscious, living, witness that it is the, in *Itself*, One and none other whose Nature is made manifest in actuality. It is man's especial prerogative to recognise (through the intermediary of mental abstractions) the (in *Itself*) One in Its works.

It has been stated that Unconditioned being-for-self is no-being-for-another—is no-being-for-knowledge. Unconditioned being-for-self has no concrete being-for-another; no concrete-being-for-knowledge. Nevertheless through and by means of mental abstractions has it abstract being-for-another, abstract being-for-knowledge—being-for-knowledge in the abstract. One aspect of man's being

therefore consists in his being the medium by means of which the One knows Itself, knows Itself directly in the abstract. This faculty, however, is not a quality of man, *qua* man, *per se*, it is the function of the apotheosis of intelligence of which man is possessed. All Ideas, *qua* Ideas, actually arise in and for consciousness through the conditioning of the knowledge of the (in Itself) pure Unconditioned subject of knowledge. *Qua* Ideas, they are moonbeams not sunbeams. In themselves (from the standpoint of knowledge) they are definite, Conditioned, expressions of the One Will; in their innermost being they are at-one with the One, at-one with the One Unconditioned Will. Individual man is thus nothing in himself nor of himself, *qua* man. *Qua* man, he is an exclusion of somewhat of totality in order that the corresponding complement may be concretely perceived, concretely known or known in the abstract. There is nothing positive but the (in Itself) One, the manhood of man is not something positive, on the contrary it is something negative. Nevertheless, through and by means of man's manhood is the positive revealed to knowledge, revealed both in the concrete and in the abstract. The mortal claims to be something positive, of itself and in itself. It thus constitutes an incident in a world turned upside down. All genuine Ideas may be said to be clear as crystal revealing the (in Itself) One. The mortal claims to be an opacity, genuine Ideas are a transparency concretely and actually revealing the (in Itself) One. In the case of man this transparency is extended to include a revelation in and for knowledge in the abstract of the (in Itself) One.

In the normal human, knowledge in the abstract is merely the tool of the will-divided-against-itself, through and by means of which he organises the satisfaction of his innumerable wants. It is only in abnormal cases that the faculty for reasoning impels him to seek the wherefore and why of mortal experience. To seek the solution of this riddle by means of human intellectualism brings the tear into his eye. It sends not peace upon the earth, which is my mortal misrepresentation, but a sword. It is, however, through and by means of the faculty of ratiocination

that the human is enabled to know that mundane experience can be made use of as a Child's Guide to Understanding; and if fed upon in the heart, by faith, with prayer and thanksgiving it affords a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice for the remission of the illusion of mortality.

To take the mental abstraction "the in Itself One." How was this concept arrived at? By abstracting from concrete actuality that which remains after all the conditions actually conditioning a state of concreteness—all definiteness—have been eliminated. We thus attain to the very abstract concept "the in Itself One, the Unconditioned." In order to obtain this very abstract concept we have rejected all concreteness, all definiteness—we have transcended in thought the conditions conditioning conditioned knowledge. That which remains after the process of elimination has been completed is (from the standpoint of knowledge) practically nil: i.e., Unconditioned being-for-self is no-being-for-knowledge. All that knowledge in the abstract can attain to is the knowledge that all actuality is the Conditioned manifestation of One which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. To have attained to this knowledge in the abstract is not a mere useless academic theory. For it is in virtue of the transcendental oneness of all and the All-ness of One that genuine actuality is ineffably concinnous. There could be concinnity in actuality on no other basis. Having attained to clear knowledge in the abstract of this momentous Verity we may proceed to (as it were) digest this all-hallowing Verity at leisure. With the dawning of this knowledge "the nest of fear is broken." Discord, strife, war, woe, waste, want, are thenceforth no longer seen as objective realities over which no control can be exercised. On the contrary these are seen to be the objectification of a subjective illusion. The subjective illusion of a mortal selfhood, whose illusory being claims to be a limit to the Limitless, a divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself, an impediment to the Unimpeded. Verity sets this subjective illusion—eternally—at naught. And gradually or rapidly reveals genuine actuality possessed through and through of One—

Concinnity ; ineffably perfect, but not perfect in contradiction to some other present state of being which is imperfect, but perfect in that it is the making manifest of the (*in Itself*) the Only, therefore there is naught else with which it can be compared to its own disparagement.

The scientific transcendental analysis of empirical reality, although it takes away with one hand gives immeasurably with the other. Although it confutes inevitably the theory, so dear to the theological realist, that the human personality persists for ever in a state of after-death spirituality ; it gives a far more sublime picture of immortality. For it locates, in a manner of speaking, man's essential being ; not in conditioned knowledge ; not in a definite, individual, manner of knowing ; not in consciousness, however conditioned ; but in the unconscious ; in the Will ; in the being-for-self ; which in its inmost being is at-one with the Unconditioned—unconscious—Will—being-for-self. This Unconditioned being-for-self is without variableness neither shadow of turning. Moreover the "I," in its dual capacity as subject of knowledge and subject of volition is infinitely available—it must be, since there is none other to impede nor obstruct the (*in Itself*) One in the idealisation, realisation, actualisation and substantiation of its infinite potentiality of Only-ness. The appreciation of this verity impels the Oriental poet to exclaim :—

"Within the Supreme Brahma, the worlds are being  
told like beads :

Look upon that rosary with the eyes of wisdom."

It is the denial—the setting at naught—of the mortal selfhood which overcomes death (the illusion of impeded activity) and opens up illimitable possibilities. It is the denial of mortal selfhood which makes possible the All-ness of One. The all-ness of One Unconditioned being-for-self which although, in Itself, it has no actual being-for-knowledge—no actual being-for-another—is not on that account to be set down as nothingness. From the standpoint of knowledge the Unconditioned being-for-self is a minus quantity ; that, however, does not prove that in and

for Itself it is not a very positive quantity—that does not mean that in and for Itself it is not a very positive quantity—infinity of quantity—illimitability of being-for-self. It must be so, seeing that there is none other to constitute a limit to the Limitless.

The marvel of (mortal) self-denial (and in mortal experience nothing can compare with it for marvellousness) is that it is impossible to stop short at bare denial. Affirmation inevitably succeeds denial. The affirmation which describes man as the unstriving, self-impelled, spontaneously individual, manifestation of the *in Itself* One. Expressing and recognising “within,” recognising “without,” the glorious majesty and the majestic glory of the One.

To the most casual glance, to the most superficial reasoning, there is obviously something about mortal being which needs to be denied—which needs to be set at naught. To forsake “the world,” to practice self-mortification in a spirit of asceticism, is merely a negative proceeding and leads no-whither. It locates the source of all the trouble in the “without” instead of attributing it to a mare’s nest of a nightmare “within.” It postulates evil as an objective reality instead of attributing it to a subjective illusion. It is the denial of the illusion of mortal selfhood—the illusion which claims to be able to divide the Only against itself, into parts good and parts evil, into parts pure and parts impure, into parts perfect and parts imperfect, etc.—which reveals the “perfect man exulting in perfection.” A perfection not his own, *qua* actual man. Individual man expresses and recognises the perfection of the One in an individual manner. Naught could be perfect save an Only One. Ideal, actual, man; together with his ideal, actual, environment; is possessed through and through of One—Beauty-Sweetness—of One Holiness (Wholeness)—and in a transport of actual ecstasy savours the One—Beauty-Sweetness “within” and “without.” Every moment “My Lord” is actually taking His delight in man.

## WATCH AND PRAY

To watch and to pray is the only human activity which can be completely immune from censure, to have complied with the spirit of this wise injunction is the only human activity which can give rise to no subsequent regret. There is no better occupation for the human until the universal Christmas than this.

The essence—the be-all and end-all—of mortal experience is the attenuation of the illusion of mortal selfhood. The setting at naught of this illusion by the false environment which the mortal selfhood and its misunderstanding engenders. This attenuation may be performed both consciously and unconsciously. N.B.—There is but one illusion of mortal selfhood to be attenuated, just as there is but one genuine selfhood. This process of attenuation is, in the main, carried out unconsciously. Through an instinctive apprehension of the vanity, the inadequacy, the insufficiency, the suffering, of the spurious experience of mortal selfhood. Viewed in this light, the most prosaic events of daily life are invested with a genial glow of romance. The washer-woman bending over her wash-tub, the busy house-wife plying her daily care, the woodman making the woods bow beneath his sturdy stroke, the bus-driver threading the maze of traffic in Piccadilly Circus, the gardener tending his plants, the shepherd watching the dawn after his night of vigil with his flock, the hedger, the ditcher, the mother directing the waywardness of her restless offspring—all are seekers, may be, unconsciously. For all are seeking—all-unconsciously—to be possessed of the One-Understanding; to rest in the debt, happy, play of the One—Player. All behold, both objectively and subjectively, the vanity and futility of the illusion of mortal selfhood. All co-operate unconsciously in its attenuation.

To be called to participate consciously in this undertaking is *the* prize of high calling. It is a prize of high calling to which no human merit can win. As expressed by Paul, it was given to some before the world began ; i.e., before the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding ever passed muster as having genuine validity. The many are called but the few are chosen—few are chosen to participate consciously in this grand undertaking. Should you be so signally honoured—to be a rift in the clouds and to designedly widen the rift, thus letting through the gay sunbeams to illuminate and to gladden all. Rejoice whatever anguish rends the heart that you are so inestimably privileged as to be allowed to take a part in freedom's crowning hour. The prize of this high calling is to participate consciously in the attenuation of the illusion of mortal selfhood ; not merely to be invested with a facility for transmuting dis-ease in illusion into ease in illusion. " Even though the head itself must be given, why should you weep over it." (Kabir.) It is the giving of the head—the leaving of all (all stereotyped systems of human thought) and following Verity, naked and unashamed—which is so hardly attained to. The misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding can achieve nothing but the demonstration of the nothingness of the mortal selfhood whose misrepresentations they are.

" And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." Why? Because if you are not watching, eagerly, intently, you will miss many glorious opportunities to make use of your Child's Guide to Understanding. The guide to instinctive understanding which alone is of any value. Mere knowledge in the abstract only serves to accentuate the gloom and woe of mortal experience.

It must be borne in mind that the term "Understanding" covers, *inter alia*, the intellectual operation through and by means of which the *in-Itself* One is idealised, realised, actualised and substantiated to constitute, thus idealised, the many—the many participating and co-operating in a game of joy. There is nothing to be evolved, there is nothing to be achieved, there is nothing to be developed ! Infinite variety of actuality lies stored within the One—



(from the standpoint of knowledge) infinite Potentiality. The Understanding of which man, *inter alia*, is through and through possessed converts potentiality into actuality. The conditioning, the regulation, the government, of the actualisation rests in the play of the One—Player. The exercise of the faculty of understanding results in endless re-presentations of One taking part in a game of joy; the bastard activities of misunderstanding result in the seeming of misrepresentations taking part, in grim earnest, in a tragedy (or farce) of toil and trouble, of futile strivings, of abandoned hopes, of grief and anguish sore. Look on this picture and on that! If misunderstanding be possessed of genuine validity, how could any human endeavour; the taking of any human thought; any human forethought, foresight or prudence; convert it into Understanding. The only way, the only effectual expedient, is to lift the gaze to the Cross—to the grand Verity—which sets at naught misunderstanding, revealing that it has no power to exclude from the Understanding which is with man alway. The attenuation of the mortal selfhood and its misunderstanding which can only be effected by means of watching and praying, reveals, what has been called in poetic metaphor, the kingdom of God. It is within, it lies within in the Conditioned self-being which is never completely knowable. The innermost recesses of this Conditioned self-being are at-one with the Unconditioned self-being, termed in poetic metaphor the “Father or God. Thus the Sage-wayshower (who was no theologian) declared “I and my Father are one.” The quintessence of his Christian mission being to declare and to demonstrate Emmanuel—to show that that which human misunderstanding would banish to the far away or would relegate to the precincts of a temple, only, was the All-in-all.

“ The lock of error shuts the gate, open it with the key  
of love :

Thus, by opening the door, thou shalt wake the  
Beloved.

Kabir says : ‘ O brother ! do not pass by such good  
fortune as this.’ ”

*The Comrade* is also invariably *the Beloved* ! It is not, however, the Beloved who needs to be awakened, it is the hypnotic trance of mortal misunderstanding which needs to be dissipated, in order that the Beloved may be revealed in all its entrancing beauty and sweetness. However fearful and repellent the gate seemingly locked by illusion may appear do not pass by the great, good, fortune of being privileged to unlock it with the key of love. With the love of what for what? With the love of the *in Itself* One for the *in Itself* One. With the, One—Love of which man is possessed. In verity there is none other to love nor to be loved ! Man is the Conditioned manifestation of the One—Love for the Conditioned manifestation of the One—Love. The fearfulness and the repulsiveness of that locked gate is merely the divided-against-itself-ness of the mortal selfhood externalised and objectified ; it is merely the unconscious being of the supposed mortal selfhood externalised and objectified. •In so far as you are a mortal human it is your own unconscious being externalised and objectified. That which seemingly trespasses against you is merely your own unconscious externalised ; the trespass *par excellence*, that of mortal selfhood, can only be forgiven you in the measure in which you forgive the trespasses of your own unconscious externalised. Here spread before you objectively is the particular variation on the original theme of mortal selfhood which purports to be yours. Administer to it the extreme unction which the Cross you have taken up and which you bear ever with you enables you to bestow. Love that which does not love you ! The key of love alone can unlock the gate of illusion which is the counterfeit of the gate of Understanding. “ O brother ! do not pass by such good fortune as this.” But you will, brother, if you are not watching eagerly and intently.

“ Pray without ceasing.” What is the subtle distinction between (crude) autosuggestion and prayer? The former is (mortal) self-assertion, the latter is (mortal) self-denial. The latter consists in nailing the mortal selfhood to the Cross ; in listening for and reiterating the fiat of the grand Verity that there is (truly) no mortal selfhood to pose

as a divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself—to pose as a falsifier of the vision glorious. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto being a rift in the clouds, thus letting through the light whose beams illumine *all*. But wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth unto being an opaque nimbus presaging storm and destruction. In the world of shadows—in the world of suppositional opposites—the deeper the shadow the more conspicuous is it, the more does it attract attention. Hence the prominence and popularity of the human systems of thought which advocate self-assertion, either directly in the form of (crude) autosuggestion or indirectly by invoking the intervention of a deity to operate the self-assertion. The latter form of procedure is merely the monkey's paw acting by proxy. Moreover, such is the weft and warp of mortal mentality that one has merely to be sufficiently determined and sufficiently confident (euphemistically, full of faith) for the act of self-assertive volition to materialise. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto effectual (mortal) self-denial. A gate, however, which none could regret having entered in at—it is the gate that leadeth unto life in contradistinction to the woful and precarious existence amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding. And as oft as ye partake of this mortal experience—Watch and Pray. *Every* incident appertaining to it is a gloriously fortunate opportunity to behold the grand Verity attenuating and setting at naught the mortal selfhood.

Watch! Here are some sheep feeding upon a pasture. A peaceful rustic scene, may be you'll say! There is no call to be on the watch here. Isn't there? Why every incident of mortal experience is an example of the divided-against-itself-ness of the mortal selfhood which is objectified in it. Those sheep feeding on grass are a glaring example of a will divided-against-itself.

Here is the world we mortals seemingly inhabit described by the chief of all the apostles of sanguineness. \* "Of the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many

\* Robert Louis Stevenson, "Pulvis Et Umbra." By kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, London, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

doubtful things, and all of them appalling. . . . We behold space sown with rotatory islands, suns and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems : some, like the sun, still blazing ; some rotting like the earth ; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter : a thing which no analysis can help us to conceive ; to whose incredible properties no familiarity can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life ; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady ; swelling in tumours that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory ; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds through varying stages. . . . In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth : the animal and the vegetable : one in some degree the inversion of the other : the second rooted to the spot ; the first coming detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the myriad feet of insects or towering into the heavens on the wings of birds : . . . . . And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other, lives tearing lives in pieces, cramming them inside themselves, and by that summary process, growing fat : the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert ; for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

“ Meanwhile our rotary island loaded with predatory life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.”

Truly a gruesome picture ! Is this description of the world, as known to the mortal, merely the offspring of hypochondriacal dyspepsia ? No, it is the offspring of honesty ! In this connection, honesty is the best policy. “ No truth has anything to fear from any other truth, illusion and error have to fear every truth.” Only the theologian who starts from the unwarrantable assumption

that the world, which we mortals know, is the absolutely real creation of an all-wise and beneficent Providence, in the shape of an anthropomorphic deity, has to fear this relative truth. For a relative truth it is! When once the mortal selfhood is posited as an effective divisor dividing the indivisible against itself, this gruesome picture or one more or less similar, inevitably follows as the idealisation of this divided-against-itself-ness. Those sheep browsing upon the pasture are only a Bowdlerised edition of a butcher's shop. Take note of it, ye canting moralists, whose ethical criterion is human expediency. And when you sit down with gusto to a plate of Sunday roast beef, horse-radish and Yorkshire pudding, clad in your sabbatical garments, exuding unctuous respectability; pause and consider whether or no this is an appropriate occasion for watchfulness and prayer. Just consider whether the attitude of the Publican would not be more fitting for the occasion than that of the Pharisee. This watchfulness and prayer reveals that every daily human activity, whether human expediency demands that it should be actionable at law or expiable in the sentence of the police magistrate, is yet fraught with stigma and condemnation. Judged by the only valid standard of rectitude—"his righteousness"—the righteousness of the in. Itself One—human expediency is weighed in the balance and found wanting. And in the hour of our greatest human triumph, when the *vox populi*, which is anything but the *vox dei*, is acclaiming us as hero, prodigy, benefactor and liberator; let us, inwardly, smite ourself upon the breast, saying "God be merciful to me a sinner." This attitude of mind, so far from making us impatient with the failings of our fellows, tends to a catholic charity; for it is the recognition of the relative truth that, *qua* humans, we are all possessed of one devil, of whose hap-hazard vagaries we are the sport. And that there is no worthiness in human activities, that these can only be partaken of worthily when in the guise of a holy sacrament, making all whole.

Pray! Lift the gaze to the Cross—to the grand Verity—which sets at naught the mortal selfhood claiming to divide the Indivisible against itself—claiming to divide

the Only Will against Itself. Revealing all ideas, all ideal actual re-presentations, of the One *in Itself* Only-ness possessed through and through of One Will, therefore all reciprocally ministering to one another and serving one another with joy and thanksgiving. All possessed through and through of One—Love, therefore all having love one toward another.

Will your prayer be answered, will your autosuggestion of the truth transcending mortality and mortal misunderstanding be externalised? Assuredly! But how? Do you expect that as the result of your prayer that the sheep will, in future, desist from feeding upon the grass—and starve? That, moreover, is only one of the many appalling consequences of your prayer, if answered literally. Unless fed upon constantly the grasses would grow coarse and rank, these would war with one another and in the struggle it would not be the fittest (from the husbandman's standpoint) which would survive, it would be the rankest and the coarsest. Moreover this procedure of not harming the dumb vegetable, if carried to its logical conclusion, would soon convert the pleasant countryside into a jungle. Nor is this all, there would be no more food for the human, no clothes for him to wear, no wood wherewith to fashion the furniture for his home. A pithy *reductio ad absurdum* of the notion that things can be put right in the world of mortal experience by any activity of the monkey's paw. A forceful illustration of the hopelessness of attempting to put things right in the world of mortal experience through any ingenuity exercised by the monkey's paw. And yet, *qua* humans, we cannot refrain from using that monkey's paw! The fact is, there is no right about the world of mortal experience—except in so far as it demonstrates the unutterable futility and nonentity of the seeming mortal selfhood. There is, nor can there be, about it no absolute right; only a relative right—"at best a municipal fitness"—a fitness and a decency which it behoves us, *qua* humans, to study attentively and to beware lest we should violate it.

But what was the aim and the object of the prayer evoked by watching the sheep feeding upon the pasture?

If you are a true seeker you do not care a brass farthing whether the sheep desist from feeding upon the grass or whether they do not ! All that aspect of the case interests you not one whit. If you are a true seeker your aim in uttering the glad prayer was to attenuate the illusion of a mortal selfhood, to seek first "his righteousness"—Understanding. Your aim was that misunderstanding should be swallowed up of Understanding. If you are a true seeker, you shall find, you must find !

In the foregoing illustration it is so easy to see the futility of attempting to put things right—right in accordance with what appears seemly and fitting to human myopy. But when things have gone, seemingly, very wrong with a human fellow, very near and very dear, it is not so easy to see the futility of attempting to wield the monkey's paw through the proxy of a postulated deity. It is not so easy to be indifferent as to whether things are put right in accordance with what appears to be seemly and fitting to human myopy. But if only we could see it, it is just the complete indifference as to what takes place in the hurly-burly of human affairs which counts and goes. It is only when gazing fixedly upon the Cross, when wrapt in that vision glorious—when utterly indifferent as to the happenings in the false seeming of mortal misrepresentation—that the dead can bury their dead. The dead are always burying the dead by an unconscious involuntary process ; it is only when wrapt in the vision glorious that this process can be expedited consciously and voluntarily—of conscious volition. Hence in dealing with calls to prayer induced by happenings to ourself or to those near and dear it is of vital importance to first, squarely and fairly, deal with fear. Fear is a friend in disguise, it prompts us so often to read from our Child's Guide. Love and fear are the chief prompters to this exercise. Undoubtedly were love incessantly prompting us to watch and pray, fear would have no *raison d'être*—there neither could nor would be any room for fear in experience. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Perfect love could and would expunge the word fear from the slate of the happenings in experience.

Again, Watch. Here is a human being, the only boy or the only girl in the world for you. The embodiment to you of all the virtues—the virtues of being all charm, all grace, all daintiness, all comradeship—rolled in one. Watch! Everything in human guise must be watched—watched like a cat watches a mouse—and prayed round without ceasing. More especially the one boy or the one girl. Just because he or she is so very precious does this preciousness afford to the foul fiend of divided-against-self-ness an opportunity, after its own want-of-heart, to divide. Just because so near and so dear is he or she invested with a power to strike a deadly blow, to deal a venomous wound, between the joints of your armour, which none other could effect. Moreover all human goodness—all that which the human knows as good—is merely one of a pair of opposites—good and evil—good in contradistinction to evil—and as such bears within itself the seed of its mortal counterpart. All this notwithstanding, it is well to love immeasurably—pal or spouse—both open up before you many pages of the Child's Guide which would otherwise remain closed. What is it that impels you to love this or that individual so heartily? Is it because you have compiled an inventory setting forth his or her virtual assets in wealth, respectability, eminence, or notoriety? No! No! You just love because you love! Which is only another fashion of stating that love has its seat and prompting in the unconscious being. Thence it can exercise vast sway. To the true seeker, the sway of the love of the sexes opens up whole volumes, daintily illuminated, copiously illustrated, trenchantly apposite, of the Child's Guide.

Pray! Lift the gaze to the Cross—to grand Verity—which crosses out the mortal selfhood and its divided-against-self-ness, its pairs of contrary opposites opposing one another. Revealing man possessed through and through of the One—Life—Love—Joy—Beauty—Grace. Infinitely and concinnously available as comradeship and complementary affinity. Every demand for comradeship and affinity having as its inseparable correlative commensurate supply. All immersed in the Conditioned mani-



festation of the *in Itself* Only-ness which transcends the pair of conflicting opposites, pleasure and pain; all reciprocally co-operating in the consummation of the Will-to-give-and-to-receive-rapture oned.

Again Watch! The most fitting study of the human is the human. Hear more of the honesty of the chief amongst the apostles of sanguineness. \* "What a monstrous spectre is this (hu)man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming;—and yet . . ." Human nature, conscious and unconscious, is everpresent with us and so overwhelmingly proximate. It claims to be the making manifest of innumerable self-beings, each something on its own; all something other than, all something distinct and separate from, the One self-being. Each of the innumerable self-beings possessing a will of its own, which it is, in duty, bound to assert and vindicate the supremacy of. Or failing this self-assertive rigour to be dubbed a craven! And hovering over this welter of immedicable incoherence is supposed to be a supernatural being who if sufficiently importuned will "defend the right." But what is the right? What's right for one independent, definite, fashion of willing may be wrong for another gross or ten million independent, definite, fashions of willing. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter, the only right about the misrepresentations of 'a mortal misunderstanding is that these set at naught the mortal selfhood whose misunderstanding misrepresentations they are. Here is a fair field for the exercise of insuppressible importunity—for the display of "unconquerable constancy." That right needs no defender, it is universally supreme.

Respecting the trespasses consciously set in operation by the seeming of mortal selfhood. Human frailty, human

\* Robert Louis Stevenson, "Pulvis Et Umbra." By kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, London, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

folly, human devilry, affords incessant opportunities to forgive in the measure that we desire to be forgiven the trespass *par excellence*. This charity must be all-embracing. It must be extended to include our (so called) own frailty, folly and devilry. To be tolerant of the failings of others and intolerant towards our own is merely a form (and a very insidious form) of self-assertive egoism. Why should one human—our own particular brand of humanity—be immune from the general futility of human-ness? From the illusory human standpoint, doubtless, it is expedient to attain to such modicum of relative goodness as we may. That, however, has no bearing upon, no meaning in relation to, the teaching of the Sage-wayshower, who repudiated the epithet "good" when applied to himself as a human personality. So far from morbidly lamenting our own shortcomings, we should welcome these gladly as precious opportunities to unlock the gate of illusion with the key of love.

Respecting the trespasses diurnally and perennially perpetrated, involuntarily and unconsciously, by the seeming of mortal selfhood. Respecting the mortal body which is the externalisation objectively of that mortal selfhood. How revolting and unclean do most of its functions and activities appear. How frequently do its surging passions and wild cravings impel, almost irresistibly, towards a course of conduct not only subversive of social decency, but also tending, directly or indirectly, to the violation of the laws of Church and State. Of what avail to condemn the mortal body? Of what avail to sniff at its nauseousness, or politely to affect ignorance concerning the loathsome happenings in the charnel-house we mortals carry about with us. If endowed with what is known as self-respect (a commodity of paramount importance and of inestimable value to the human) we are inordinately concerned that its outward seeming shall be scrupulously clean, faultlessly groomed and daintily attired—we pay great heed to the whitening of the exterior of the sepulchre. It is seemly, proper, nay more if we have the means at our disposal it is incumbent upon us, to do so. Has asceticism bettered, even temporarily, "the tradition of

mankind"? Asceticism merely abandons as insoluble the problem of human existence. Nor is the reason for its inefficiency as a palliative for the vileness of human nature far to seek. For the disgust which the objectification of his unconscious being occasions in the mind of the conscious human is but a glaring example of his divided-against-self-ness. A forcible illustration of his enmeshment within the snare of the pair of contrary opposites—good and evil—mutually stultifying one another. Human expediency compels us to strive toward the relatively good and to resist the relatively evil; this procedure, however, affords no means of escape from the vicious circle of this recurrent necessity. "I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: . . . ." This sage injunction must not only be construed to mean that we are not to return buffet for buffet and demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It has a far wider significance. The spirit of this sapient maxim, if complied with, opens up vistas far more extensive than that of mere abstention from revengeful conflict. It indicates a panacea, not only for the dread torment of remorse, but also for any feelings of shame respecting the mortal body and its consuming lusts. But why not resist? Wherein lies the consummate sapience of the maxim? To resist is to maintain the ascendancy of divided-against-self-ness; is to fetter oneself more securely with the illusion of the pairs of opposites—good and evil—opposing one another. The human is the fool of false dominion, as such, he must seek to dominate the seeming of mortality embodied; *qua* human, he has no other option. Yes, but as a truth-seeker he can lift the gaze to the Cross, which infallibly sets at naught the mortal selfhood and its divided-against-itself-ness, its pairs of conflicting opposites. Revealing all—conscious and unconscious—possessed through and through of One which could never be divided against itself and which has no opponent nor opposite.

Has it ever occurred to you to consider the wonder and the glory which lies concealed behind a crowd of human beings in the drab surroundings of the East End of London on a dismal winter evening—just about the time that the

bracken is in full glow on a fell-side. Here is a golden opportunity to love that which does not love the human. Has it ever occurred to you to attempt to realise the wonder and the glory that lies hidden—camouflaged—behind the revolting round of physical functions and behind the fleshly lusts which call forth the anathema of the canting moralist. That way lies the path to freedom—freedom from divided-against-self-ness—freedom from the illusion of the pairs of opposites, good and evil. That way lies the pathway to reality, the narrow way through the strait gate to genuine actuality. There is nothing either right or wrong but misunderstanding makes it so. If all actuality be the ideal representation of One—in *Itself* the Only—how could there be anything unclean, unchaste, revolting, foul? That is the way of salvation, Watch and pray!

Pray! Lift the gaze to the Cross—to the grand Verity—it invincibly crosses out the mortal selfhood which alone could experience disgust, dismay and dis-affection. It reveals man (in the concrete always individual) possessed through and through of One Will and expressing that One Will—consciously and unconsciously—in ineffable con-cinnity. It reveals every body to be the embodiment in consciousness—the consciousness of the pure Unconditioned subject of knowledge which is present entire and undivided in every percipient being—of the One Will—the pure Unconditioned subject of volition being present entire and undivided in every willing being. (That is what the theologian means when he makes use of the vague phrase “God alone acts.”) It reveals that every activity, every function—conscious and unconscious—is inexpressibly beautiful, inexpressibly delightful—altogether lovely and altogether sweet.

In the process of sweetening and making whole the human, it is expedient to start with the instinctive misrepresentations concerning the objectification of the unconscious being. Cleanse and purify these and the sublimation of the conscious activities follows inevitably. The exact contrary procedure is followed by the ascetic and the canting moralist. These seek to make clean the outside of the cup and the platter. “Thou blind Pharisee,

cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also."

Every instant of the mortal day proffers some new variation on the original theme of mortal divided-against-itself-ness—some new variation on the original theme of the illusion of the pairs of opposites, opposing one another; good and evil; right and wrong; pleasure and pain; the spiritual and the material, etc.—to serve as a loving call to watch and pray. War, woe, waste and want; the callous injustice and wanton cruelty of the human to the human and towards his dumb fellows; the inhospitability of the elements; the struggle for human existence; economic stringency and tyranny; are all examples, in concrete actualisation, of the futility and abortiveness of the mortal selfhood and its mortality. Don't seek merely to do away with the symptoms, seek, through the lustration of prayer, to do away with the illusion of mortal selfhood. The symptoms must recur, if not in one guise of dis-ease then in another, if that of which these are symptoms—the mortal selfhood—remains unaffected. The dis-ease of mortal experience is not an error, it is a great relative truth, viz. : that given the illusion of mortal selfhood, the illusion of a self-being which is not at-one with the *in Itself* One, this illusion must externalise itself in dis-ease, grief and anguish sore.

The kingdom is not of this world. Do not seek first to put things right amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding. These must declare the nothingness of the illusion of mortal selfhood whose misrepresentations they are. Let the dead bury their dead. Follow Verity in the demonstration of the nullity of the illusion of mortal selfhood.

"The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. . . . ; it is marvellous in our eyes." If the human do but deny, without ceasing, the mortal selfhood, even the seeming human approximates more nearly to the genuine man. Which is merely another way of saying that the conditions in experience more nearly approximate to the conditions obtaining in a genuine actuality. To the uninitiate this happening is deemed to

be marvellous—to be a marvel. This proposition is very subtle! Ponder on it. To seek to make the mortal human, *qua* mortal selfhood, good; is to range oneself in opposition to the eternal fiat:—"There is none good but One." To deny the possibility of any virtue being inherent in the mortal, *qua* mortal, is to acquiesce in the eternal fiat. And the stone which the builder rejects, the same becomes the head stone of the corner. From the illusory human standpoint this denouement is a marvel. It is, however, nothing but the profoundly natural.

The true seeker does not seek, primarily, to substitute ease in illusion for dis-ease in illusion, he does not aim, primarily, at putting things right amongst the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding. It is the unexpected which happens—*l'imprevu qui arrive*. A true seeker on perceiving a great upheaval amongst the discordant elements in his environment, must adopt an attitude of mild surprise and exclaim in the delightful metaphor of the psalmist:—

"What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest?  
thou Jordan that thou wast driven back?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye  
little hills like lambs?

Tremble thou earth, at the presence of the Lord."

For the watchful prayer of the true seeker is Emmanuel and the discord which is of the earth, earthy, must dissolve into its native nothingness at the presence of the Lord—Understanding. "Which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters." This seeming metamorphosis was not expected by the true seeker, therefore it happened. He sought *first* "his righteousness"—Understanding—therefore all these things were added unto him.

"What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch"—and pray. For this process and this process alone is the revelator of genuine actuality, wherein all longing shall be abundantly satisfied. All longing of every description whatsoever—conscious and unconscious. Have done with your good and your bad. Have done with your chaste and

your unchaste. There are no pairs of conflicting opposites in the genuine-actuality into which all are being irresistibly borne.

“ There is a land where no doubt nor sorrow have rule :  
where the terror of Death is no more.

“ There the woods of spring ‘are a-bloom, and the  
fragrant scent ‘He is I’ is borne on the wind :

“ There the bee of the heart is deeply immersed, and  
desires no other joy.” (*Kabir.*)

## THE SACRAMENT

Mundane experience, rightly apprehended, is a sacrament to be partaken of worthily and smilingly. Mundane experience supposedly lies within the domain of the pairs of contradictory opposites, opposing one another—the pair of opposites, the sacred and the secular. Given this fallacious supposition, it is expedient to see in it something sacred, pending the transcending of the illusion of pairs of opposites; when all is revealed to be the making manifest of One which has no opposite to conflict with it—when all is revealed to be the demonstration of a principle (not of conflict and opposition, but) of Unity. Respecting mundane experience, “Twa-three I ken, just damn an’ blast” the entire performance—the whole of the queer experience. That is not to treat it with respect as something of inestimable value to the mortal. But “twa-three ithers” find satisfaction in it, in that instead of merely abusing it, these make use of it and its trying vicissitudes as of a wondrously devised Child’s Guide to Understanding. These partake of it, smilingly—smiling, may be, at its monstrous incongruities and grotesque absurdities.

One meaning of the term “secular” is, “not bound by monastic rules.” Now although in the conduct of daily affairs, it may be expedient, even necessary, for the human to conform, in some measure, to rules, habits and customs, in order to avoid the incessant harrowing perplexities of unstable-mindedness; nevertheless, within the precincts of his holy of holies wherein the sacrament is partaken of, no stereotyped rules can be permitted. R. L. S. reminds us that to play the game of life in accordance with rules is to be content with mediocrity. In contradistinction to playing this game to our uttermost of consummate nobility. The “divine advantage” is to feed upon mundane experience within the heart by faith, with prayer and



thanksgiving, as on a holy sacrament. Each incident of mundane experience, subjected to this process, proffers its all-hallowing message. These messages cannot be decoded by adherence to any stereotyped rules.

The spurious happenings of the counterfeit actuality, each and all, caricature some genuine process in genuine actuality. To impute to these happenings, as such, genuine validity—to accept them at the face value attributed to them by mortal misunderstanding—is to partake unworthily of the sacrament. Is to eat and drink condemnation to oneself, not discerning that these happenings are the dead body, so to speak, of genuine actuality. But to partake of these mundane activities, remembering, inwardly and ceaselessly, the true activities which these mundane happenings counterfeit is to partake worthily of the blessed sacrament. A sacrament celebrated not in forms and ceremonies, celebrated not in closing the doors, holding the breath and renouncing the world; a sacrament partaken of not only within the precincts of a temple, wherein it can be administered only by some formally constituted official. For the whole, wide, breezy world is the temple and the overwhelming heart surge towards sweet communion with the Presence, which is full-ness of joy, is the ordained officiate. In this world-wide temple, there the blessed sacrament may be partaken of ceaselessly.

The virtual efficacy of this sacrament was brought into prominence by the Sage-wayshower. He enjoined the usage of this sacrament as the panacea for all mortal ills, as the means of grace, as the means of redemption—emancipation from the mortal misunderstanding and the resultant misrepresentations. In the hands of the human—the human who failed to grasp the wonders of its esoteric meaning—it soon degenerated into an exoteric formal ceremony. The kernel being lost, merely the husk remained.

The institution of this sacrament and the circumstances surrounding its institution are a priceless lovely work of art. A heart-stirring picture! “Before a picture, as before a prince, every one must stand, waiting to see whether and what it will speak to him; and, as in the case

of the prince, so here he must not himself address it, for then he would only hear himself" . . . It forms a part, a very prominent part, of the work of art *par excellence*. Let us consider it in this aspect, rather than as a mere chronological event. So far from detracting from the inherent beauty of the actual event, this procedure enhances it immeasurably. The comprehension of one or more of the esoteric interpretations to be discerned in the simple dramatic episode of the Last Supper invests the actual proceedings with a grandeur and a glamour without parallel. When it is realised what the beautiful, naïve, human Jesus—embodying a heart of boundless love and an understanding of the eternal verities—stands for, the romantic episode lays hold of the imagination and the emotions with an intensity of fervour unsurpassed. It was all so simple, so natural—the supper—the breaking of bread—the passing of the cup of wine—fitly enshrining in a common, daily, custom the wondrous process by means of which emancipation from the dread illusion of mortal selfhood can be attained to. So easy, so simple, such a comfortable and comforting sacrament! "This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me." Which being more widely interpreted means:—This do ye—every time you partake of the bread of mortal affliction, of the cup of mortal woe, under all circumstances, in every undertaking—this do ye in remembrance of me (and what I stand for). I stand for—the living presence of the One—Understanding, the Understanding of which mortal misunderstanding is inevitably swallowed up—the making manifest, the idealisation, realisation, actualisation and substantiation, in definite, conditioned form and fashion of the *in Itself* the Unconditioned One—the definite actualisation of the (from the standpoint of knowledge) infinite Potentiality. I stand for—the living demonstration of the nothingness of the illusion of a mortal selfhood—the concrete demonstration that the only Power, the only Presence, is that of the Unconditioned (totality) Father, of which I am the Conditioned manifestation; and that the spurious powers and presences of counterfeit actuality have no power and no presence.

The spurious actuality of mortal experience claims to be a world of suppositional opposites. That the conditions obtaining in it are, in the main, just the opposite of those obtaining in genuine actuality. Genuine actuality is held together by the tender, facile, tension of the cords of love. In the spurious counterfeit, fear, constraint, coercion from without, play a prominent part. Genuine actuality is the spontaneous, heart-whole, unimpeded, expression of One Will: all the elements comprising it being possessed through and through of this One Will: which uninterruptedly finds its consummation in a perfection of concinnity. The activity in the spurious counterfeit consists, in large measure, in the overcoming of opposition; in the surmounting of obstacles; in states of embarrassment, perplexity and doubt; in heart-searchings and mental perturbation as to which fraction of a will seemingly divided against itself should be adopted as the arbiter of destiny; as to which fraction of a will divided against itself, if granted predominance and active efficacy, will lead to the least discomfort, dis-ease and dissatisfaction. But that seeming of suppositional opposites needs but to be reversed—to be inverted—in order to indicate, to a nicety, the genuine concinnity which it purports to enshroud. This reversal or inversion, achieved by faith, with prayer and thanksgiving, is the most comfortable sacrament of which the whole wide, breezy, world is the shrine. No matter how harrowing and woful the form in which it presents itself, it must be received with thanksgiving, for depend upon it, if the means of grace, if the means of redemption, could be presented in a more palatable form, they would be. The means of redemption had to be presented in that particular form, not in consequence of any conscious design, but because mortal experience automatically proclaims the nullity of the mortal selfhood, because mortal experience is mortality self-condemned, is mortality self-denied—the self-condemnation, the self-denial, is nicely adjusted to the self-assertion, automatically so. It is Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did. Participation in the most blessed sacrament does not consist in the human wrestling with and overcoming the world of suppositional opposites. It consists in a calm

appeal—an imperturbable reference—to the findings of invincible Verity. The human merely has to make the confident appeal—the assured reference—and then waits for Verity to vindicate its own inviolability. In accordance with mortal misapprehension, within is a being-for-self—a self-being—which is not only divided against itself but which (as conditioned self-being) is autonomously the arbiter of its own destiny. A self-being, divided against itself, which is the master of its fate, which is the captain of its soul or sense. A self-being which is the fool of false dominion—the captain of its own non-sense. In genuine actuality all being-for-another (actuality) is the ideal representation of a conditioned being-for-self—of a conditioned self-being—which in its innermost recesses is at-one with the Unconditioned being-for-self—with Unconditioned self-being—in *Itself* Unconditioned therefore in *Itself* free; in its innermost recesses at-one with the wonderful Lotus—the Self-poised, the Unimpeded One—which blooms at the heart of the spinning wheel of the universe. The genuine conditioned self-being is the sage of true dependency, in that it rests, with inviolable assurance, in lovely ecstasy, in the rhythmic beat of the infinite Heart of Love. Look on this picture and on that! How could any human ratiocination—any human intellectualism—any human effort—any human striving—reconcile the two. The only solution is to expunge the former and to embrace the latter. Can human ratiocination—human endeavour—effect this transformation? No! The only method which avails is to partake lavishly of the most comfortable sacrament—to feed upon mundane experience within the heart by faith, with prayer and thanksgiving, as on a holy sacrament, following the injunction of the Sage-wayshower. Following this procedure, the situation is always an excellent one, for the only certainty in the affairs of humans is that misunderstanding must be swallowed up of Understanding infinite.

The somewhat more elaborate narration of the institution of the sacrament given by Paul in I. Cor. xi. adds some artistic touches to the work of art. Did Paul thoroughly comprehend the esoteric meaning of this wonder?

Probably not ! Did any of the apostles or disciples understand the esoteric interpretation of the Gospel of at-onement? Probably not ! There is every reason to suppose that they did not. Undoubtedly they saw, instinctively and intuitively, that there was something very wonderful behind the exoteric happenings. With them it was a matter more of faith than of understanding. This faith resulted in extreme emotional fervour, which bore fruit in the showing of great signs and wonders ; in the healing, by faith, of the sick ; in the cleansing, by faith, of the lepers, literally and metaphorically. It appears probable, that in the first coming of Understanding, the complete understanding was confined to the person of the beautiful Jesus—the living embodiment, conscious and unconscious, of the Presence of the *in Itself* One.

Paul says :—" For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread. . . . " What does " the Lord Jesus " stand for in this metaphor? The beautiful Jesus described himself in two alternate fashions. As the Son of God and as the Son of man. In the former phrase he alluded to himself as the direct expression in a definite, Conditioned, individual manner and after a definite, Conditioned, individual fashion, of the One Will—as the direct expression, conscious and unconscious, of the One, *in Itself* Only-ness. Viewed from this aspect he was, in a manner of metaphor, the Son of the Father—of the Father alone. In the other alternative, he was the Son of man—the content of the Conditioned consciousness of which man is possessed—the content of Conditioned knowledge—something indirect, conditioned, relative. In both aspects he represented the first coming—the first appearance—of the presentation to the world of mortal misrepresentation and mortal misunderstanding in the form of an illuminated and illuminating work of art of the living presence of Understanding—of the living presence of genuine Verity. Now what was it that was betrayed—betrayed into the hands of sinners? Obviously, as he himself stated elsewhere, it was the Son of man who was betrayed—it was the content of conditioned recognition

which was betrayed. The direct expression of the One Will could never be betrayed! No, but there might be misapprehension, misrepresentation, misunderstanding, concerning the expression of the One Will. In this connection it is essential to bear in mind that all actuality is ideal—object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver, in a word “idea,” something relative, something conditioned by the forms of knowing of the knowing subject in and for whose knowledge alone it exists, as such, i.e., as concrete, definite actuality. There might be vain imaginings that the expression of the Only Will could be divided against itself. There might be vain imaginings that the infinite Principle-Unity could be violated—that one-ness could be divided against itself. Yes, and in the same night that the Son of man—the content of conditioned recognition—the content of conditioned consciousness—purports to have been betrayed, inevitably and automatically, the Son of man instituted a sacrament—an antidote—an antiseptic—an antitoxin—for the very ills to which the seeming betrayal seemingly gave rise. The partaking of a hair of the dog that bit you. The apotheosis of curative homœopathy. The poison of mortal experience is the instinctive belief in a self-being other than that of the *in Itself* One. The antidote—the antitoxin—to this poisonous belief is the concrete demonstration of the ineffable futility and nullity of this spurious self-being—the mortal selfhood—a divided-against-itself-ness, within and without. Mundane experience demonstrates this futility. In this respect, it is the spokesman of Verity. In partaking of the sacrament we endorse the fiat of the infinite Verity, that every claim to self-being other than that of the *in Itself* One is nugatory. The discord, futility, the vanity, of mortal experience does not contest the all-power, all-presence, the All-ness of the *in Itself* One, on the contrary it attests this All-ness by demonstrating the vanity—the nullity—of the claim to power of any and every other claimant. All (mortality and mortal selfhood, the experience of that selfhood) is vanity, saith the preacher. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

For as oft as ye do eat this bread (of mortal experience,

of mortal affliction) and do drink this cup (of mortal woe), ye do shew the Lord's death, till he come. The esoteric interpretation of the term "Lord," as used here designates the genuine, the perfect, expression and recognition, the making manifest in genuine actuality of the *in Itself* One. Man and the perfect (individual) expression and recognition, in a definite conditioned manner, of the *in Itself* Only-ness which constitutes his being is dead, this life and being is hid together with genuine actuality in the Unconditioned One. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread or drink this cup unworthily thereby claims his quota of the condemnation inseparable from and attendant upon this prostitution and stultification of the Lord's body—the embodiment in consciousness of the *in Itself* Only-ness. Every (genuine) body, all embodiment, is ideal, an embodiment in consciousness. Hence all this wonderful and simply beautiful allegory and simile about the Lord's body. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood ye have no life in you." "And he took the cup, . . . and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The setting at naught of his mortal body and mortal selfhood—the voluntary acquiescence in this setting at naught of the mortal body and mortal selfhood by sinners, by mortal circumstances—on the part of the loving, beautiful, Jesus is the dramatising in a wondrous work of art of the grand fact that Verity eternally and infinitely sets at naught the illusion of a mortal selfhood. The crucifixion of Jesus brought this grand fact home to the world, proclaimed it in a form which is comprehensible to the learned and the unlearned alike. And as oft as ye partake worthily of this sacrament of mundane experience, ye do show the Lord's life till he come. How so? Because on every occasion on which, spurning the testimony of mortal experience, you lift the gaze to the Cross—the grand Verity—which sets at naught, for you, the mortal selfhood and its misunderstanding, and by reversal conjecture the genuine actuality which the world of suppositional opposites claims to be able to hide, you bring to remembrance the glories of genuine actuality—ye do shew

the Lord's life, till he come. What need is there that this shewing should externalise itself in a great sign or wonder? Surely it were wonder enough that in the gloom, in the blackness and darkness of mortal misunderstanding, there should irradiate this vision glorious!

"For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged." Supposing we put it this way. The dirty linen of the mortal selfhood, of the mortal misunderstanding, has (humanly speaking) got to be washed—washed and made whiter than snow. There are two ways of washing it. It can be washed at home, in the privacy of a secret place, or it can be washed in public. When we judge ourselves—when by reference to the inviolable standard of the infinite Verity, we judge the mortal selfhood—the washing is done for us, in privacy. This process anticipates the necessity for any washing in public. But if we won't judge ourselves—if we won't deny the mortal selfhood voluntarily—if we won't wash the dirty linen in private, it must be washed in public—we are judged—the mortal selfhood is judged, condemned and executed by external events. So that by partaking worthily and voluntarily of the most blessed sacrament—by judging ourselves—we forestall, anticipate and render unnecessary any judging or condemnation by external events. The procedure might be illustrated by a gross of examples. Supposing that the human be filled with bitter rancour against some human individual. Now there is no surer way of invoking the judgment and condemnation by external events than to be filled with hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Of course, from the standpoint of human expediency it may be necessary to disarm the human adversary—to disarm him with sweet reasonableness. That, however, is beside the point. Supposing that, instead of harbouring the grievance and exploiting it by inflicting grievous bodily or emotional harm upon that individual human, we just lift the mental gaze to the Cross—to the grand Verity—which declares that there is no illusion of mortal selfhood to pose as a divisor, dividing the Only Will against itself, consequently there cannot, truly, be any antagonism nor injurious malevolence. Why, we have judged our no-self



—or rather grand Verity has adjudged the illusion of mortal selfhood to be nothing. We shall not be judged by external events. And similarly in a host of instances, too numerous to detail. By partaking voluntarily of the most comfortable sacrament, we have blessed—humanly speaking, we have called down blessings, as deep and as broad as the ocean, upon humanity and upon the little ones unborn—Verity has attenuated the illusion of mortal selfhood—what could the heart ask for more? We have blessed, yea, and we shall be blessed! Seeing all this would you ask how, when, and where?

To state the proposition alternatively. Mundane experience is an automatically adjusted “Child’s Guide to Understanding.” Will you open this book, of your own accord, and read eagerly from its pages? (The motif running through all mortal experience is the futility and nullity of the illusion of mortal selfhood.) Remember, all must peruse its pages, intentionally or unintentionally. Now there are two ways of intentionally reading from the Child’s Guide. One way—the way ordained for the many—consists in co-enduring magnanimously and warm-heartedly with mundane existence. The other way—that ordained for the few—consists in the practice of auto-suggestion of transcendent verity in response to the promptings of the incidents of mundane experience. Do not fash yourself if it should not come naturally to you to practise the latter alternative. Just leave that to the few who are chosen to follow this calling. Do not force upon yourself a calling which may not be yours. “They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them.” Just remain contentedly in your sequestered vale and co-endure magnanimously and warm-heartedly with existence. But whatever you do, do not subject the Holy Eucharist to indignity by attempting to make use of it as a means to merely substitute ease in illusion for dis-ease in illusion. Excuse a florid hyperbole! Supposing that you were to take a cow into a beautiful Cathedral where a Choral Eucharist was being celebrated. That cow would have no faculties by means of which it could differentiate between those who were partaking reverently of the most blessed sacrament and those

who were subjecting paten and chalice to some foul indignity. The cow would be in no way to blame on that account. The difference between partaking reverently of the sacrament and prostituting it with the aim of procuring ease in illusion is so subtle that it is not everyone who is capable of discriminating between the two. Listen! In the allegorical drama of the Crucifixion, the Saviour bore in his own body the sins (the illusions) and the dis-ease of the whole world. To prostitute the Holy Eucharist is to do just the converse—is to seek to put off one's own quota of the dis-ease inseparable from illusion on to someone else. The quota of dis-ease which purports to be yours, exists only in and for your misrepresentation, consequently your monkey's paw can achieve nothing but to transfer it from one area in the world which is your misrepresentation to another. It is not possible to annul dis-ease whilst still cherishing illusion! So just pause and consider a while, should you be inclined to hearken to those who assure you that ease in illusion can be attained to by the simple expedient of paying a fee to a mental practitioner or by wielding the monkey's paw on our own account. The angels tread very circumspectly when in the vicinity of the Communion Table, at which mortals are partaking of the Holy Eucharist, do not be a fool and rush in. The only virtual means to attenuate dis-ease is, to attenuate illusion. The Cross—grand Verity—does this eternally and infinitely. Let us keep the mental gaze fixed, raptly, upon that vision glorious. For where Verity is, illusion is not.

“I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.” The simile, the fruit of the vine, has here a dual significance. It signifies actual experience—the spurious and the genuine. The fruit of the vine—mundane experience—must be partaken of as a sacrament for the remission of the sin *par excellence*—the illusion of mortal selfhood. Coming events, sometimes, cast a bright light before them. The making manifest of the living presence of Understanding—the making manifest of the *in Itself* One—in the personal presence of the beautiful Jesus was the bright harbinger of a universal event. The utterances

of Jesus respecting himself rarely referred to his human personality, they mostly referred to the prototype which he represented. In the naïve, fanciful, way peculiar to him, he would present himself as typifying first one phase of genuineness and then another. Here, he would allude to himself as the Son of God; elsewhere he would allude to himself as the Son of man. He typified everything in turn—the human and man—he represented the whole gamut of human experience—the betrayal into the hands of sinners of the Son of man—the seeming falsification of consciousness—the setting at naught of the illusion of mortal selfhood by the false environment which mortal misunderstanding engenders—the consequent Resurrection and Ascension. His life, his every act, revealed the ever-presence of the all-mighty Verity. His (seeming) death revealed that the heads of the gates of Understanding are eternally lift up to admit the gentle presence of the King of Glory.

In the light of this explanation it becomes readily apparent what he meant. The living presence of the One, though ever present to faith, though ever present in the secret place—in the holy place—of prayer, would appear no more to mortal ken in any concrete embodiment. No more until Understanding should be universal and complete—until the fruit of the vine—experience—should be such as would make all hearts glad, such as would make all hearts drunken with love.

The body and the blood of Christ—the bread and wine—have (from the human standpoint) a dual significance. There is the dead body and blood of actuality given to the mortal as sacramental food,—the spurious mortal experience which must be partaken of, worthily, for the remission of the illusion of mortal selfhood. Then (constituting the duality) there is the live body and the live blood—i.e., genuine actuality and the life which animates it, for the blood is the life—for all the misunderstanding, that was ever, could not totally exclude from the Presence. The Conditioned presence of the Unconditioned One, though ever faintly discernible to the eye of faith, was not again to be concretely embodied until the day when it should be

universally acclaimed and recognised—until the day when it should universally possess all hearts, all life, all being. Until misunderstanding and its misrepresentation should be universally swallowed up of Understanding with its genuine Ideas of the One thus revealing genuine actuality in all its grandeur.

We hear a great deal about the wonders wrought through autosuggestion. Watch out! See that you approach the consideration of this proposition with a mind entirely free from bias. The correct appreciation of this proposition requires a refinement of subtilty. Firstly, let us consider the popular misconception, viz.:—that the mortal has but to suggest to himself with sufficient frequency that he is happy and hearty and wealthy and wise in order to be so. Even thus crudely propounded, there is something to be said in favour of the practice. “A merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile-a . . .” But does anyone believe that a universal millennium can be ushered in by such a process? If so the millennium is easy of attainment! What if, on the other hand, by making use of such means we are merely flying from those ills we have to others that we know not of. What if, on the whole, it were better to bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. The conclusion of the whole matter revolves round this crucial question. Are the ills to which mortal flesh is seemingly heir merely fortuitous contingencies, the haphazard resultant of temporary untoward circumstances—a superficial affair—which can be avoided and obviated by the advance of human knowledge, by more concentrated and better directed human endeavour to evade them—or by the simple expedient of autosuggestion that all is well with the world and the human beings inhabiting it? Or are the ills to which mortal flesh is heir merely the superficial symptoms disclosing by their constant recurrence, now in one form, now in another, the hidden presence of a deep-seated malady—something utterly rotten in the state of mortality, of humanity—which no tinkering with superficial symptoms can ever eradicate? Symptoms which inevitably and unavoidably must recur, if not in one form, then in another,

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so long as that of which they are symptoms is not eradicated? A pair of very pertinent questions! Let us leave popular misconception and consider a more scientific aspect of autosuggestion. Excuse a brief summary, this summary may not fit every particular case; but in dealing with such intricate affairs, a rough sketch sometimes conveys a better idea of the whole landscape than does a finished picture, in which every detail is faithfully accurate. Often through attempting too much detail in the picture, one loses the lie of the land in the landscape as a whole. The whole of human dis-ease, whether that dis-ease takes the form of neuroses, cranks, fads, foibles, of functional or organic disease, what not, is ultimately attributable to the conflict between two fractions of a will divided-against-itself. The particular bone of contention in a given, concrete, case may be hidden away beyond the ken of all but the most profound sapience. I opine that what is known as psycho-analysis, so far from being a temporary craze, is a science in its infancy. The trouble about it is that it does not delve deep enough, at present. All mortal dis-ease is a symptom of the conflict, always going on, between conscious human mentality-volition and unconscious human mentality-volition. One day whilst chatting to a farmer who was employing some vagrants to supplement his permanent staff during haysel, I said:—"What do you pay these men?" "Them ain't men, they're things," he replied. In the human "thing" there appears to be an alternation between the ascendancy of conscious mentality-volition and unconscious mentality-volition—sometimes the one appears to have the upper hand and sometimes the other. From the standpoint of human expediency it seems eminently desirable that the conscious mentality-volition should dominate and thus bring about a series of activities which are consistently expedient and humanly advisable. From a standpoint transcending mortality, both human conscious mentality-volition and human unconscious mentality-volition, as such, are no more than the blind led by the blind—into the ditch. "If you know of a better 'ole" than human conscious mentality-volition (as a mentor and guide) you'd better go there. The human "thing"

does not know of any better 'ole, it behoves him therefore to make the best of the 'ole he is in. The emotion of fear which sometimes reinforces one of two suggestions, thus giving it the mastery, is merely the divided-against-selfness of mortality seen in a virulent form. The moment of fear, in such a case, is an element in the process by means of which unconscious being is enabled to dominate conscious being—we are able to follow the process in such a case. In other cases the decisive moment in deciding which of the wrangling disputants shall carry the day is much more recondite. As an example, consider a hypothetical case, a human unconscious mentality-volition seized with a fierce craving to pursue the quest for the genuine. His unconscious being longs ardently for instinctive understanding, for at-one-ment with the One, to rest in the deft happy play of the One—Player. All that, however, is deeply buried in the depths of the “unconscious,” it is suppressed and thwarted. To make confusion worse confounded, the conscious mentality-volition is exceedingly busy, hurrying hither and thither, absorbing greedily every fashionable craze, immersed in superficialities which leave out completely “the one thing needful.” In a manner of metaphor, the body (the unconscious being) objects most strongly to being lifted into the dark by the head. It will have none of this. Result the most unholy rumpus, which may be externalised in the shape of neurasthenia in an acute form, the sufferer being haunted by groundless terrors. And what might be the antidote to this conflict? The only effectual one, I can see, is to set an unconscious to give to an unconscious that which it is seeking.

Now why does it appear so eminently desirable to the human, that conscious mentality-volition should dominate the unconscious ditto., and that by this means he shall attain to human success? Possibly, as a conjectural hypothesis, because in a state of genuine actuality the conscious being is invariably dominated by the unconscious being, and as the spurious actuality of mortal experience is a world turned upside down, in order to be true to its topsyturvyness, it must appear, there, eminently desirable for the unconscious to be dominated by the conscious being. Possibly so!

Now why is autosuggestion, frequently, so immediately successful? Because, if knowledgeably directed, it touches *the spot*. It is a medicament, in tabloid form, which immediately allays the conflict between conscious mentality-volution and unconscious ditto. The mortal is always liable to be a battleground between these two. Will this practice of autosuggestion bring it to pass that mortal misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of Understanding, will it usher in the millennium? I do not think that a claim is put forward on its behalf that it will do either of these things. We must observe proper proportion. It claims no more than to be a purely human expedient to promote human efficacy, human well-being, bodily, mental and moral. Is it on that account to be disparaged? Just consider, supposing that you were literally to put into practice, daily and hourly, the Christian injunction to deny thy self. To daily and hourly drum into yourself, as a human expedient, the ineffable futility of the mortal, *qua mortal*. That is if you were to literally make the negative denial of mortal selfhood without the positive affirmation of the ineffable perfection of the genuine individual man. The first result of this inglorious consistency would probably be that you would suffer from acute mental depression, this mental depression would externalise itself in bodily and moral debility, all the germs in the kingdom would find a happy hunting ground in your body, in short you would rapidly become as futile as you proclaimed yourself to be. But what do you do, as a matter of beneficent human expediency? You put a bold face on a bad business, you throw your heart over the obstacles in your human path, confidently anticipating that all else will follow the heart. And after all, that is only a fancy way of describing what is advocated in autosuggestion. The extreme subtilty of comprehension and the glorious inconsistency required in dealing with questions of human expediency arises through this consideration. Really and truly, genuinely, there are not two of each of us, (1) a damnable mortal; (2) a perfect individual man. Genuinely, there is only one of each of us, a perfect individual man exulting in ineffable perfection. To import mortal self-denial into our daily human existence as a

practical human expedient, is to have discovered the root of all evil, to hold on to it like grim death, and to determinedly bring it home to our self. As a matter of wholesome human practice, it would be better not to know the supposed origin of evil and to do our best to exclude the actualisation of it from our daily existence in the most expedient manner. But bear this in mind, that "I" which you may feel disposed to declare in an autosuggestion is daily becoming better and better, in every respect, that "I," as known to the mortal, is not postulated to be, in its innermost being, a totality. It is merely one of innumerable independent "I"s. Now how in the name of common sense, horse sense, or any other sense, could a world composed of innumerable independent selves, each having a will of its own, how could such a world remotely approximate to a state of concinnity? Of course, if autosuggestion be used, with circumspection, to allay the conflict between two fractions of a will supposedly divided against itself, and to substitute for this conflict of fractions the complete domination by one will (which in its innermost being, is a totality) so far, so excellent. So much for autosuggestion!

But when we come to "suggestion," it behoves us to pause and to look at it a good few times, before we set it in operation. By "suggestion" I mean one human suggesting to another whilst the latter is asleep or in a state of hypnosis the attitude of mind which the suggestitioner wishes the latter to adopt when waking or released from hypnosis. What I am about to say is merely a generalisation, it does not claim to be valid in exceptional cases. Pardon a florid hyperbole! But I would as soon think of stealing into a nursery, at dead of night, and (without any guaranty that the remedy is not tenfold more harmful than the disease) injecting into a party of slumbering infants all the antitoxic serums going, as I would think of thrusting my monkey's paw into their period of inspiration—into their slumber. What should I be after in thrusting my monkey's paw into their period of inspiration? Why, to suggest to them that which I, as an erring human, consider to be a proper mental attitude for them to adopt in their



waking moments! Perhaps you will say:—"Their success in life may depend upon the right mental attitude being suggested to them." I knew a fellow intimately, sharing the secrets of his heart. He was what is known as an extreme type of unstable-minded introvert. Measured by conventional criteria his life was an abysmal failure. By no means, always, faithful failure. From his earliest youth circumstances, apparently endowed with the cunning of a sackful of monkeys, conspired against his attainment to a mediocrity of success in any of his undertakings. What is more these cunning circumstances would combine so that his most altruistic, highly principled, endeavours served to make him appear as a knave, and a fool of a knave at that. And to those who knew, back of it all, was an entirely disinterested ardour to bless humanity at large. And yet it was just that consistent failure which, as he came to see himself towards the end of his life, had led him blindfolded and loth right up to the level of the mountain pass. Which had guided his feet into the way of peace, a way of peace along which he could lead countless others. What is success? In this particular case, I answer, consistent abysmal failure was the most consummate success. All unintentionally, he had done his bit of bearing on his long-drawn Calvary the sins of the whole world. Was it a success or was it a failure? So just pause should you feel inclined to thrust your monkey's paw into someone else's period of inspiration. That desire to get busy with the affairs of others and to suggest to them a suitable mental outlook arises in consequence of looking at things from the standpoint of Realism. From the standpoint of Idealism, there could be no such promptings. For that child, that other fellow, whom I think it advisable to tamper with by means of the monkey's paw is merely my idea of something—my misrepresentation concerning something. My idea of what, my misrepresentation concerning what? Truthfully speaking, my misrepresentation concerning that which can be made manifest as naught but the ineffably perfect. Therefore the proper expedient is to cast out *first* the beam out of mine own eye, then shall I see clearly that there is no mote in my child's or in my brother's eye. He knew a thing or two did that naïve Sage Way-shower.

I confess that I prefer my own autosuggestion of *transcendent* truth. It may not be so immediately successful judged by human criteria. But, I ask again, what is success? The only genuine success, for the mortal, is that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of Understanding. To partake worthily and smilingly of the blessed sacrament of mundane experience will bring this to pass. Bank on it!

I believe it to be a safer expedient to follow the far seeing advice of the Sage Way-shower and instead of practising self-assertion to practise incessant self-denial. The self-denial, *bien entendu*, which consists chiefly of the affirmation of the ineffable and inalienable perfection of the individual man which I, genuinely, am. To take up the Cross, daily, hourly, minutely. Underline it with many lines in your mental notebook! The human has not got to endure the Cross himself. That is the crucial point in the beautiful allegory of the Crucifixion. The Christ upon the Cross suffered no pain, nothing but serene joy. It was the two thieves who were crucified with him—i.e., mortal conscious volition and mortal unconscious volition—which endured the pangs of crucifixion. The moral is this. Through the lustration of autosuggestion of transcendent truth, be the Christ upon the Cross and neither of the two thieves. So, as the human daily competes with an army of shadows chasing one another into the great daylight of genuine actuality, he must never let his mental gaze stray from that Cross which at his behest is with him always. The Cross is no burden, it renders all burdens light; it is the glad emblem of emancipation from the illusion of a self-being divided against itself, the lovely earnest of the glory that must be revealed. The joy-full presence of the Cross is an incessant, conscious and unconscious, autosuggestion (not of a lie that the mortal, *qua* mortal, could ever be permanently either happy or hearty or wealthy or wise, but) of the grand Verity that the individual man (which you and I, genuinely, are) is possessed through and through of the One—Will; of the One—infinite Life; of the One—infinite Love; of the One—infinite Energy; of the One—infinite Power; of the One—infinite Joy; of the One—infinite Beauty, etc.; of the One—infinite Understanding—

Wisdom-Intelligence ; which he expresses and exercises in an individual manner and after an individual fashion.

Through partaking worthily and ceaselessly of the most comfortable sacrament are all things made new ; in that in place of a universe all at sixes and sevens must be revealed a universe possessed of ineffable concinnity. N.B.—It is not that the human, *per se*, can either make or mar—can either hasten or delay—the glad coming of Understanding, revealing universal concinnity. No, but instead of swimming against the stream at equinoctial spring tide, when the ebb is running full strength, reinforced by the fresh falls haste of mountain and upland river ; instead of trying to battle his way back to the noisome sewer and slimy bank of mortality—and suffering in the process. He can swim with the ebb, joining in its joyous song “ Down to the Sea.”

“ Strong and free, strong and free,  
The floodgates are open, away to the sea,  
Free and strong, free and strong,  
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,  
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,  
And the taintless tide that awaits me (not) afar,  
As I lose my (mortal) self in the infinite main.”

And *the* Self is found in the infinite Main.

In the illusion of mortality—“ the sea within a puddle’s womb is hearsed.” Through the operative efficacy of autosuggestion of transcendent verity is “ the puddle in the sea dispersed.” Revealing individual man sporting illimitably in the infinite Main. Revealing man perennially made new—perennially young—perennially made young again and again *ad infinitum*. Revealing men as sky-children—the children of Life, the children of Light, the children of Love. Revealing all—the conscious and the unconscious, the animate and the inanimate—as the joy-full children of One—Father ; the Unconditioned Self-being, the Unconditioned being-for-self which *in Itself* is no-being-at-all-for-another, no-being-at-all-for-knowledge. All the Conditioned manifestation of that One which *in Itself*, in its innermost being, is Unconditioned. All at-one with the One—Father and therefore all at-one with one another, all sporting unrestrainedly in a universe full of beautiful things incessantly made new.

## THE FEAST OF THE NATIVITY

“Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which is being interpreted, God with us.”

The foregoing is an extract from one of the specially selected accounts of the Drama (the work of art) *par excellence*. As a mere narrative of a particular event, which may or may not have taken place, in Bethlehem some two thousand years ago, its value as a gem of art is priceless. But when we go farther and see in it a drama staged in all the glamour of an Oriental setting, which fore-shows, symbolically, a universal event of the utmost and far-reaching importance to all, it makes appeal to the intellect, the emotions and the imagination in a still livelier fashion. Again, let us protest against any attempt to stultify the wondrous meaning of this reference to “God with us” by importing into the interpretation of it any notion of “the supernatural.” In knowledge in the abstract, for purposes of explanation, we draw a distinction between the *in Itself* the Unconditioned One and the concrete actuality in which the One is actually made manifest in a Conditioned manner. But in the concrete these cannot be separated, any more than you can separate the Will from the concrete, actual, expression of that Will; or the concrete, actual, expression of Will from the Will of which it is the concrete, actual, expression. Neither the Unconditioned One nor the actual manifestation of the One is “supernatural.” All this desire to drag in a supernatural arises from a failure to differentiate between genuine actuality and the spurious caricature of it as known to the mortal. The latter is not “the natural,” on the contrary it is extremely unnatural. All is profoundly natural (except the illusory counterfeit of genuine actuality, which might be

described, not inaccurately, as a temporary mental aberration). Again, to attribute supernatural being and supernatural powers to the wonderful, naïve, Jesus so far from enhancing the majesty and marvel of his life story, detracts immeasurably from it. What could there be more profoundly natural than that Verity should claim its own—should vindicate its supremacy—in a world of illusion? More especially when the dupes of that illusion were the prey of grief, anguish, torment and suffering beyond adequate description. This drama symbolises not only Verity but Love claiming its own, vindicating its supremacy. What more profoundly natural than that Love should assert itself, not only in a histrionic foreshowing, but as a universal event? To consider the surprising and marvellous events (surprising and marvellous from the mortal viewpoint) as the profoundly natural is to see them in their true grandeur.

Why was it essential that in the Drama *par excellence* the beautiful Jesus should be born to a virgin? This symbolic foreshowing indicates that an intuitive, instinctive, understanding of the mystery with which mortal existence is encompassed and of the eternal and infinite verities can never be attained to by a process of human ratiocination, by means of mere human intellectualism. It can never be conveyed by the words of the human mouth nor passed on by human writing on paper. It might be termed an immaculate conception. The understanding of the eternal verities might be likened to a rift in the clouds. Why such should be associated with one individual and not with others is inscrutable to mortal comprehension. The only acceptable explanation is as follows. Just as genuine actuality is definitely conditioned, a pageant in which the participants in the game of joy carry out the parts assigned to them without (*qua* actual participants) having the power to be anything other or to do anything other than that which is consistent with the rôles assigned to them in the joyous pageantry. In other words the actual, *qua* actual, is definitely conditioned and must conform to the conditions assigned to it—i.e., the actual expression of will is conditioned and therefore, *qua*

actual, definite, expression of will, not free. The freedom lies in the innermost being of the will, which *in Itself* is Unconditioned, therefore *in Itself* free. So in the caricature, the counterfeit, actuality, the items composing it are also definitely conditioned, *qua* actual items their rôle is assigned to them, they are conditioned and therefore not free. But as this counterfeit of genuine actuality cannot be said to have genuine being, by means of autosuggestion of transcendent truth the illusion of mortal selfhood can be attenuated so that the conditions obtaining in it more nearly approximate to those of a genuine actuality in which all is the spontaneous expression of One Will.

In the foreshowing—in the work of art *par excellence*—what was it that was born to the pure virgin? From the human standpoint, it was the beautiful human Jesus—the Master, teacher, healer, guide, philosopher, and friend—that is the exoteric story. To go further, and to verge upon the esoteric, it was the Way-shower who should indicate and demonstrate the way of salvation (salvation from the dread illusion of mortal selfhood), the Redeemer who should bear in his body the sins of the whole world. According to one of the many esoteric interpretations, it was the living presence of intuitive, instinctive Understanding—the Understanding of the transcendental one-ness of all and the transcendental All-ness of One, *in Itself* infinite and indivisible—the Understanding of which mortal misunderstanding is inevitably swallowed up—the Understanding which inevitably and invincibly sets at naught (= nothing) the mortal selfhood, its misunderstanding and the resultant misrepresentations.

A word in explanation. What is meant by the term Understanding as used here? The human intellect, when analysed in abstract knowledge, might be said to consist of three principal departments. These departments may be separated in abstract knowledge, for purposes of explanation; in the concrete these merge by imperceptible gradation the one into the other. What are these three departments of knowledge? (1) Understanding proper; the faculty by means of which the intellect perceives an outer perceptible actuality. All perception is an

intellectual operation. From the data supplied by the senses (and sensation must always be a subjective affair, the affection of the body, which is the immediate object for the perceiver) the understanding elaborates an outer, perceptible universe. Beholds this external universe as extended throughout infinite space and changing in time in accordance with the vicissitudes of the causal nexus. Space, time and causal relationship being (not objective, independent, actuality, but) forms of knowing of the actual knowing subject which condition its knowledge. Thus an actuality is, properly speaking, an activity of the understanding. The most prominent element in this understanding is the understanding of the nature of cause and effect. Matter is merely the objective correlative of the subjective fashion of knowing—causal relationship. The caricature of this process actuated—set in operation—by the mortal, results in the concrete perception of a universe fraught with discord, the discordant elements in it being the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding. Therefore the practical need of outstanding importance is that this misunderstanding should be swallowed up of Understanding. The Understanding which actually perceives an outer universe the objectification (not of many wills conflicting with one another, but) of One Will. That is our urgent human need, knowledge in the abstract that the universe as known to the mortal is a caricature of genuine actuality will not still the surging of inconvenient cravings, mend a broken heart, nor bring peace to a tortured breast. What is needed is the concrete realisation of the utter spontaneity—whole-hearted and ecstatic—of the actuality which is the result of the activity of genuine Understanding, the Understanding of which the genuine man is possessed. (2) Concrete knowledge concerning the outer perceptible universe, which is the result of the activity of understanding. Knowledge in the concrete concerning the items composing this universe, of their concrete relationship to one another and to the actual perceiver. (3) Knowledge in the abstract concerning the outer perceptible universe, concerning the items composing it, of

their relationship to one another and to the actual perceiver. It is inevitable when employing the term "Understanding" that its meaning should include a reference to all three of these departments of knowledge; for in the concrete these three are inextricably interwoven. But, remember that if the first of these—item (1)—is illusory—a misunderstanding—it vitiates the activity of items (2) and (3). Whereas if primary misunderstanding—item (1)—be swallowed up of Understanding, the activities of items (2) and (3) automatically attain to genuineness. Therefore the first essential is to deal drastically with concrete mortal misunderstanding. The life story of the beautiful Jesus in its capacity of a work of art foreshows the drastic setting at naught of mortal misunderstanding, revealing in place thereof genuine Understanding. A poet reminds us that though Christ be born a thousand times in Bethlehem and, yet, not in us, we remain eternally forlorn.

It is just this second coming of the living presence of Understanding—here, now—this second virgin birth, which all the world's a seeking. The world is waiting for the second coming of the Lord Christ—Understanding. Its advent is urgently needed, a record of its first coming in the form of a priceless work of art is of little immediate efficacy.

Supposing that the Virgin Mary had said to herself:—"All the world is waiting for this baby of mine. I must hasten his birth!" Stated in this form, such a suggestion is grotesque. Such a notion could never have influenced her. She waited, waited until the time was accomplished that she should be delivered. Now it seems to me, that although we see, clearly, the absurdity of such a notion in the case of the Virgin Mary, we are all liable to make the mistake of trying to hurry up the birth of Understanding. In this connection it is very instructive to take a Cruden's Concordance and look up all the references to waiting—waiting upon the Lord—which are to be found therein. It is of such vital importance to wait until the time be accomplished for the Prince of Peace—the living presence of Understanding—to be born.

But why all this talk about waiting? To a superficial



observer there may appear no need for waiting. R. W. Emerson remarks :—" The virtues of society are vices of the saint." To a profound observer it becomes immediately apparent that, inevitably, there must be conflict between our daily human procedure and our conjectures as to the conditions obtaining in the genuine actuality. That even our most resplendent human virtues *must*, in some measure, be an apostasy from our intuitions of transcendent verity. Would you be a battleground between the human virtues and a striving to attain to some measure of correspondence with the conditions obtaining in genuine actuality? If not, there is only one expedient, to be gloriously inconsistent. Do not try to put into practice any half-baked or half-digested theories. Just go on being a normal human, practising the human virtues, whilst you are waiting for the birth of Understanding. With the birth of Understanding all incompatibility between human expediency—human duties, human virtues—and intuitions of transcendental verity will disappear. To attempt to put into practice a medley of theories which are contrary to the tested customs of human expediency does not help any towards the birth of Understanding. On the contrary it gives rise to harassment and embarrassment which are inimical to the natural and easy birth of the Prince of Peace.

We are considering the Feast of the Nativity—the birth of the infant Understanding. Are you conversant with the rudiments of embryology? There is one fact in connection with the nutriment of an embryonic mammal which stands forth with startling vividness. The embryo is not fed through the head. It receives the nutriment which builds up its frame and keeps it thriving through another channel.

In this connection it is necessary to recall a hypothesis which has already been alluded to elsewhere. In a body, the head, the arms and hands, stand for conscious being and conscious activity—for conscious expression and conscious recognition, for conscious giving and conscious receiving, etc. The remainder of the organism stands for unconscious being and unconscious activity—for uncon-

scious expression and unconscious recognition, for unconscious giving and unconscious receiving, for unconscious utterance and unconscious response to the utterance. In concurrence with this hypothesis, it is within the confines of the unconscious being that an embryo is conceived, is safe-guarded, maintained and nourished. Moreover the embryo itself obtains its nutriment through a channel which lies within the confines of the unconscious being. This analogy is of momentous importance.

Now in the human; even in the most ardent truth-seeker, be his knowledge in the abstract concerning the eternal verities never so clear and well-defined: Understanding—the revelation of Understanding—is in the embryonic stage—it is a foetal entity. (Because the department of understanding (No. 1) through the faithful discharge of whose function arises in and for knowledge the concrete, objective, actuality of environment—the objective universe—is not in being in the human. In place thereof is a spurious counterfeit—a misunderstanding. And because upon the faithful discharge of function (1) depends whether the content of departments (2) and (3) have genuine validity or no.) To continue our metaphor, the proper way to build it up, to nourish and sustain it, is through and by means of a channel which lies within the confines of the unconscious—the instinctive—being. The normal and the proper way to build it up, to nourish and sustain it, is to set an unconscious to nourish and sustain an unconscious—and not to attempt to feed an embryo through the head.

But it is just this latter form of procedure which commends itself to the human. He wants to hurry up the birth of Understanding. Very natural! But it is expedient to remember that to err is human and to be human is to err. All the world is groaning and travailing in pain, waiting for the coming of the Lord—Understanding. How natural to wish to hasten the birth of the infant—Understanding. Besides there are so many fellow-mortals who need help. Aye! There is the mischief! So the human hurries round eagerly absorbing every available human theory—responding with avidity to every cry of “Lo here is

Understanding," "Lo there is Understanding." Understanding is to be found in the system initiated by Mrs. X. or Mr. Y., you must adhere strictly to her teaching or to his teaching!!! The human, fired by fervid enthusiasm, steepes himself in this or that stereotyped system of human intellectualism. Very natural! In fact almost unavoidable unless he has been initiated into some other expedient. But—it is attempting to feed an embryo through the head.

Did you ever find a stereotyped system of human thought which you could accept ready made—which you could swallow like a pill? I never did! Why not? Because to err is human. Every human teaching, every human system of thought, always contains in it the germ of some colossal error. (For the "without" as known to the mortal is of its father the devil—mortal misunderstanding.) When setting it out—when uttering it in speech or writing it upon paper—its human sponsor may have been inspired by wondrous gleams of understanding; nevertheless his *ipissima verba* shorn of their original setting are a fruitful source of error. As a rule, merely a travesty of the original vision survives. The truth-full vision is eclipsed; all that remains of it is a dead jargon which the uncomprehending many repeat. This common fate has in some measure, I submit, befallen the teachings of the Sage Way-shower.

To revert to the attempt to hasten the birth of the infant—Understanding—by eagerly absorbing human systems of thought. Following upon this procedure some sort of understanding is born. But at what a cost in travail and agony! It is not born spontaneously and naturally—in due season. May be, it is a poor wizened little thing, which must be kept in a glass case, and which makes but slow progress towards virile maturity. How could it be otherwise? Was not its birth hastened prematurely? Was it not born out of due time?

How different the conditions attending the birth of the infant nourished through the appointed channel! Born when the time is accomplished that its virgin mother shall be delivered: born spontaneously and naturally, no throes of agony attend its coming. There is nothing but serene

joy surrounding the birth of the infant—Understanding. Lusty and healthy it kicks and crows.

“ Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast  
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,  
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our  
(mortal) being cling.”

Trailing clouds of glory does it come. Moreover it will be something deliciously spontaneous, original, unique, individual. Something ineffably grace-full; something inexpressibly concinnous.

Now what is meant by feeding the foetal entity—Understanding—through the appointed channel? Mundane experience is a sacrament, to be partaken of worthily—smiling—to be fed upon in the heart (not the head)—in the unconscious being—by faith, with prayer and thanksgiving. Just take of mundane experience as much, as either hand may rightly clutch, if fed upon in the heart by faith, with prayer and thanksgiving, it affords a full, perfect, and complete pabulum for the foetal entity—Understanding.

What is the legitimate function of faith? For the answer to this query *vide* the Queer Story.

What is the legitimate function of prayer? Supposing that we put it this way. The spurious actuality of mortal experience and the items severally composing it—animate and inanimate—conscious and unconscious—claims to be possessed of its father the devil—a will divided against itself—the only devil in the piece, tragedy or farce, which is it? This supposed divided-against-self-ness of the will is not always in evidence. No! But it may spring into spurious activity, unexpectedly, at any moment—turning all mortal hope to dust. Genuine actuality is possessed through and through of its Father—the *in Itself* One—the *in Itself* the Only—the *in Itself* the Unconditioned. Genuine actuality is possessed through and through of One Will—the only Will—and expresses this One Will in ineffable concinnity.

And where does prayer come in? Prayer consists in lifting the mental gaze to the Cross—to the grand Verity—in absorbing its wondrous meaning and wrapt in that vision glorious, in just letting the dead bury their dead.

In lifting the mental gaze to the grand Verity which declares unwaveringly that the illusion of mortal selfhood—its misunderstanding (and the resultant misrepresentations)—the beam which purports to be in every mortal eye—are neither here, there nor anywhere; for they are eternally and infinitely negated, nullified, set at naught—crossed out—by the all-mighty Verity. To pray, without ceasing, is to reiterate to oneself, without ceasing, this fiat of the infinite Verity. To suggest to the mortal selfhood (and its misunderstanding which constitutes the supposed divisor, dividing the Indivisible against itself; the supposed divisor supposedly dividing the One Will against itself) that it has neither place, power, nor presence. Is to realise, without ceasing, that every place, every power, every presence, is the Conditioned manifestation of that—the One—which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. Is to realise, without ceasing, that every place, every power, every presence is the Conditioned manifestation of the One—made manifest invariably as the altogether lovely and the altogether sweet.

Mundane experience, if partaken of worthily; if fed upon in the heart by faith, with prayer and thanksgiving; is the most comforting, refreshing, and invigorating sacramental food for the foetal entity—Understanding.

Does Understanding grow; is it evolved by a process of evolution? From the illusory human standpoint, Understanding (in the form of knowledge in the abstract concerning the eternal verities) appears to grow, to be evolved. And in our allegory—our metaphor—which represents Understanding as a foetal entity, for whose birth all the world is waiting, we speak of it as though it needed to be nourished, sustained and built up. That allegory, however, treats of the subject from the standpoint of mortal topsyturvy-dom. From that standpoint of topsyturvy-dom, the concentrated effort of mundane-ness is directed towards the setting at naught of the illusion of mortal selfhood; moreover the aim and object of partaking, without ceasing, of the sacramental food is the naughting of this illusion. A negative process, primarily. But the consistent putting into practice of this negative process,

reveals the positive. Properly speaking, it is not that Understanding grows, nor is it evolved; but the attenuation of the illusion of mortal selfhood reveals, more and more, that man (in the concrete always individual) is possessed through and through of the One—Understanding—Wisdom—Intelligence. Understanding is always infinitely and concinnately available within the infinite potentiality of the *in Itself* One—within the Unconditioned being-for-self.

In the quest for the genuine, the practical expedient *par excellence*, is to partake lavishly of the most blessed sacrament. It is Holy Communion, because the only obstacle to complete communion with the Holy (whole) One is the illusion of mortal selfhood. Let us partake joyfully of this sacrament and leave human intellectualism alone. Do not let us, however, disparage human intellectualism; in connection with purely mundane affairs—the direction of these affairs, the guidance and control of the practice of the human virtues—it has a legitimate, useful and beneficent, function. But it is of no avail—rather is it a hindrance—in the quest for the genuine—in bringing about the birth of the infant—Understanding.

Let us each, “do our bit” by praying (the auto-suggestion of transcendent truth) round daily mundane experience. Not with a view to the working of marvels, not with a view to the showing of great signs and wonders, not with the aim of seeking first “all these things,” not with the aim and object of merely substituting ease in illusion for dis-ease in illusion. But with the ardent aim of seeking first “his righteousness”—Understanding. Knowing full well that then “all these things”—peace, pleasantness, prosperity, and plenty—*must* be added unto us. With the aim and object of attenuating the mortal selfhood and thus inevitably revealing (which is our urgent human need) the omnipresent Glory of the One (altogether delight-full) peace on earth, goodwill (the Only Will) amongst men. Inevitably revealing that man and the universe (which is man’s idea) are possessed through and through of One Will which finds its complete satisfaction in the actual happenings in that universe. This is to

participate in the Feast of the Nativity—the birth of the infant—Understanding.

Let us look upon the birth of the beautiful infant Christ Jesus, in the stable at Bethlehem, as the profoundly natural foreshowing of a profoundly natural, universal, event. Let us be ready, willing, desirous, that the immaculate conception and virgin birth may run its natural course. Eagerly awaiting it. It is “within,” within the confines of the unconscious being that this immaculate conception must take place, it is there that the foetal entity awaits until the time be accomplished for its virgin mother to be delivered. And the universal event of the birth of the infant—Understanding—is something profoundly natural—Verity vindicating itself and claiming its rightful heritage—Love vindicating itself and claiming the actual universe as its cradle, its nursery and playground. And man is the most elaborate objectification of the Will to give and to receive rapture oned. He is the chief witness to the inexhaustible prodigality of rapture available within the (from the standpoint of knowledge) infinite potentiality of the One.

Let us be as the wise men of the East eagerly scanning the heavens for the appearance of a bright star. And when we see it, let us rejoice with exceeding great joy. Let us follow the star till it comes and stands over where the young child is. There was no room for them (the virgin mother and her baby) in the inn. Nor is there any room for knowledge in the abstract of the eternal verities in the systems of thought popularly and fashionably accredited; in those systems of thought invested with pomp and circumstance by the human. It is in naked simplicity—in the profoundly natural—that Understanding is conceived and nourished until the time be accomplished for its virgin mother to bring forth her first-born son. Like Mary, it is expedient to keep the revelation of all these things and to ponder them in the heart. Resting patiently and confidently in the knowledge that Verity must vindicate itself—must claim its own—and that this process is in no way expedited by care-full human busy-ness. It is “within,” within the confines of the unconscious being that the Prince of Peace—Understanding—is conceived, it is from the unconscious being that the Prince of Peace is born.

## AT-ONE-MENT

"I and my Father are one." Yes! I and the Father of I are one.

What is I? To ask this question might appear, to some, to be not only foolish and useless, but also an insulting aspersion upon the intelligence. On the contrary, upon the correct answer to this query hangs not only the correct interpretation of all the law and the prophets, but if this question were to be correctly answered and the understanding outlook thus arrived at could be externalised in daily affairs; earth could not be other than fair and men could be naught but glad and wise. Is Earth, as seen to the human in the street, uniformly fair? Are all so-called men "glad and wise"? I submit, it is just because the human entertains an instinctive illusion concerning the answer to this question that the empires which he so heroically builds stage but a cyclic recurrence of disheartening tragedy. "The baseless fabric of this vision," "this insubstantial pageant" fades, leaving not a rack behind. Being of "such stuff as dreams are made of."

It is just an instinctive misunderstanding as to what constitutes "I" which is the source of the human dream and of the weeping in that dream; it is just this instinctive misunderstanding which haunts "the long, heavy, and confused dream of humanity."

But what is "I"? Throughout the ages the answer to this query has been known to the few and related in the form of metaphor to the many. Where is the answer to this query to be sought? In the *ipse dixit* of savants, lay or ecclesiastical? I trow not! Enquire within upon everything. That which we vaguely term "the within" contains the answer to all the questions which from time immemorial have vexed humanity. What is "I" there? "I" is



the identity of the knowing with the willing subject, which has been pronounced to be the miracle *par excellence*. This is no dogma which has to be accepted upon authority, on the contrary it is the most primitive of notions which everyone can authenticate for himself. In self-consciousness there is a knowing "I" who knows a willing "I," these two should be at-one, in theory they are so. In order that there may be harmony within it is essential that the "I" which knows should invariably approve of the willing of the willing "I," in mortal, human, experience it does not invariably do so. This divided-against-itself-ness of the "I" is the rift within the lute, the *fons et origo* of all discord.

"How I do wish that I did not desire this or that so immoderately." Now I wish is merely another way of saying "I will." Here we see two "I"s, each willing something different to the other; two "I"s and both of them willing, instead of one "I" who merely knows and one "I" who merely wills, which are at-one. If each "I" were to confine itself to its own function, there would be no divided-against-itself-ness, neither within nor anywhere. No discord, either within or without. This pair of "I"s within, each willing something at variance with that which the other "I" wills, is the prototype of mortality, it is mortality or divided-against-self-ness seen in its nakedness, in its most primitive form and fashion. It is there—within—that its claim to validity must be met and disallowed, it is there alone that its claim to validity can be effectually dealt with. Grand Verity alone can deal faithfully and adequately with this supposed violator of the infinite Principle-Unity. We must not, however, say that this divided-ness within is the cause of divided-ness without, for the word cause has no definite meaning except in relation to changes in states of matter and should not be employed when these are not in question. Nor can it be said to be the reason why mortality and the experience of the mortal is discordant; for the mental abstraction "sufficient reason" also has a definite sphere in which it has a legitimate and precise meaning, it cannot be legitimately employed in this connection. No, but these

two "I's each willing something different to the other is the divided-against-self-ness of mortality known directly and immediately within in contradistinction to being known indirectly and mediately without.

The "I" who knows is not known—cannot be known. The "I" who wills does not know—cannot know. "Yet both unite in the consciousness of an I." It is most remarkable that in pure being-for-self there is no "I." "I" only makes its appearance with the cleavage of the *in Itself* One into two, when the *in Itself* One is divided by itself into two—into the Unconditioned subject of knowledge and the Unconditioned subject of willing—into the "I," the potentiality of knowledge, and the "I," the potentiality of willing. As such, i.e., as the Unconditioned subject of knowledge and the Unconditioned subject of volition these have no actual being, they can only be thought of as pure mental abstractions. Nevertheless these can be known, in the abstract, as the two poles of actuality—of the making manifest of the *in Itself* One. In order that the subject of knowledge may actually know—in order that it may have actual being—it must be Conditioned by the imposition upon it of definite, actual, forms and fashions of knowing. Thus and thus alone does it actually know concretely and definitely. In order that the subject of volition may actually will—in order that it may have actual being—it must be Conditioned by the imposition upon it of definite, actual, forms and fashions of willing, i.e., it must definitely will this and definitely not that. This explanation although very technical is really the quintessence of simplicity. A thorough comprehension of its meaning makes all things utterly simple. Without a thorough comprehension of its meaning all is wrapped in mystery, all is fraught with possibility of inconsequence, incongruity and incompatibility. In the light of this explanation, the meaning of the Master, Sage-wayshower, when he said "I and my Father are one" becomes clear as day. He spoke in terms of poetic metaphor, he spoke as the principal actor in the drama *par excellence*. His utterance, here, has an esoteric meaning, to thoroughly comprehend the purport of this esoteric meaning is the

solution of all the mystery with which mortal existence is encompassed. And when I say "I and the Father of I are one" I also speak in terms of metaphor. For the Father of I and the Father of all is none other than the pure Unconditioned being-for-self. It is not something far away, it is not something extraneous, external—something outside and foreign to man and the universe. It is the All-in-all.

Only through and by means of a thorough comprehension of the elementary and primitive principles of transcendental idealism—only from the standpoint of idealism—is at-one-ment comprehensible. Only upon this basis is at-one-ment a possibility. For there could be no at-one-ment between a conglomeration of objects each having an absolutely real existence, *qua* object in itself, and something extraneous to them, which created them long ago and then left them to fend for themselves as best they might. No! Only on the basis of transcendental idealism is at-one-ment a possibility! It is this. Actual objects, as such, although these have empirical reality in relation to the conditioned knowledge in and for which alone they exist, as such, although in relation to that conditioned knowledge they are invested with all the attributes of actual reality, nevertheless, *qua* actual objects, are transcendently ideal. These are actual objects only in relation to subject (i.e., conditioned knowledge), perception of an actual perceiver, in a word idea. In themselves—that is subjectively, each to itself—these are conditioned expressions of will. Nevertheless, *qua* definite expressions of conditioned will, they still remain object in relation to subject. A definite expression of will is always a being-for-another, although it is known directly and immediately—within—nevertheless is the knowledge in relation to which it exists still conditioned—conditioned by the forms of knowing, subject and object, and the form of knowing, time. In its innermost being, however, where it transcends all knowledge and all conditions whatsoever, is it at-one with the *in Itself* One, with the *in Itself* the Only. In and through its innermost being—through the within—is all being at-one, at-one with the *in Itself* One—is all being at-unity—is all being perfect

in One. The quintessence of mortality consists in the illusion of a mortal selfhood—in the illusion of a knowing and a willing “I”—subtracted from Unity—totality. This spurious selfhood inevitably interposes itself as a limit to the Limitless, as a divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself, as an impediment to the Unimpeded. All mortal activity consists in the overcoming of obstacles, all impededness is a degree of death or mortality. To take a very familiar example, even in the case of the most admirable human being—a model and a pattern to all—whose well-regulated habits, manners, and customs invest the round of his daily life with a grandeur, beauty and nobility beyond all human criticism; this standard of excellence is only maintained by the suppression of what is inaccurately described as his lower nature. If, in consequence of his consummate address, ability, deftness, his sympathetic and far-seeing willingness to compromise, there is no warfare without, there is warfare within. Only through the setting at naught of the mortal selfhood is complete immunity from strife and conflict to be attained to. It is the mortal selfhood which alone could know a lower nature which needs to be suppressed. In genuine actuality the genuine man is possessed through and through of the One-Self, there is no question of a higher self or a lower self for all his being, conscious and unconscious, is possessed of One Will and expresses that One Will in ineffable concinnity—all is harmony within and without.

The question naturally arises:—Is there in genuine actuality more than one “I.” The only correct answer to this question is:—There is and there is not. Obviously there are an indefinite number of actually knowing and actually willing “I”’s. *Qua* actual “I”—*qua* actually perceiving being and actually willing being—“I” is actually conditioned knowledge in the first case and the actual object of conditioned knowledge in the second. “I” is the actually conditioned subject of knowledge in the first case and the actually conditioned subject of volition in the second. As such the actual “I” is one of an indefinite number of actual “I”’s. All this notwithstanding the pure Unconditioned subject of knowledge and the pure Uncon-

ditioned subject of volition is present entire and undivided in every percipient and willing being. The actual individual has thus at-one-ment with the *in Itself* One in a dual manner; (1) through the actually knowing "I" being the Conditioned manifestation of the pure subject of knowledge which *in Itself* is Unconditioned; (2) through the actually willing "I" being the Conditioned manifestation of the pure subject of volition which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. Only upon this basis is at-one-ment a possibility. Multiplicity has empirical reality only in and for Conditioned knowledge. Multiplicity of "I"s has empirical reality only in and for Conditioned knowledge. All actuality, all reality, is empirical. All actuality, all reality, is relative and exists, as such, only in relation to Conditioned knowledge. We thus see that although there are an indefinite number of actual "I"s, these are all the Conditioned manifestation of the *in Itself* One, these are transcendently (i.e., when the conditions conditioning actual knowledge and actual volition are transcended) all at-one in the *in Itself* One. "I" and the Father of "I" are One.

There is another aspect of this at-one-ment. In self-consciousness that which is known is the Will. The Will in its innermost being is pure Unconditioned being-for-self. The subject of knowledge in its innermost being is also Unconditioned being-for-self. There can be but one Unconditioned being-for-self because duality and multiplicity—the notion and the possibility of duality and multiplicity—arises only through the conditioning of knowledge. Therefore genuine actuality consists of One which perceives itself—its own being—indirectly in the realm of the Idea. Hence all must inevitably be at-one.

"Tell me Brother how can I renounce Maya?" Maya is a term used in the East to denote illusion—the haunted sleep—the long, heavy and confused dream—of humanity. The word "renounce" has an unpleasant sound, it suggests something merely negative—an abatement of the instinctive craving for joy, beauty, delight-full activity. Be of good cheer, the only thing which has to be renounced, in order to escape the thralldom of Maya, is the

mortal selfhood. And the illusion of mortal selfhood it is which is the impediment to a fill of joy, beauty, and delightful activity.

"I" is the light or the darkness of the world which is "I's" idea. Whether the world which is "I's" idea be full of light or full of darkness depends upon the "I." If the "I" be single, at-one with itself and at-one with the *in Itself* One, the whole world which is its idea shall be full of light. But if the "I" be divided-against-itself and instinctively and illusorily separated from the *in Itself* One, the un-whole-world which is its misrepresentation shall be a land of shadows—albeit shadows running busily and in many different directions, inevitably, into the great daylight of genuine actuality. For that "I" supposedly divided-against-itself and supposedly separate from the Father of all "I"s can achieve nothing but the demonstration of its own nullity by means of the shadows to which it seemingly gives rise. There is no call to get in a breese, to fash oneself, nor to put into practice any high resolves of external heroics. An exponent of the wisdom of Lao-tsze advises us not to strive to be too good nor too wise, as a means of escape from the illusion of mortality. Kabir says:—"Wonderful is that land of rest, to which no merit can win." (The only merit attainable to by the mortal, *qua* mortal, is the denial of his mortal selfhood.) The Sage Way-shower remarks:—"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." The effective equipment for this quest is the capacity to co-endure, magnanimously and warm-heartedly, with mortal existence. A task demanding deliberate patience rather than condensed heroism. The Gordian knots of mortal existence cannot be cut, each must be imperturbably unravelled.

The only way to renounce "Maya" is for "I" to go to the Father of "I," for "I" and the Father of "I" to be oned. No amount of taking thought can effect this desideratum. Many people seem to think that all the ills to which mortal flesh is heir are merely the result of a wrong education, follow as the consequence of erroneous knowledge in the abstract. To a profound observer it must be patent that no amendment of knowledge in the

abstract can avail one iota to reduce the discord in "Maya." On the contrary this tends to intensify the discord. I do not know whether a psychologist would locate the notion of conflict and antagonism (divided-against-self-ness) within the confines of the primary unconscious or some more recondite unconscious. Certain, sure, it lies within the confines of some unconscious—it is instinctive—and wherever it lies there it must be met and dealt with. Here is a vast field for autosuggestion. A sublimation of auto-suggestion which has as its aim and object, not mortal self-assertion but, mortal self-denial. In a manner of metaphor, all "I"-ness in genuine actuality—every "I" in genuine actuality—is of the Father alone. This positive affirmation, by implication, excludes the possibility of any "I" supposedly subtracted from One-Unity-Totality; excludes the possibility of there being any "I" on its own, either in the capacity of a knowing "I" or a willing "I"; to constitute a limit to the Limitless, a divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself, an impediment to the Unimpeded, an abatement of spontaneous, whole-hearted expression of and response to joy, beauty, and delight-full activity. Mark, learn and inwardly digest it; the consciousness of a lower nature which must be opposed, resisted, suppressed, oppressed, is nothing but mortal divided-against-self-ness. There is, in genuine actuality, no higher nor no lower nature in antagonism each to the other. All is unity at-one-ment. Because "I"—actual, concrete, "I"—in its dual capacity as knower and willer, is of necessity that which it is and could by no manner of possibility be anything else. Actual, concrete "I" declares, I AM THAT I AM, *qua* actual "I", I can be none other, because actual, concrete "I" is the making manifest in a definite, Conditioned manner of that which in *Itself* is Unconditioned, of that which is never divided against itself and which has no opponent nor opposite. Have done with your right and your wrong, with your good and your bad. There is no right, no wrong, no good, no evil, conflicting with one another; it is divided-against-self-ness which gives rise to this hallucinatory phenomenon. There is no right and no wrong, no

good and no evil, in the kingdom of genuine actuality into which all are being borne irresistibly. In genuine actuality, just as in the counterfeit actuality, there are grades of objectification of the One Will. Some more elaborate than others. Yes, but the more elaborate does not conflict with the less elaborate. All are at-one through the "within." "I" is inevitably within, is it not? Without are many, within is One. Without is multiplicity, within is unity. And everything without also has its own within; the within of all in its innermost being transcends all knowledge and the conditions conditioning actual knowledge, therefore is it One. The mortal, the human is incessantly striving to be something other than that which he is—the imperfect is inevitably striving with unconquerable constancy to attain to the perfect. But perfection can never be attained to by the amendment, through conscious mortal effort, of that which is imperfect—of that which appears imperfect—only when known through and by means of instinctive knowledge fundamentally vitiated by the instinct of divided-against-self-ness. The only practical expedient is to put into operation the esoteric meaning of the Jewish fourth commandment. This commandment is merely a presentment in theological terms of the grand verity that, in order that, concinnity may prevail in actuality, conscious activity must be dominated by the unconscious—by the unconscious which in its inmost being is One. Within, the Son (actual Conditioned "I") is at-one with the Father (pure Unconditioned being-for-self in which there is no actual "I" but which is an infinite potentiality of actual "I"s, at-one with the One and with one another).

From the human standpoint, in order that I may escape from "Maya" it is necessary for "I" to go to the Father. Do not worry about it. For "I" is going to the Father as fast as it can, in a manner of metaphor. A most comforting thought. All that is necessary is to be borne upon the flood tide. "Upon this full tide are we now afloat." It is well to take the current whilst it serves, but nothing can be lost in the venture except the illusion of mortal selfhood, the illusion of divided-against-self-ness. Be of good



cheer ! Of course there are innumerable human systems of thought tending to confuse the issue. Some teach that it is incumbent upon the human to make his self good. May be so ! "There is none good but one." This saying of the Sage-wayshower, in the form in which it is preserved to us, must be looked upon as a concession to the comprehension of those not versed in the subtilties of metaphysics. To the latter the correct rendering would be :—In genuine actuality, there is neither good nor evil but actual "I" is that which it is and could by no manner of means be other than that which it is, for it is possessed through and through of the *in Itself* the Only One. Then there is the system of thought which teaches that it is incumbent upon the human to hold fast to truth no matter what error may say. True enough from the human standpoint ! But verity can vindicate itself all right without the assistance of a mortal human and his special version of what constitutes verity. The fact is that if only we will seek *first* intuitive, instinctive, Understanding by using the Child's Guide which the incidents of mortal experience provide so lavishly for us, truth—verity—will hold fast to us. Revealing and demonstrating that there is no mortal selfhood to misunderstand instinctively. The upshot of the business is, humanly speaking, to beware of stereotyped systems of human thought, to leave all—all human systems of thought—to forsake all these, and follow through the strait gate and along the narrow way that leadeth to the revelation of verity. The verity that every actual "I" is of the Father alone, and is dominated, guided, controlled and governed from within, where every actual "I" is at-one with the One—Father of all "I"s.

"Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me ? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself ; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."

"Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me : . . ." There speaks the spirit of at-one-ment. It is sometimes contended that the utterer of these lines was a supernatural being, the supernatural Son of a supernatural God. Such a contention, I submit, is anti-

Christian. For the essential message of the Christian mission is the indication and the demonstration of the transcendental one-ness of all and the All-ness of One. That the *in Itself* One is the positive all in all. That is the esoteric meaning of the drama *par excellence*, of the words and works of the principal actor in that drama. The human, *qua* human, is of his father the devil—a will, a selfhood, a being, an “I,” divided against itself. The moral—the practical lesson—of this drama is the eternal nothingness of all claims to divided-against-self-ness. The eternal nothingness of the devil.

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.”

It is the comprehension that every actual “I” is of the Father alone, that in its innermost being every actual “I” is at-one with the One, which ushers in the practicability of the greater works, viz. :—the attenuation of the illusion of mortal selfhood. The beautiful Jesus typified everything, he was, at once, the prototype of the human, man, the setting at naught of the mortal selfhood by the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding, the Resurrection and the Ascension of man, i.e., the revelation of the at-one-ment of every actual “I” with the Unconditioned One of which every actual “I” is the Conditioned manifestation.

Could the end of an illusion be seen? Only incidentally and indirectly in the revelation of genuine actuality! The second coming of the living presence of Understanding—the universal Christmas—followed inevitably by the setting at naught of mortal selfhood and consequent universal Resurrection and Ascension will be nothing supernatural. On the contrary it will be the revelation of the profoundly natural, the revelation of that which is profoundly natural—concinuity, within and without. Divided-against-self-ness is the unnatural. Do not think of the second coming as the end of matter. That is to confuse the issue. The second coming is not an external event, it is an internal event. The concrete matter of mortal experience is merely the concrete objectification and actualisation of a

will supposedly divided against itself—the supposed capacity to act, to be actual, of a will divided against itself. It cannot come to an end until its subjective counterpart and correlative comes to an end. That which will come to an end will be that which never truly existed, viz. :—A divisor claiming to divide the will, the being, the selfhood, the “I”, against itself. What difference will that make? Why, only that there will be harmony and concinnity within, consequently harmony and concinnity without. Matter has nothing to do with the question at all. The fact is that only a trained thinker in metaphysics can understand the nature of matter; for such an one the terms the spiritual and the material have no meaning. Matter in the abstract is merely the objective correlative of a subjective notion of a capacity to act or to be actual in general. How should actuality be devoid of the capacity to be actual? In genuine actuality the Only Will is actual, bank on it!

In genuine actuality, “the fragrant scent ‘He is I’ is borne on the wind.” Of course every he, she and it, would be “I” to itself; that is if it were conscious, a conscious being. That, however, is not the meaning of this cryptic utterance. Kabir means that the sense of at-onement is so strong that everything known indirectly and mediately is felt to be one’s own innermost being externalised and objectified. That all being is at-one. One being, known more directly within and less directly without.

One Voice—the Only Voice—within; without a glad grand chorus in parts. One Will, the Only Will, within all; without the objectification in infinite exuberance of variety of this One Will. One “I,” the Only “I” within—in the innermost being of—all; innumerable actual, concrete, “I”s without; but all at-one in their innermost being with the Unconditioned “I” of which all actual “I”s are the Conditioned manifestation.

On this basis and on this basis alone is it possible that Earth shall be uniformly fair, that all her folk shall be one, and that man shall be inevitably “glad and wise.”

## AT-ONE-MENT II

“ And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto me.”

This he said, signifying what life he should live.

The insertion of the word “ men ” is unfortunate. It robs the message of its fullest meaning.

Let us paraphrase this sentence, in order to attain to a more precise interpretation of it in terms of carefully chosen mental abstractions.

If “ I,” by means of incessant watching and praying—by means of incessant autosuggestion of transcendent verity—be felt to be at-one with the Unconditioned One of which all actual “ I ”’s are the Conditioned manifestation, then will the world which is the actual idea of that actual “ I ” be possessed likewise of at-one-ment—of unity—of harmony.

If “ I ” be lifted up from the earth, i.e., from the instinctive notion of discord, antagonism and confusion, which permeates the earth as known to the mortal; then will all the ideas of that “ I ” express concinnity.

There is no other way! Devil a bit of use is it to attempt to bring about harmony and unity without—in the world which is my idea—whilst within—within self-consciousness—is divided-against-self-ness. The antagonism to, the antipathy towards, the loathing for and disgust with, the objects and incidents of mortal experience, is nothing but the illusory divided-against-self-ness within self-consciousness externalised and objectified. The macrocosm—the big world without—is the mirror of the microcosm—the little world within.

“ This thou art.” It cuts both ways. It applies to the spurious actuality of mortal experience and to the genuine actuality of genuine experience. The so-called

lower nature, its surging passions tending to bring about the stultification of the purposes of the so-called higher nature ; this strife and conflict—This thou (*qua* an “ I ” separate and divorced from the *in Itself* One) art. That other fellow who appears to have been dragged up in surroundings where the impulses of good breeding, good taste, seemly manners and customs, can never have been heard of ; this antipathy towards him, this loathing for him—This thou (*qua* an “ I ” separate and divorced from the *in Itself* One) art. Etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

On the other hand, in the genuine actuality of genuine experience. This nature so beauteous, so lovely, so loving, so joy-full, so delight-full, so altogether sweet ; which I recognise within me and in all without—This thou (*qua* an actual “ I ” at-one with the *in Itself* One, in thine innermost being) art. And so through all the infinite variation and gradation of objectification of the One Will.

“ Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me ? ” *Qua* human beings we cannot get along without faith ! It is not to be implied by this sentence that we are to accept blindly the tenets of any human *ipse dixit*, nor to recognise any authority except that of truth. All truth is relative. Truthfulness, not truth, is all that the human can aspire to. But if we can accept, as a provisional hypothesis, nothing but that which is given in mortal, concrete, experience ; we can never attain to a comprehension of the verities transcending mortality. The right sort of “ faith,” so far from prompting us to accept, blindly, on the authority of another human, a system of thought which conflicts with the smattering of intelligence possessed by the human ; urges and prompts us not to cease from seeking until we find. Above all, at all times, to be ready to forsake all—all human systems of thought—and follow truth, let it lead whither it will. The one quarter part truth of to-day makes way easily for the half truth of to-morrow, and the half truth of to-day for the three-quarter part truth of to-morrow. Ever crescendo. So we be genuine, true, seekers ; with no party axe to grind. To accept one’s faith on authority may be an excellent expedient for such as have neither the time, the desire, nor

the aptitude, to seek until they find. But for the truth seeker to be wise in the conceit of any stereotyped system of human thought is fatal. The truth seeker must seek and listen without ceasing. Must throw down all barriers. At any moment, from the most unexpected source, may come some wonderful gleam of light-truth. The jig-saw must be all fitted together, we cannot discard a segment just because it does not happen to conform with our myopic prejudice as to what the completed picture should be like. No, there is the jig-saw and we have to fit it all together, every segment must find a billet; on the other hand all the segments must be in their appropriate billets. It does not follow that because a given segment appears to mortal ken to be in a highly incongruous position that it necessarily is in the wrong billet. For the jig-saw may be likened unto a puzzle which has a picture on both sides of it. The facts of mortal experience are, in the main, a complete inversion of the facts of genuine actuality. It is a great assistance in putting the puzzle together if one is able to see both sides at once. Human vision, in the main, attains only to a very imperfect visualising of the picture on the reverse side of the puzzle. Nevertheless, when piecing together the picture upon this reverse side, is it of paramount importance to be honest. A remarkable example of the extreme value of this honesty is furnished by the philosophy of A. Schopenhauer. With obstinate honesty he plodded along, putting together the reverse side of the puzzle, impervious to the anathema of ecclesiastical bigotry, utterly indifferent, whether or no, his findings fitted in with popular prejudice. He pieced together a large portion of the puzzle, seen only on the reverse side the portion which he pieced together was of most forbidding aspect, but as the result of his obstinate honesty, those coming after him have but to invert the portion of the puzzle which he put together, in order to find on the other side a glowing picture refulgent with light. Depend upon it, in truth seeking, honesty is the best policy.

"Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?" A marvel in poetic metaphor! To this perfect at-one-ment all are being irresistibly borne. The

reverse side of the picture—the spurious actuality of mortal experience—is nothing but a catharsis and the mortal experience in it is nothing but a cathartic. That is why the denial of the mortal selfhood looms so large in it. That, however, is merely the reverse side of the picture. To deny the mortal selfhood in the picture reversed is to affirm the glory of individual man in the true picture. And I, if I be lifted up, must carry with it into the light the whole world which is its idea. Mere knowledge in the abstract availeth nothing. Only 'through watching and praying without ceasing—only through incessant auto-suggestion of transcendent truth—can “I” be lifted into at-one-ment; can it be felt instinctively that every “I” is of the Father alone, that every “I” is in the Father and the Father in every “I.” That every actual “I” is the Conditioned manifestation of that One which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. That every actual “I” is a specific or an individual presentment, in a specific or an individual fashion, of the Nature so beauteous, so lovely, so loving, so delight-full, so altogether sweet.

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? Why there is nothing, positively nothing and nothing positive, else to be in any “I” or for any “I” to be in! The *in Itself* One is the only positive. It is positively all at this moment. Avaunt dreams of any other positive! I and the Father of I are indissolubly at-one, oned and One. All is perfect in One!

## THE PAIRS OF OPPOSITES

"Freed from the illusion of the pairs of opposites, all are easily set free from bondage."

To seek freedom from the illusion of the pairs of opposites is the pathway to genuine actuality. "The Pathway to Reality." It is the quest of quests. "I am the slave of this Spirit of the quest." It is one aspect of the one thing needful.

It is in respect of this that most human creeds and systems of thought are so lamentably ineffectual. In the allegory about our mythical ancestors Adam and Eve, it is no idle fancy that they forfeited the ease-full affluence of the garden of Eden through attaining to the knowledge of "good and evil." Through falling under the hypnotic spell of the illusion of the pairs of opposites.

But what constitutes the basis of the pairs of opposites? The instinctive notion of opposition, contrariety, of conflict. This instinctive notion has its origin in the mortal illusion of a divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself. This notion is objectified immediately, "within," as a will divided-against-itself; mediately and indirectly—without—it is objectified as many wills, mostly contrary the one to the other. The notion that the Indivisible could be divided against itself is the fundamental basis of the mortal selfhood. If everything were possessed through and through of One Will, if everything be the spontaneous expression of One Will, the notion of opposition, contrariety and conflict (the pairs of opposites) could never arise.

One of the laws of the human reason, in accordance with which it functions, is as follows:—"One of two contradictory, opposite predicates must belong to every subject." This has been termed a metalogical truth, because it is founded upon the formal conditions of all



reasoning or thinking proper. In other words it is a rule of logic and logic is merely knowledge by the human reason of the principles in accordance with which it functions. Reasoning processes merely bring to light that which is known more intimately in the concrete, i.e., the conclusion was already contained in the premises, but we did not know that it was there until the reasoning process was completed. Knowledge in the abstract is quite a secondary affair. This notion that everything must be labelled as one or other of two contradictory, conflicting, opposites is not only an affair of knowledge in the abstract, of reason; it is much more deeply seated in the mortal than that. It constitutes the very framework and groundwork—the foundation—of mortal misunderstanding. Human knowledge in the abstract purports to be abstracted from the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding, and in the content of this mortal misunderstanding everything is sensed as one of two contradictory, conflicting, opposites—as either good or evil. This means that if a given object or incident is in harmony with that fraction of a will-divided-against-itself which for the nonce happens to be in the ascendant it is felt to be good; if it be out of harmony with the fraction of a will-divided-against-itself which for the nonce happens to be in the ascendant it is felt to be evil. Perhaps it might not appear to be definitely either the one or the other, if so it falls within the latter category, because in consequence of possessing no interest for the will-divided-against-itself it is a bore.

As a rough generalisation:—Eating strawberries and cream is good (is felt to be good), tooth-ache is evil. But even here the good or the evil is merely relative, relatively to the fraction of the will-divided-against-itself which for the nonce happens to be in the ascendant. To indicate the intense complexity of the subject under consideration, let us postulate a human being filled with intense fervour for the Spirit of the quest. Such an one might declare:—  
 “So long as I am the sport of the illusion of the pairs of opposites, I like to be properly up agin’ it. I take pleasure in infirmities, for when I am weak then am I strong. I like to be forced to love that which does not

love me. This tooth-ache is a blessing. For I can make use of it as a paragraph in my Child's Guide to Understanding. It is no evil, for dis-ease in illusion were better than ease in illusion." Here the fraction of a will-divided-against-itself which happens to be in the ascendant is the will to be freed from the bondage of the illusion of the pairs of conflicting opposites. This, however, does not annul the contention that, to a will-divided-against-itself, everything is sensed as one of two contrary opposites. Everything is either, tall or short, thick or thin, etc., etc., nice or nasty, good or evil. Now when the human reason occupies itself with opposites such as, tall or short, thick or thin; it must perceive immediately that the tallness or the shortness, the thickness or the thinness are merely relative, the terms have meaning relatively to some arbitrary standard set up. For instance a very tall Pigmy of the primeval forest would be a dwarf amongst Europeans and the shortest native of Brobdingnag would be a giant amongst Londoners. But when the human reason deals with the contradictory opposites—nice or nasty, good or evil—it does not so readily perceive that the niceness or the nastiness, the goodness or the evilness are only relative; that these terms have meaning only relatively to an arbitrary standard set up. The standard set up by the fraction of a will-divided-against-itself which happens, for the nonce, to be in the ascendant. But it is so! In mortal experience Unity purports to be divided against itself; the Will purports to be divided against itself; the Indivisible purports to be divided against itself; and the mortal comparing the fractions so (supposedly) obtained, with an arbitrary standard set up by his self, is what might be said to constitute a knowledge of good and evil. The mortal labours under the delusion that the Indivisible could be divided against itself; divided into contrary parts, parts nice and parts nasty, parts good and parts evil. He does so instinctively and intuitively, not of deliberate and intentional cussedness, but because this habit is the very foundation upon which is based the mortal selfhood. The mortal can't help measuring suppositional fractions of the supposed Indivisible-divided-against-itself with a special

personal measuring rod and inevitably sensing these supposed fractions as either good or evil.

\*Could'st "measure with His rod—

With undistorted sight

Could'st read aright—

Nor better is, nor worse,•

But only best."

Yes! The foregoing is a great revelation expressed in terms of metaphor.

Now the human reason carries the process a sight farther. Through the exercise of the function of reasoning, the human is no longer concerned only with the simple affection—either agreeably or disagreeably—of the so-called will. The function of the will is no longer confined to approving as good or condemning as evil the affection of it by concrete objects or incidents. With the entrance upon the scene of the faculty of reason the process is extended to a whole host of mental abstractions. Every mental abstraction has to be labelled by the reason as one of two contradictory opposites and each of these, again, placed within the category of either good or evil. With the faculty of reasoning arise ethical concepts of contradictory opposites amongst these the concept of right or wrong. This again is extended to antitheses such as, the mental and the material, the spiritual and the material, the spiritual and the natural, etc. What a horror-stricken complexity has been evolved by mortal misunderstanding in place of the glorious simplicity of genuine actuality—all possessed through and through of One Will, *in Itself* the Only Will! It is instructive to follow out the processes of the human reason in this connection. One human gets very excited when he arrives at the conclusion that everything is mental and not material—that all is mind and not matter. Another prides himself, no end, on the discovery that all is spiritual and not material—that all is spirit and not matter. To such as these, everything labelled as of mind is good, everything labelled as of matter is evil; everything labelled as the spiritual is good, everything

\* Extract from "O Soul of Mine," a poem by James Rhoades. By kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

labelled as the material is evil ; everything labelled as the spiritual is good, everything labelled as the natural is evil. Antagonism to the natural and to the material is thus established. Surely the deadliest of deadly proceedings ! For by this process the human is merely extending the battlefield of suppositional, contrary, opposites. Is merely tending to fetter his self more securely with the illusion of pairs of opposites, merely more firmly establishing the bondage of these. This extension of the battlefield does not bring peace. How could it ? Well might the poet Kabir declare :—" From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head this mind (mortal mind) is full of poison." Is it not expédient to put up the sword within the sheath, for all they that take to the sword shall perish with the sword.

And when all has been said, when it has been decided that everything is mental and not material ; when it has been decided that everything is spiritual and not material ; that everything genuinely real is spiritual and not natural—then—we can exclaim with Maeterlinck :—There has been in the State of our ignorance but a revolution amongst the epithets, a sort of verbal *coup d'état*, in which the words spiritual or mental have been substituted for the word material or vice versa. Are we any forrarder ? Conflict, antagonism—nay rather, the instinctive notion of conflict and antagonism—yet remains. (The fact is, that matter in the abstract is the notion of the capacity to act in general, to be actual in general, externalised and objectified. The matter known to the mortal is the supposed capacity to act—to be actual—of a will divided-against-itself. What would the capacity to act, to be actual, the actualisation, of the One and Only Will be like. The human can only guess ! Something like the most gorgeous time of our life, only more so, without any fear of any element of discord obtruding itself. Why ! It would be heaven realised and actualised. There is nothing degrading nor deleterious about the notion of activity in general, about the notion of the capacity to be actual in general. No ! Why then all this condemnation of matter ? This condemnation of matter arises through ignorance as to what constitutes

matter. The matter of mortal experience is the supposed capacity to be actual—to act—of a will-divided-against-itself. And each concrete material object, in consequence, has latent within its supposed self the capacity to be actually awkward, cussed, contrary. But what the mortal is up against, fundamentally, is not matter but the illusion that the Only Will could be divided against itself. Just leave matter alone. Look after the instinctive illusion of the pairs of opposites—good and evil—opposing one another and matter will look after itself. Cast out first the beam out of the mortal eye—then will be realised and actualised the perfection of the making manifest of the *in Itself* One.)

Again, in consequence of the exercise of the faculty of reason there arises a pair of opposites :—Truth and error. Strictly speaking both of these apply and have meaning only within the realm of mental abstractions. Knowledge in the abstract may be either true or erroneous. The terms true or erroneous should not be applied to concrete objects. These should be described as either real or illusory. A full description of the various kinds of truth and how these different kinds of truth are arrived at is to be found in the “Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason,” *A. Schopenhauer*. To have thoroughly understood the subject matter of this thesis is the indispensable basis of a liberal education.

Let us first enumerate a few of the pairs of opposing opposities. Here are some of them, viz. :—good and evil, right and wrong, beauty and ugliness, harmony and discord, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, truth and error, mind and matter, spirit and matter, etc. (Of course, mind and matter are not truly opposing opposites, on the contrary, they are merely different aspects of the same thing. But many humans see them as opposing opposites, so I have included them in the list of pairs of opposites.) And all these N.B. are merely relative, I might say merely ideal, but that might lead to confusion of thought, so let us say that, as such, they are merely misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding. Having enumerated a few of the pairs of opposites, let us then consider the advice of

the Sage *par excellence* respecting them. "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil." And yet some of the systems of thought which claim to continue in the teaching of the Sage urge the votaries of these systems to fight against evil! But why should not evil be resisted? What was the Sage driving at? See it on this wise, but remember that there must be a glorious inconsistency between human mundane practice and conjectures concerning transcendent truth. From the human standpoint certain mental habits and certain actual customs may be inexpedient; it is therefore advisable to swear off them. To veto, to taboo, them. To do so with the mental attitude, not of a combatant meeting them on terms of equality, but of an autocrat issuing an edict which cannot be questioned. That is the human standpoint. From a standpoint transcending human conventionality, to resist evil is to mentally endow it with power and presence. Is to honour the seeming antagonistic disparity between conscious pseudo-mentality and unconscious pseudo-mentality. The notion of evil comes to the mortal asking to be endowed with actual efficacy, the mortal endows it with all the actual efficacy that it has. The mortal who seeks to end evil by resisting it is in a similar position to that of the disciple who in response to the call to follow the living presence of Understanding, said:—"Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." For the father of the mortal is the illusion of the pairs of opposing opposites—the instinctive notion of conflict and antagonism through the intermediary of which arises the notion of evil. And the answer given to that disciple was:—"Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead." Follow what and whither? Follow the live Understanding in the living demonstration that there are no pairs of conflicting opposites; that there are not two powers opposing one another, the power of good and the power of evil; that genuine actuality is not a battlefield in which a fight—good versus evil—takes place. No! In genuine actuality all is possessed of One Will, the Only Will, therefore the notion of opposing opposites—good and evil—has no meaning with respect to it. Why all around us—to-day, here, now—the dead—the dead items of

mortal experience are burying the dead father of these items of mortal experience. Every mortal, every item of mortal experience, is busily declaring "I'm not" in its roundabout way; is busy burying itself and its dead father. All actuality cries continually, like the Cherubim and Seraphin, "I AM THAT I AM and beside ME there is nothing."

It is through the instinct that the Indivisible could be divided against itself, into pairs of opposing opposites, that the illusion of a power of good and a power of evil opposing one another arises in misunderstanding. And the supposed divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself is none other than the mortal selfhood; which claims to be the identity of a knowing and a willing "I" (moreover an acting "I") having a being of its own, totally distinct and separate from all the other "I"s and from that of which every (genuine) "I" and its being is the Conditioned manifestation. In the main antagonistic to what it knows, in the main antagonistic to what it wills, in the main antagonistic to the way in which it acts; in the main antagonistic to the knowledge of the other knowers, in the main antagonistic to the will of the other willers, in the main antagonistic to the activity of the other actors. Illustrating, antagonism through separateness and separateness through antagonism. And the way of redemption from all this antagonism lies in Understanding—in understanding the esoteric meaning of the Cross. The Cross which crosses out the illusion that there could be any power or any presence save that of the *in Itself* One, the power and presence of One infinitely individualised and individualised infinitely. Lies in realising that, all testimony of mortal experience notwithstanding, really and truly—in genuine actuality—all is the manifestation of One, *in Itself* the Only, which could never be divided against itself and which has no opponent nor opposite. That all actuality is ideal, and consists of a marvellous process in which One perceives its *in Itself* Only-ness indirectly in the realm of the Idea and whose *in Itself* Only-ness is perceived indirectly in the realm of the Idea by Itself. What sort of a truth is that? It certainly is not an empirical truth! It is a logical truth which has

as its sufficient reason nothing but conjecture, the conjecture that because one and one only is known to us directly—within—and because multiplicity (the notion of multiplicity) arises only through the union of time and space which are subjective forms and fashions of knowing, of subjective not objective origin, therefore multiplicity is merely ideal and relative, it exists only in and for the consciousness whose Idea it is, and therefore all actual multiplicity is the objectification—the idealisation, the realisation, the actualisation, the substantiation—of One. The way of emancipation from the thralldom of the pairs of opposites lies in setting at naught the testimony of mortal experience which represents (or rather misrepresents) persons and things as possessing wills, natures, characters and qualities of their own, in the main antagonistic the one to the other, in mentally realising that the testimony of mortal experience is a delusion and a fraud, and that in genuine actuality all, everything, is possessed through and through of One Will, the Only Will. Every item of mortal experience is a potential or an actual suggestion of conflict or antagonism; don't abuse it on this account, use it. Use each item as a priceless indication of how—in respect of what—to deny the divisor supposedly dividing the Indivisible against itself; as a heaven-sent indication of how to set about denying the mortal selfhood which constitutes this suppositional divisor—as a cue how to attenuate the mortal selfhood. Thus revealing that there are not two powers—good and evil—at grips with one another; that, truly, all are the making manifest of One, *in Itself* the Only. Revealing the transcendental Only-ness of all and the All-ness of the Only.

The term "Only-ness" has its genesis—its meaning and necessity—as a corrective of the illusion of the pairs of opposing opposites. To mentally realise, without ceasing, the Only-ness of the Only Power and the Only Presence—to mentally realise this Only-ness, not as something which the human has to evolve or establish, but as something eternally and infinitely established by invincible Verity—must set at naught the illusion of the pairs of opposites. Verity is invincible in that there is no



(genuine) opposite to oppose it. It has no (genuine) opposite.

In a similar manner the advice of the Sage *par excellence* should be put into practice with respect to all the pairs of opposites. "But I say unto you that ye resist not" ugliness—discord—pain—sorrow—error—matter—etc. Why not? Because to do so is to invest them with actual power and presence. (And yet from the human standpoint, to resist these is a human virtue. The human must be human, he or she cannot ignore nor neglect the human virtues, the human must render unto Caesar the things that the Caesar's.) Genuine actuality is neither right nor wrong, it is the only thing it can be, the perfect Conditioned manifestation in a definite, particular, manner of that which *in Itself* is indefinite and Unconditioned. Genuine actuality is neither pleasant nor painful, it is the only thing it can be, as before detailed. In order to make ourselves intelligible we (humans) are obliged to say that genuine actuality is ineffably pleasant (full-ness of joy). Scientifically, however, this is to attribute to it the limitation of being one of a pair of opposites. To postulate an opposite to the *in Itself* Only-ness. The same remarks apply to saying that genuine actuality is good. Genuine actuality is neither spiritual nor material, it is the only thing it can be, as before detailed. And yet on the other hand it would not be inaccurate to say that it is both spiritual and material. It is spiritual in that it is the Conditioned manifestation of the *in Itself* the Only. It is material in that it is actual. (N.B.—What the mortal calls the material and knows as the material is the supposed actuality of pairs of opposites opposing one another. And it is in respect of this notion of conflict and opposition *only* that it cannot lay claim to genuine reality.) The mortal opposing or resisting one of a pair of opposites, the mortal resisting evil or wrong or ugliness or pain or sorrow or error or matter, etc., might most appropriately exclaim:—

" 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions keep

With phantoms an unprofitable strife,

And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings . . . . ."

But whence arose the notion of wrong, of right and wrong? I see it thus. In genuine actuality everything is a definite Conditioned expression, in a definite fashion, of the *in Itself* Only-ness. To be something other than this definite Conditioned expression of the *in Itself* Only-ness, which constitutes the being of each item in genuine actuality, would be wrong. But in genuine actuality such a contingency could never arise, for there is no opposing opposite to mar, thwart, hamper or impair the perfect spontaneous expression of the Only-ness, which for each item constitutes its being. It cannot be otherwise than what it is. Similarly with regard to individual man. Individual man is a Conditioned expression in an individual manner of that which in Itself is Unconditioned, the Only. Individual man is possessed through and through of the Only Will, which he expresses in an individual manner. This expression of the One Will in an individual manner constitutes his individual being. To be something other than the definite individual expression of the Only Will which constitutes his being would be to do wrong. But such a contingency could never arise, for there is no opposing will to mar nor impair the perfect expression of the Only Will in an individual manner, which for each individual man constitutes his being. His being is his activity and his activity is his being. His being is the unimpeded activity which is rest and the rest which is unimpeded activity. Individual man cannot be something other than what he is. Individual man is the whole-hearted spontaneous expression in a definite individual Conditioned manner of the Only Will which *in Itself* is Unconditioned, therefore *in Itself, Free*.

Yes! Let us put up the sword within the sheath. Let us neither resist, nor condemn, nor abuse, nor hate, that which as the misrepresentation of a mortal misunderstanding appears as the wrong—evil, ugliness, pain, sorrow, error, matter. It may sound a crazy proposition to the human. But it is the practice inculcated by the Sage *par excellence*. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you,

do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Pray round that which despitefully uses you and persecutes you. That ye may be the whole-hearted, spontaneous, children of your Father, perfect as that Father is perfect, perfect in that for you exists no illusion of conflicting, opposing, opposites, mutually opposing one another. Remember! It is only in the measure that we forgive those (persons and things) that trespass against us that our own trespasses *can* be forgiven. This is only a poetic way of stating that the discordant happenings of mortal experience are nothing but the subjective mortal illusion of a will divided against itself (the pairs of opposites) externalised and objectified to constitute a wondrous Child's Guide to Understanding—the Understanding that in genuine actuality there are no pairs of opposites mutually opposing one another, there is nothing but the making manifest (in infinite exuberance of variety) of the One, *in Itself* Only-ness. Love evil—ugliness, discord, pain, sorrow—love what to the mortal appears, at first sight, to be evil. Why? Because, firstly it declares the ineffable and inevitable futility of the mortal and his misunderstanding prejudices, secondly because it indicates to a nicety how to set about praying in order that mortality and its misunderstanding may be set at naught. Yes! On first thoughts one might be inclined to weep and gnash one's teeth over the folly, perversity and abominable wickedness of mortal nature—over the infernal cussedness of mortal humans and mortal things. But second thoughts are best. Second thoughts reveal that the folly, the cussedness, the abominable wickedness, are nothing but mortality declaring "I'm not." "I'm nothing" and therefore I cannot exclude from the Presence which is full-ness of joy. Whereat we can rejoice and be exceeding glad.

It is a far reaching tragedy that the majority of religious and ethical systems are fraught with the notion of resisting evil, dwell insistently on the warfare between the flesh and the Spirit and kindred notions. From a standpoint transcending human experience, there is not and never has been warfare between Verity and illusion.

In and throughout the "long, heavy, and confused dream of humanity" illusion—mortality, the mortal, mortal flesh—has declared and will declare its futility and nullity. But that does not constitute warfare between Verity and illusion. On the contrary, the declaration by the mortal "I'm futile": "I'm not" is Verity vindicating its own inviolability. Is Verity declaring on behalf of the One, the *in Itself* the Only, "I AM THAT I AM and beside ME there is nothing." What a profound difference this outlook makes! The human individual looking back on the long, heavy, and confused dream which constitutes his past need no longer be tortured with remorse over the tale of betrayals, of frailties, of sins of commission and omission. Nay rather the fact that his past is seen as such is a source of rejoicing. For it reveals that he is satisfied with nothing short of perfection and it is well that he should be satisfied with nothing less. In the darkness of conventional moral and ethical systems of thought which urge the human to make his self good (it can't be done), this sensitiveness to his own shortcomings is merely useless self-torment. In the light of extended understanding this sensitiveness to his own shortcomings is transformed into a great blessing prolific of happy results. Not only is there the present available as a Child's Guide to Understanding but to this may be added the voluminous records of the past. These records of the past may be used as efficaciously as the events of present experience. All of these may be used as cues and clues how to attenuate the mortal selfhood. Nothing in the foregoing should be construed to mean that, from the human standpoint, as a matter of human expediency, the human can lightly spurn human wisdom accumulated through the teaching of the ages. Self-discipline, the disciplining of that selfhood supposedly divided against itself, is of outstanding importance. Indeed "Duty and Discipline" should be the watchword of the human. If there is not some very cogent and urgent reason why conventional manners and customs should not be conformed to, this alone is an indication and a reason why these should be conformed to. A loyal conformity with the spirit of conventional manners and cus-

toms makes for happiness and contentment. A fortiori, does devotion to duty and the practice of discipline. The practice of striving to attain to a high human ideal lays open and makes comprehensible many pages of the Child's Guide which would otherwise remain closed. It is not that the mortal can make his self (*qua* mortal) better nor improve his environment, all that he can do is to study the Child's Guide to the noblest and the most divine advantage. Self-righteousness—whether the self-righteousness be occasioned by being conspicuous amongst the “unco guid” or through attaining to fame for conspicuous gallantry or outstanding ability—is a deadly snare. The prodigal son came to value the love of his father's heart and the happiness of his father's home through wasting his substance with harlots in riotous living. Had he attained to fame, notoriety, affluence and self-righteousness, would he have done so? It is the characteristic of the truly great, that they proclaim continuously, not may be with their lips but in their lives, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name (nature) give glory. . . .” By the grace of God, though seemingly human, we are not so opaque to the infinite grandeur and glory as are seemingly some of our human fellows.

It is through realising that there is no conflict between Verity and illusion that it is possible to be freed from the illusion of the pairs of opposing opposites and thus set free from bondage. Conventional notions of resisting evil, of condemning the earthly, the fleshly, the material, the natural, and such like, merely extend the area of conflict, merely tend to fasten the shackles of the illusion of the pairs of opposites more securely about us. To seek freedom from the pairs of opposites is a quest worth following. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,” not the mortal eye nor the mortal ear, for these and their functions are but an apology for the true processes which they caricature. It is only through being, not the slave but, the freeman of the Spirit of the quest that we can be freed from the pairs of opposites and thus, so easily, set free from bondage. So that the eye and the ear are no longer corrupt and sources of corruption. It is the mortal false seeing, hearing, feel-

ing, tasting and smelling, which corrupts the earth of mortal experience. It is unconscious, instinctive, misunderstanding which is "the great whore, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication." That unconscious instinctive misunderstanding can only be modified, amended, ended, through the instrumentality of the unconscious. Through the instrumentality of prayer—ceaseless autosuggestion of transcendent truth—no other means can avail. Don't condemn the senses and their delights, don't fight with them. Wash them in the brook as did David when he went forth to battle with Goliath. Sublimate them by autosuggestion of transcendent truth. The delights of the senses are very alluring, you say! Don't let that perturb you. You cannot do away with the counterfeit delights of the counterfeit senses unless you can do away with the genuine processes and activities of which these are counterfeits. But do you wish to do away, if you could, with these true processes? Fortunately you could not if you would. You find the delights of the senses a great handicap in striving to attain to your high ideal, do you? You are very sensitive, highly impressionable, very sensual in a refined way, are you? Then thank heaven for that! It lays open before you many pages of the Child's Guide which are closed to the dull and phlegmatic. Would you not—"stem

"A tide of suffering, rather than forego  
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm  
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,  
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare  
not glow"?

Yes! And extended understanding reveals how to shift the burden and the tide of suffering on to the Cross, its proper place. Moreover, surely, the delights of the counterfeit senses are but a powerful incentive encouraging you to follow the Spirit of the quest—so that the true delights which mortal sensuality counterfeits may be revealed in all their wholesome, satisfying, gratifying completeness. Surely so!

And don't forget " And I, if I be lifted up will draw " all humans with me to the same exaltation and exultation. One freed from the pairs of opposites, one easily set free from bondage, means freedom for all. Freedom to exult in the perfection of joy of thought and seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling. Perfect freedom to perfectly savour the *in Itself* the Only and It's Onlyness.

## THE GAME OF JOY

Kabir ponders and says : " In play is the Creation spread out, in play it is established. The whole world (says Kabir) rests in His play, yet still the Player remains unknown."

From the illusory human standpoint—the world of human affairs, the world of human society, is delivered from chaos and utter destitution only by the unremitting toil of multitudes. In the sweat of the brow, literally and metaphorically, does the human eat his daily bread. All, who are not mere parasites, must toil ; the unlearned with their hands, the learned with the head ; toil with hand, heart and brain, peers by letters patent in the dignity of the privileged nobility of loving service. Their title " Faithful Servant."

To toil is defined as " to labour, to toil with fatigue." Aye ! There's the rub ! It is not activity which constitutes toil, no ! Toil is activity which occasions fatigue or weariness. The human in his activities is always " up agin it." Up agin what ? Up agin the supposed limit to the Limitless, up agin the divisor supposedly dividing the Indivisible against itself. It is the impediment, the opposition which occasions the weariness. Unimpeded activity would cause no fatigue, but rather intense exhilaration. And the supposed limit to the Limitless, the supposed impediment to the Unimpeded, is naught, naught but the supposed mortal selfhood.

The human perpetrates many inventions and apparatus for locomotion. Each day some new portent presages the annulment of "injurious distance." Each day new facilities are evolved for devouring space. And this is termed progress. And yet wherever he goes, be the transit



never so rapid, the human carries with him the mortal selfhood—the mortal misunderstanding—the apparatus misnamed mind—the misrepresentations of that misunderstanding—which turns his hope to dust. Surely the only true progress were the attenuation of the mortal selfhood and its misunderstanding, that misunderstanding should be gradually or rapidly swallowed up of Understanding.

The distinction between toil and play is that the former is an activity entered into under compulsion, which occasions fatigue and weariness. The latter is a voluntary activity entered into with spontaneous zest, for the fun of the thing, in which fatigue is subordinated to exhilaration. When we come to consider human activities, is it by any means certain that those performed under compulsion—from a sense of duty—are truly more beneficent than those embarked upon from sheer *joie de vivre*?

“In play is the Creation spread out, in play it is established.” It must be established in play, for it is the definite Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned, the Conditioned expression of a Will which *in Itself* is Unconditioned, therefore in Itself free. Therefore under no compulsion whatsoever, a Will which could never be divided against Itself and which has no opponent nor opposite, therefore unimpeded, therefore subject to no fatigue nor weariness. Subject to no restraint nor constraint. A game of joy held together by the tender tension of the cords of love.

A game, however, is always played in accordance with certain rules, definite rules, established rules. Many human games have the most intricate rules, the players become familiar with these rules only through the constant exemplification of their incidence. Now the game of joy which we are participating in also has its rules, the conditions under which it is played. These rules may appear to be intricate but this intricacy occasions no perplexity on the part of the players because these rules are known to the players intuitively before all experience of the application of them. A game of joy consists in idealising,

realising, actualising and substantiating the *in Itself* One and Only Potentiality in accordance with a certain definite procedure. . On the one hand there is a mental process which has been termed Understanding. The Understanding which gives rise to the Ideas constituting the particular game of joy which we know (or rather see through a glass darkly) is based on certain conditions, on certain forms and fashions of knowing: viz.:—the form of knowing, subject and object, space (not necessarily space as known to the mortal), time (not necessarily time as known to the mortal) and the form of knowing causality (the notion of acting in general, activity or the capacity to act in general, the notion of capacity to be actual in general). These are the conditions of this particular game of joy which are known to all the participants intuitively, so that the exercise of the functions of Understanding is a direct intuitive process, accomplished without effort or perplexity. But this process—recognition—is only one complementary half of a dual process, dual when analysed from the standpoint of knowledge, there is no duality in the concrete event. In order that recognition may take place there must be something to be recognised, recognised in accordance with the definite forms and fashions of the game. What is it that is recognised? This is no mystery! Enquire within! What is the object of self-consciousness? We call it will. And by a process of analogy we conjecture that what constitutes our own inner nature also constitutes the inner nature of those things which are known to us indirectly as objects of perception. As objects of perception they have merely a being for another, but these must also have a being for self. An object must be something in and for itself, “otherwise it would be altogether merely idea; and we would have an absolute idealism, which would ultimately become theoretical egoism, with which all reality disappears and the world becomes a mere subjective phantasm.” We are driven to conjecture that in and for itself an object of perception must be a definite expression of will, will expressed in a definite conditioned manner. Now arises a quandary. We postulate time and space to be

the principium of individuation, the principium through which particularisation and individuation arises in consciousness, the principium by means of which multiplicity arises, by means of which the One is seen as the many. But time and space, according to the canons of transcendental Idealism belong to the complementary half of consciousness which we have called "recognition." Without them (time and space) there could be no multiplicity of definite expressions of will. The quandary arises in the attempt to separate, for knowledge, that which is indissolubly united, that which in the concrete is indissolubly united. For expression and recognition are merely two different aspects of one and the same thing. The former is a direct process and the latter is an indirect process. Both, however, are complementary halves of *consciousness*, of knowledge. The content of consciousness, the content of knowledge, is always a being for another, never entirely a being for self. And when we speak of expression of will being a direct process in contradistinction to the content of recognition which we term indirect knowledge, we are nevertheless considering both from the standpoint of knowledge, the former is relatively more direct than the latter, the difference in directness is only relative. Both the definite expressions of will and the definite recognitions of will, as such, are in a lesser and in a greater degree the content of consciousness. And therefore the time-space element enters into both. In the case of expression the time-space element enters unconsciously into the proceedings, in the case of recognition we are consciously aware that this element enters into the proceedings. The multiplicity of definite expressions and the multiplicity of definite recognitions, all conception of multiplicity, arises through the space-time element. As a fact, we were never under any illusion on this score for at the outset we stated that expression and recognition are the two complementary halves of *consciousness*. And the content of consciousness is always a being for another. If we transcend consciousness—why the very suggestion must make a cat laugh, for *we* are only a multiplicity of "I" and knowing "I" is one complementary half of *consciousness*,

the very thing which we desired to exclude from the proposition. Consciousness being transcended there remains naught but the *in Itself* One—One in that time-space, the element in consciousness through which alone the term multiplicity has any meaning, is transcended. There remains nothing but pure Unconditioned being-for-self. From the relative standpoint of knowledge this Unconditioned being-for-self must inevitably appear to be non-entity, nothingness. Which is merely another way of saying that it is no-being-for-knowledge, no-being-for-another. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of knowledge, the Unconditioned being-for-self is the infinite Potentiality of all-being-for-another, although *in Itself* it is no-being-for-another. If we would analyse consciousness in order to enunciate the scheme of this particular game of joy, it is not inaccurate to say that it consists of two complementary halves; (1) recognition, in accordance with certain definite fashions of recognising, viz. :—that of subject and object (knower and that which is known) time-space and the notion of the capacity to act in general (which is known as the law of causality); (2) expression, multiplicity of expressions of will in a definite fashion. In making use of the term expression we necessarily imply that there must be something to be expressed. That something is known to knowledge as will; is known to knowledge in the abstract as willing in general, is known to knowledge in the concrete as multiplicity of definite expressions of will. But what sort of a will is it that the mortal recognises within him? A will divided against itself. When Schopenhauer wrote his principal work the title given to it should have been :—“The World As Will-divided-against-itself And Idea,” or rather as misrepresentation. A very pithy and accurate description of the world in which the mortal inevitably must have tribulation. Therein lay one of Schopenhauer’s crowning merits, viz. :—that he was honest and did not cry peace where there is no peace and never can be any. He saw that a world which purports to be the expression of a will divided against itself must be nothing but “one damned thing after another.” He however honestly confined himself to describing the con-

tent of mortal experience. It remains the glory of another to bid us "be of good cheer" for I and the Truth of which I am the living demonstration "*have overcome*"—not the world, but—the delusion that the Will could ever be divided against itself. Revealing that what the mortal misrepresentation deems to be, one toil after another, one trouble after another, one weariness after another, one duty after another, is really and truly nothing but a game of joy. In play is it spread out, in play is it established, the whole universe, every conceivable universe, *rests* in the play of the *in Itself* One-Player, yet *in Itself* the One-Player remains unknown. Because *in Itself*, to, for, and of, Itself It is a Being-for-Self and no-being for knowledge, no-being-for-another. What is it which prompts Kabir to state that the whole world *rests* in the play of the One-Player? Why rests? In the first place, if one were to ask the average British human in the street to explain the meaning of the expression "infinite power," the betting is a thousand to three that he would reply:—Infinite power is that which can pulverise all resistance to it and all opposition to it. No doubt this answer is correct, but it demonstrates the difficulty which the human experiences in eliminating the notion of conflict from his thinking processes. Supposing, on the other hand, one were to postulate an Only-Power, one which had nothing to resist its sway, one which had no opponent to oppose it. That would be infinite power, would it not? An Infinite Power would be one which had nothing to impede it, the activity of infinite Power would be unimpeded activity. Unimpeded activity could occasion no fatigue nor weariness, therefore in that sense it must be rest-full. The activity of the Only-Player must be both play-full and rest-full. Just the full-ness of doing-it-for-the-joy-and-fun-of-the-thing. Just the full-ness of doing-it-for-the-beauty-of-the-thing. There is yet another aspect of this notion that the whole universe rests in the play of the One-Player. Knowledge in the abstract is analytic, it is its nature to analyse. Following on this process, there has arisen the notion that because knowledge in the abstract analyses it must also separate the proceeds of its analysis.

As a glaring example :—knowledge in the abstract states that “ our knowing consciousness subdivides itself into subject and object,” it analyses knowing consciousness and the proceeds of this analysis are two elements—subject and object. Knowledge in the abstract then jumps to the hasty conclusion that these two elements are totally separate and distinct. In vain do the thinkers of all ages affirm that mind “ finds itself in its object and its object in itself.” In vain do these trained thinkers affirm that actuality is one which perceives itself and is perceived by itself! Of no avail, mental abstraction has by a process of analysis disclosed that there are two elements in consciousness, and the human in the street will have it that in the concrete also these two elements are entirely separate and distinct. And the same lack of principle is brought to bear on this theme of the universe resting in the play of the One-Player. “ Because it has been named as wave, shall it no longer be considered as water?” Does it necessarily follow that because knowledge in the abstract has analysed the universe into play and Player that these two elements must, in the concrete, be entirely separate and distinct? We say that, on the subjective side, the universe is a multiplicity, infinite variety, of definite expressions of Will: Because it has been named as expressions of will, shall it no longer be considered as Will? No! the definite Conditioned expressions of Will, in the concrete, cannot be separated from the Will of which they are the definite Conditioned expression. In the analysis of knowledge in the abstract, for purposes of explanation, the former are definite and Conditioned, the latter is indefinite and Unconditioned. Nevertheless, in the concrete, these are not two but one. Conversely the Will cannot be separated from the definite Conditioned expressions of Will. And so it comes about that the definite expressions of Will are said to rest in the play of the Will of which they are the definite expression, for these are one and at-one. The government is upon the shoulder of the Will-in-Itself, not upon the shoulder of the definite Conditioned expressions. These latter are Conditioned, therefore, as such, not-free. The Will-in-Itself

is Unconditioned, therefore free. No! the definite expressions of Will rest and are thank-full. Thank-full and glad because they are at rest, because their definite, particular or individual, activity is at-one with the universal activity—all utterly spontaneous, congenial activity—whole hearted delight-full activity—the unimpeded activity which is rest and the rest which is spontaneous unimpeded activity.

Yes! But the mortal human recognises within him a will purporting to be divided against itself. And that subjective illusion is externalised, it perceives itself in its objects—its environment—and its objects—its environment—in itself. Does it perceive that the discordant elements in its environment are in itself? Does it? As a general rule—No! It is always the other fellow, the other qualified adjective things, which are to blame for the lack of concinnity. And the human sets to work with wonder inspiring pertinacity, with admiration compelling “unconquerable constancy,” with the calm imperturbability of the undefeated and undefeatable sportsman to put the other fellow and the other things right (in accordance with the mortal human’s notion of what constitutes the right). So that, in the main, human activity consists of a series of duties. To perform the duties is frequently toilsome and troublesome, to leave them undone is still more troublesome, sometimes a long drawn agony of self-reproach. And yet respecting this truly admirable project of putting the other fellow and the other things right, did not the Sage *par excellence*, did not the Way-shower *par excellence*, enjoin us to cast out *first* the beam out of our own eye? He did! Perhaps were that beam cast out first out of our own eye we might discover to our intense surprise that there is no mote in our brother’s eye, nor any motes in any sunbeams. How are we to set about casting out the beam out of our own eye? The answer is: Watch and Pray. There is, however, a great deal more in this process than is commonly attributed to it. And in order to be efficacious the process must be continued, without ceasing. It must then reveal (which is our urgent human need) that genuine actuality is a game of joy, a

game of sportively giving and sportively receiving. A game in which one sportively gives to itself and sportively receives from itself, in the self-same process. A game of joy in which all act like one possessed—for all the participants in this game, be they animate or inanimate, be they possessed of consciousness or be they unconscious, are yet possessed of One Will, the Only-Will. All rest in the ordered conditioned expression of One Will, in *Itself* Unconditioned and therefore in *Itself* free.

“Held by the cords of love, the swing of the Ocean of Joy sways to and fro; and a mighty sound breaks forth in song.” All is held by the tender tension of the cords of love. All are held by mutual rapturous spontaneous appreciation—the rapturous appreciation of one which explores the inexhaustible possibilities of its own ineffable loveliness and lovableness. All are the expression of One Only-ness, infinitely individualised and individualised infinitely. Particularisation and individuation arising through the interposition and the activity of the process of Understanding, conscious and unconscious. Only through the exercise of the function of Understanding (conscious and unconscious) with its forms and conditions (e.g., time and space) does the notion of multiplicity arise in and for consciousness. Only through the exercise of this function is the One particularised and individualised as many Ideas of the One. Many particular and individual Ideas, yet all, clear as crystal revealing the One. Ideas all possessed through and through of One Will, in *Itself* Unconditioned therefore in *Itself* free. So that the whole universe, the whole game of joy, rests in the play of the One-Player. An Ocean of Ecstasy, an Ocean of full-ness of joy—a “fill of music, joy of thought and seeing.” Yes! And also a fill of joy of tasting, feeling and smelling. And none of these faculties (the notion as to the nature of these faculties) should be stultified by comparison with the human misrepresentations concerning these faculties. The value of these faculties should not be computed from such a basis. The instinctive notions which misunderstanding associates with definite sensations must be sublimated—cleansed and purified—through continuous auto-



suggestion of transcendent truth. There must be a kink and a quirk in a mental outlook which can ascribe sublimity only to thought and possibly also to seeing and hearing only. A game of joy from which the delights of feeling, tasting and smelling, were excluded would be but an emasculate affair. As a fact, these three senses should not be separated from the others. We should lump the whole process of recognition together and call it the joy of seeing-hearing-feeling-tasting-smelling. It is a potent wile of the devil—divided-against-self-ness—to stir up antagonism against the senses. Potent because so plausible, so specious. This forced, unnatural antagonism to the senses—to the senses and their proclivities which are so near and so dear—is the very quintessence of divided-against-self-ness exemplified in its most primitive form. The undesirable, the reprehensible, element in sensuousness exists only in and for mortal misunderstanding and misrepresentation. To set at naught the stultifying notion that there is, necessarily, something unchaste about the proclivities of the senses is to take the first steps along the pathway to genuine actuality. This process can be achieved only by a continuous reference to the infallible standard of all-hallowing Verity. Depend upon it the senses (and there may be more than five of them in a genuine method of apprehension) play a very important part in the actual games of joy. What they sense, however, is not divided-against-self-ness but concinnity. All that which they sense vindicates and attests the glory of the Holy One. They are instruments in the attestation that the One is invariably made manifest as the altogether lovely, the altogether sweet, the altogether perfect.

In play is the universe spread out and gathered in. A dual process from the standpoint of knowledge. In play is it established. A sporting event so sublime that any human misconception to the effect that duties performed under constraint are more beneficial than play-full spontaneity shrivels into inconsequence. To paraphrase R. L. Stevenson :—Play-full joy and joy-full play is more beneficial than duty because, like the quality of mercy, it is not

strained, and it is twice blessed. It blesses him who gives and him who receives. In the making manifest of the One there must be dualism ; i.e., giving and receiving, giver and receiver. And the whole universe—the outpouring and the inpouring of One loving to give and to receive ecstasy oned—rests in the play of the One *in Itself* Unconditioned, yet still the Player Itself remains unknown.

## THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF

The term "Foundations of Belief" as employed here has no connection with human creed and dogma, nor does it refer to the sources from which these are derived. The term is merely a handy aphorism to denote that congeries upon which mortal illusion (mortal misunderstanding) claims to be established—claims to rest.

Illusion is the correct term to apply to it. For mortal misunderstanding is not merely an affair of erroneous knowledge in the abstract. Would that it were! If that were all that is amiss, in order to usher in the millennium all that would be necessary would be to amend erroneous knowledge in the abstract. Alas! No! Mortal misunderstanding is an instinctive illusion, an illusory belief. And the only effectual method of dealing with it is to reveal the nothingness of the foundations on which it claims to be established. "The Cross of Christ"—a metaphor, used to designate an instinctive understanding of grand Verity—alone can achieve this.

Illusion might be described as a trick of the senses. That however would be a superficial appreciation of the proposition. What is perception? A transcendental philosopher would make reply:—Perception is a complicated mental process in the so-called mind of a so-called animal the result of which is the consciousness of pictures there. Where? In the so-called mind of the so-called animal and nowhere else. The senses must not be held responsible for the illusion of mortal perception, if an illusion it be. It would appear that the senses merely supply the data for perception. It is only when the understanding (properly misunderstanding) begins to function that a wonderful transformation takes place whereby subjective sensation is elaborated into objective perception.

The subjective sensation is attributed to some "external agency"—is deemed to be the effect of some cause "without"—but the notion "space" (hence the notion "without") is a subjective form and fashion of knowing . . . . .! Ponder on it in the heart. If mortal perception be illusory, to attribute the blame to the senses, seems to me, to be a superficial appreciation of the case. They should not be held to be responsible for the illusion. It is the complicated mental process in the so-called mind of a so-called animal which associates a definite, concrete, notion with a definite sensation which, legitimately, must be held responsible. The pictures which arise in the so-called mind of the so-called animal (if they be illusory) might be termed misrepresentations and the apparatus in which they are elaborated a misunderstanding. Let us conjecture that the process of misunderstanding through whose agency misrepresentations arise in consciousness is a caricature of some genuine process. Of a process of Understanding through whose active function genuine ideas : real, actual, substantial, ideas : genuine pictures : arise in a genuine consciousness. N.B.—The real, the actual, the substantial, is always ideal ; is always something relative and conditioned. Relative to and conditioned by the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject whose real, actual, substantial, idea it is. Also, do not let us conceive of the genuine man as possessing an understanding of his own, but as being possessed of the One-Understanding. A subtile difference. All this by the way.

"And it came to pass . . . . . that he went into a city called Nain ; and many of his disciples went with him and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, . . . . . And he came and touched the bier ; and they that bare stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother."

"He came and touched the bier." We must not look upon this story as a mere narration of events which may, or may not, have taken place near the gate of a particular

city called Nain some two thousand years ago, in which a person called Jesus raised from the dead a particular young man. That is the exoteric story for the uninitiate. A very beautiful story, no doubt ! But were we to stop short at that we should hold merely the husk and have lost the kernel. This story is a work of art, dramatising one of the most important elements of the one thing needful. Viz. :—always to touch the bier, the foundations of belief, that on which the mortal illusion—the illusion of mortality—purports to be established. It is expedient to get right down to bedrock. What is death ? I answer, every notion of impeded activity is a degree of death. But the mortal does not call it “ Death ” until the impediment has attained to such proportions that there is no activity at all. On the contrary the mortal dignifies only moderately impeded activity with the name of “ life.” “ In the midst of life we are in death.” To me this phrase is another way of saying that what the mortal dignifies with the name of life, in the present year of supposed disgrace, is death or as near death as it is possible to be. And that which the mortal terms death might be more appropriately described as an awakening from the nightmare of impeded activity. Shall we call it a respite from this nightmare. No-one is in a position to dogmatise on the subject. Let us call it a temporary respite. Kabir has something to say on this subject; he says it in his impressive metaphor.

“ O Friend ! hope for Him whilst you live, know whilst you live, understand whilst you live ; for in life deliverance abides.

“ If your bonds be not broken whilst living, what hope of deliverance in death ? ”

What hope ? Do not let us quench hope, be it never so ingenuous. Rather let us declare with the author of “ The Simple Life ” : “ Rouse your courage, hope on ; he is sure of being least deluded who has the daring to do that ; the most ingenuous hope is nearer truth than the most rational despair.” Shall we conjecture that, from the human standpoint, there is the sure and certain hope of a blessed respite from the bondage of misunderstanding in the

period of in-breathing—the pralaya—known as death. The phase of consciousness during this period of emancipation from misunderstanding more nearly approximates to genuineness than does that phase of consciousness which we term mortal existence. How should one assert as a genuine fact that genuineness is exchanged for spuriousness? But it is during the phase of consciousness which we term mortal existence that misunderstanding claims to be; it is there alone that it can be set at naught. It is during this phase of consciousness that emancipation from its bondage (for one and all) can be attained to.

But to revert to the dramatic story of the young man of Nain. In Thatness we must see beyond Thatness if we would understand the esoteric meaning of this story. The name Nain is interpreted to mean “beauty, pleasantness.” It is only when we come nigh to the gate of the city “beauty, pleasantness” (a gate is a metaphor used to denote Understanding), that we begin to have some inklings of the joy and beauty which mortal misunderstanding hides from mortal ken, that we begin to realise how dead the young man is. Paul asserts respecting the mortal, “For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.” Mortal misunderstanding, the instinctive notion of conflicting activities, of impeded activity, is the only death. And the dead young man in the story symbolises the mortal. “And he came and touched the bier.” What is “he” when in Thatness we see beyond Thatness? Why, the living presence of Understanding! When the living presence of Understanding touches the foundations upon which mortal misunderstanding claims to be established it reveals the nothingness of them. Touching the bier, that on which the illusion of misunderstanding—the instinctive illusion of impeded activity—claims to be founded, was the inevitable prelude to saying to the young man “I say unto thee, Arise.” The foundations of belief must be touched by the living presence of Understanding before the young man can arise. I reiterate this point because there are so many systems of thought—looking at the proposition from one standpoint or another—which declare that there is no such thing as death. Possibly there is not in the

sense in which they employ the term, meaning the total annihilation of individual knowing and willing at the end of a period of mortal existence. But, seemingly, there is a lot of life in the old devil—misunderstanding—in the instinctive notion of wills many conflicting with one another and mutually impeding one another—yet. Yes! And the only way to exorcise that devil is for Understanding to touch the foundations of belief. In a manner of metaphor, the human has but to touch the hem of the garment of Understanding in order to be made whole, in order to be raised from the dead. It is the illusion of mortal selfhood which constitutes the bier. And that illusion of mortal selfhood which claims a valid power to impede activity—to obtrude itself as an obstruction between wish and fulfilment, between demand and supply—has power and presence only to the extent that the mortal instinctively invests it with power and presence. Knowledge in the abstract will not affect the foundations upon which that instinctive illusion claims to be established. To make use of the incidents of daily mundane experience as a series of cues and clues how to put into operation a system of autosuggestion of transcendent verity will, I submit, profoundly affect the foundations of belief.

This procedure need not be an elaborate one, nor a complicated one. The simpler the better! But when one has got at one's finger tips, so to speak, the whole theory of how the illusion of mortal selfhood arose and exactly what it claims to be, it is just as well to make use of that knowledge. What one has at one's finger tips is no longer complicated, although to one who has not got this knowledge at his finger tips the process might seem complicated.

It is well to preface an autosuggestion of the truth transcending mortality with the words "Verity declares that." This does not mean that we claim to invest our halting conjecture as to the conditions obtaining in genuine actuality with irrefragable finality. Were the mortal already possessed of Understanding the autosuggestion would be a work of supererogation. This preface means that it is the best we can do—the nearest approximation

to an understanding of Verity of which we are capable. It adds weight to the declaration.

The activity—the definitely expressed activity—of One, no matter how varied that activity might be, could never conflict with itself, could never impede itself. This affords a clue how to deal with the foundations of belief in a very simple manner. Just by mentally realising that in genuine actuality all are possessed of One Will—the only Will—and that all activity is the actual manifestation of the Only—Energy-Power. There could be nothing to conflict with nor to impede the Only Will or the Only—Energy-Power. Unless each of these, respectively, were to be divided against itself. That either of these could be divided against itself is the ultimate foundation of the mortal illusion which Verity invincibly sets at naught. In genuine actuality all must be perfect because there is no other standard with which to compare the making manifest of the, *in Itself*, the Only One.

“The water filled pitcher is placed upon water, it has water within and without.”

The perfection filled man is placed upon perfection, he has perfection within him and without. He can neither express nor recognise aught but perfection.

But it may be useful to have a somewhat more elaborate formula dealing with the foundations of belief.

Primarily and ultimately, there is the illusion of mortal selfhood. “Verity declares that there is no limit to the Limitless, no divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself, no impediment to the Unimpeded.” (That is what the illusion of mortal selfhood claims to be.) “All actuality is the Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* (in its innermost being) is Unconditioned, infinite, indivisible, and unimpeded.” N.B.—This declaration must be brought close home, it is intimately associated with every human thought, word and deed. The illusion of mortal selfhood externalises itself every moment in the disastrous conflict between conscious human volition and unconscious human volition (human imagination); e.g., I consciously will to go to sleep, but I am unable to do so. The fact is that from the standpoint of transcendent verity, human conscious



volition and human unconscious volition are both thieves—a pair of thieves. But the urgent, immediate, human, need is to allay the seeming conflict between the pair of thieves. In this case, when thieves agree the honest man comes by something approximating to his own. In genuineness, conscious volition and unconscious volition are at-one, they are both possessed of One, *in Itself*, infinite, indivisible and unimpeded.

Another foundation of belief is what has been aptly described as “mental malpractice.” Why mental malpractice? To take a concrete example. You say, “I perceive a green object.” In this case, do you experience a green sensation? No, but with that definite, particular, sensation your mental processes associate the colour green. A complicated mental process in the so-called mind of a so-called animal has resulted in the consciousness of a picture there. Where? In the so-called mind of the so-called animal, and nowhere else. But you will say, my friends and neighbours (unless they be colour-blind) also perceive a green object. True, but all of these are possessed of the same understanding—or misunderstanding. The so-called mind of which they are all possessed associates the colour green with that definite phase of sensation. It is a big leap from a particular subjective sensation to a green object. I submit that this big leap is, for the mortal, a leap into the darkness. It is the mortal misunderstanding which elaborates a series of subjective sensations into a complex objective perception—into a series of pictures—in which a devil—divided-against-self-ness—sports and holds high revel. Viewed in the light of this explanation the discordant items and incidents of mortal experience may be all lumped together under the heading of “mental malpractice.” Just as genuine actuality is the idea of the Understanding of which man (*inter alia*) is possessed, so that spurious actuality of mortal experience is the misrepresentation of the misunderstanding of which the mortal purports to be possessed. So in order that the living presence of Understanding may touch the bier (this particular foundation of belief) the spurious must be denied and the genuine affirmed.

“Verity declares, that in genuine actuality, there is no mental malpractice, neither conscious nor unconscious. For man is possessed through and through of One—Understanding which he exercises in an individual manner and after an individual fashion. Man is possessed through and through of One Will—of One Unconscious—which he expresses in an individual manner and after an individual fashion.”

The foregoing statement is obviously untrue respecting mortal experience, this latter consists to a large extent of mental malpractice. Yes! But we set out by intimating that the procedure inculcated is an autosuggestion of the truth transcending mortal experience.

Another element in the foundations of belief is “aggressive mental suggestion.” That leap into the darkness which the mortal misunderstanding takes when it associates a particular picture of discord with a particular sensation. Where do sensations come from? The conventionally minded empiricist replies from external objects! To answer thus, I submit, is to beg the whole question.

“Verity declares that in genuine actuality there are no aggressive mental suggestions. There are nothing but the pure perfect ideas of the Understanding of which man (*inter alia*) is possessed.”

Another element—Hypnotism. Who would have the unspeakable effrontery to do it? But imagine someone informing the highly decorated hero of a hundred fights that he and his great exploits were merely the phantasms of a hypnotic trance. There is another aspect of the case—the human aspect—which it is more seemly to dwell upon. Viz. :—that this hero is less opaque to the One—Grandeur than is the average of his fellows. Moreover, that the heroic grandeur which came into prominence on these great occasions was not a haphazard event of those moments. It was the timely efflorescence of a life-time consecrated to constancy in magnanimous ideals. Nevertheless, the discordant elements in mortal experience are no better qualified to be invested with genuineness than are, I submit, the experiences of a hypnotised medium.

The latter will go into ecstasies over an old tin can which he deems to be a crown studded with brilliants ; will recoil in horror from a flower which he deems to be a venomous serpent ; will imbibe freely of salt water, rolling it over his palate to lose none of the luscious bouquet, under the impression that he is savouring the choicest vintage. In this case the instinctive notion associated with a particular sensation is abnormal. The leap into the darkness which the misunderstanding has made when it associates a particular instinctive notion with a particular sensation is a different sort of leap to that taken by the normal mortal misunderstanding. That is all which can be said about it. This abnormal leap into the darkness affords vast amusement to the conventionally minded wiseacre who witnesses it. Near akin to hypnotism is what has been termed "Animal magnetism." The latter might be characterised as magnetic attraction to or magnetic repulsion from particular objects, under the impression that these objects have virtue or viciousness in themselves and of themselves, that these objects possess nature, character, or qualities in themselves and of themselves ; and that this nature, character or qualities, can be beneficent or maleficent of itself, can bless or injure of itself. It is a far cry from a given subjective sensation, or series of subjective sensations, to a concrete object or a combination of objects, extended in space and changing in time in accordance with the vicissitudes of the causal nexus. And those subjective sensations whence do they come ? I believe that so far no human can give a thoroughly satisfactory reply ! It practically amounts to this : animal magnetism endows the instinctive and intellectual notion which the misunderstanding habitually associates with a definite sensation or series of sensations with efficacy to be beneficent or maleficent in itself and of itself. That is a very different outlook to that which we adopt in our daily round of mundane experience. But because all the people that on earth do dwell habitually adopt a given outlook it does not prove that this fashion of reckoning things up is necessarily authentic, that it is legitimate. May be it is a bastard fashion of elaborating a universe. Which were the greater delin-

quency, to invest a misrepresentation of a mortal misunderstanding (the instinctive and intellectual notion habitually associated with given sensations) with power to confer blessings—benefits, health, life, strength, heartiness, happiness, joy, etc.—or to invest it with power to occasion grievous ills—disease, death, bondage, etc.? (Of course from the standpoint of human expediency certain habits and customs are wholesome and tend to promote what we call well-being. It is therefore humanly expedient to conform to them. The subject is being discussed here from the standpoint of the metaphysician and not from the standpoint of human expediency. Between these is a wide gulf fixed which can be bridged only by incessant auto-suggestion of transcendent verity.) Hypnotism and animal magnetism are very prominent amongst the foundations of belief. Undermine these and there is not much of the foundation left to support the monstrous fabrication. The only way to undermine them is to follow the injunction of the Sage Way-shower and to deny thy self.

“Verity declares that in genuine actuality there is no hypnotism. For the *in Itself* One—the *in Itself* the Only—alone acts. Acts through being embodied in consciousness, infinitely particularised and particularised infinitely, individualised infinitely and infinitely individualised; thus idealised, realised, actualised and substantiated; it becomes actually effective and effectively actual. Multiplicity of activities perfect in One, multiplicity of activities resting in One.” In what consciousness, in whose consciousness, is the activity of the One embodied? In the One-consciousness of which every actually conscious being is possessed. We assert that the One is particularised or individualised infinitely because the pure Unconditioned subject of knowledge and of volition is present entire and undivided in every percipient and in every willing being.

“Verity declares that there is no animal magnetism. For all actuality is the actualisation of the *in Itself* One. There is no split-up-ateness into persons and things having nature, character, and qualities separately and independently in themselves and of themselves. Each having a will of its own, mostly antagonistic and contrary

to the other wills. All Nature is the actual manifestation of the *in Itself* One. All are possessed through and through of the Only Will. Therefore all ideas of the *in Itself* Only-ness must mutually benefit one another and serve one another with joy and thanksgiving."

"Verity declares that there is no stability in the illusion of mortal selfhood, there's nothing holding it together." (There is nothing holding the misunderstanding nor its series of misrepresentations together. To the mortal there seems to be a devil of a lot or a lot of devil holding the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding together. So there is for the mortal! Because the only way of setting at naught that misunderstanding is for the mortal to deny his self. To the mortal his mortal selfhood seems everything; if that went West it seems to him that nothing would remain. This feeling is very deep-seated and profound in the mortal because it is the counterfeit of a grand transcendent verity, viz:—"I AM THAT I AM.")

"Verity declares that there is nothing holding the illusion of mortal selfhood together. For what holds genuine actuality together and gives it substantiality is that it is the making manifest of the *in Itself* the Only which is invariably made manifest as the altogether lovely and the altogether sweet. Genuine actuality is held together by the tender tension of the cords of love. There is perfect stability, concinnity, poise-full ease and, ease-full poise, in the actualisation of the Self-poised One."

"Verity declares that there is no stability in the illusion of mortal selfhood." The word stability is used here in a technical sense, meaning the power to offer resistance to change. In particular, that which is here dealt with is the supposed power of the mortal misunderstanding to resist or hit back when an attempt is made to set it at naught. To a superficial observer it may seem a ridiculous notion that an illusion can hit back. "Never despise your enemy" is a time honoured maxim. There is no need to take any chances in this connection. Verity does not bring peace to illusion but a sword. Jesus recognised this. Verity when brought into contact with the mortal "I" produces dire havoc in the world which is

the misrepresentation of that mortal "I." In a manner of metaphor the Saviour of the world comes in the clouds—dissent, distress, destruction—with power and great glory. Do not be under any misapprehension about it. Every gleam of truth, every inkling of what might be termed higher things, is fraught with possibilities of distress for the mortal and for the world which is his misrepresentation. That is why it is so important not to try to lift the body by the head. That is why it is so wise to lift the body by the feet. Remember the gleams of transcendent verity bring with them possibilities of distress to the whole world which is my mortal misrepresentation. That is why when Verity touches the bier—the foundations of belief—it is imperatively necessary to deal faithfully and thoroughly with the contingency of the mortal illusion hitting back—not taking it sitting down. It is well, believe me, to be forearmed and fore-protected against a sea of troubles. Every time that new thoughts, new vision, new understanding, of the transcendent verities comes to you; right there, deal faithfully with the contingency of the mortal illusion hitting back. "Verity declares that there is no stability in the mortal illusion. It can't offer resistance nor hit back. Because Verity declares that it isn't anything and, moreover, it has not got anything to hit back with. There is perfect stability in the substance of genuine actuality, seeing that it is the making manifest of One which could never be divided against itself and which has no opponent nor opposite."

"Verity declares that in genuine actuality there is no fear. For all is possessed through and through of One Will, which never could be divided against itself and which has no opponent nor opposite. Therefore there could be nothing to be protected against and therefore man could not know fear." Let us break the bands of mortal illusion asunder and cast away its cords from us. Do you know what is the chief obstacle to performing this feat? It is fear! And moreover if the mortal, *per se*, sets out to burst bonds the fear is justified. Read what history narrates—the long tale of betrayals, of miseries, of martyrdoms, of horrors unmentionable—which have accom-

panied human endeavour to burst bonds. They that resist shall perish by resistance or suffer grievously in the process. Why? Because when a misrepresentation of mortal misunderstanding is illusorily invested with the power to be obnoxious, it is in the selfsame process invested with the power to offer resistance when its claim to obnoxiousness is challenged. Action and reaction are equal and take place in opposite directions. In the illusion of mortal selfhood there is no enduring peace; in the breaking free from illusion there is not peace but a sword—conflict. The only peace, for the mortal, is to be found in the Cross. A symbol having many esoteric meanings, chief amongst these is the certitude that the battle is not our's but Verity's. For Verity knows no battle. Grand Verity eternally and infinitely sets at naught all illusion. Where Verity is, illusion is not.

This touching of the bier, this dealing faithfully and thoroughly with the foundations of belief is such a live cert. Why? Because when so employed, the stars in their courses do fight on our side. Our imperfect, lame, groping, asseveration of that which we deem to be truth, is a reverberation of an all-mighty fiat. Moreover it has this pre-eminent virtue, that when making use of it, there can be no suspicion nor savour of attempting to monkey with "The Monkey's Paw." No trace of an attempt to "put things right" in accordance with human mis-reckoning as to what is right. It is just pure attenuation of the illusion of mortal selfhood. It seeks nothing but to increase the tenuity of the illusion of mortal selfhood, it aims at nothing but to render this illusion less opaque to genuineness, its object is to reduce the suppositional obstacle to the perfect expression and recognition, in an individual manner, of the One *in Itself* Only-ness.

The culmination of this process of touching the bier, is to be able to affirm with some degree of assurance:—"Verity declares that there is no obstacle to the perfect expression and perfect recognition of, the perfect utterance of and response to, the One *in Itself* Only-ness in an utterly spontaneous, delight-full, individual manner, and after an utterly care-free, whole-hearted, individual fashion."

Let the spirit of Verity touch the foundations of belief and then—wait. To speak in terms of metaphor, wait for the coming of the Lord Christ—Understanding. Metaphors on the subject of waiting abound in the Bible. Don't turn them down because they sound extravagant and out of keeping with human wisdom of the leap-at-the-chance-whilst-you've-got-it school. R. L. S. reminds us that human practice is a more complicated, perplexing, and desperate business than the most consummate theorising. He likens mundane experience to an affair of cavalry, in which instant decisions, no less promptly put into execution, alone are effectual. One of the first essentials to making a good fist of that intricate and desperate business is to learn to be inconsistent; to permit a glorious inconsistency to exist between the substance of our prayer and the shadow of our human practice. So that, without in any way hampering or embarrassing rapid judgment and prompt action, we may yet "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." ". . . those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth." To be wealthy singleness of nature is the first requisite. The mortal nature purports to be divided against itself—to be Nature divided against itself. How could it be rich? Let Verity touch the foundations of belief, revealing the nothingness of them. Lo and behold, man possessed of the freedom of the universe, free to enjoy the universe as though it were his park and garden.



## A PRESENT FROM LAKE-LAND

The oft-told tale of woe evokes an unavoidable, a necessitous appeal to the all-hallowing, all-unifying, standard of the all-mighty—Verity. The appeal engendered after this fashion is often an unwilling—often a constrained—obligation, may be performed perfunctorily.

How different the involuntary, spontaneous, invocation elicited by daily autumnal ramblings round Lake-land. Here the whole heart pours forth impetuously to greet the Presence, veiled but inappreciably from the eyes. The glint of the November sun; on mossy, leaf-strewn, oak-crowned how; on a group of Scotch firs or spruce framed in a setting of orange-golden beeches—an old stone wall sheltering in its protective crannies some colonies of ferns—the pouring cataract, the hurrying beck, the foaming ghyll, the shining river of water clear as crystal, the calm reflective tarn—the lichen-flecked or moss-decked crag—the slender sequin-spangled birch; the larch shedding abroad its saffron coloured carpet; the jubilant holly; the sombre yew—the relics of “summer’s wild wide hearted rose” trailing in gladsome sprays over the hedgerow, now transformed into a galaxy of gleaming scarlet berries—the austere screes—the autumn bleached grass capping the hill-tops—the purple-brown-green tufted heather—the speech-full silence of the fells—the snow-clad peak—the red, hot, glow of the bracken in the evening *au revoir*—even the medley of rushes, moss, and yellow grass upon the roadside waste—each and all cry out—with one accord—with no uncertain voice—“He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?”

How sayest thou then Shew us the Father? Why seekest thou? What seekest thou? Cease from this

woe-full seeking. The Father—the *in Itself* One—the *in Itself* the Only—the *in Itself* the Unconditioned—can only be actually and concretely seen, can only be actually and concretely known, in the Son—in the Conditioned manifestation of the Unconditioned Father. The Father can only be known indirectly (from without) by and through the Son. No man cometh unto the Father (from without) but by and through the Son. “The boldest steer but where there ports invite.” If you imagine that you are ever going to know, *in Itself*, that which, *in Itself*, is Unknowable; to see, *in Itself*, that which, *in Itself*, is Unseeable—from without, through the intermediary of conditioned knowledge—Why!—your bark must drive on and on and anchored ne’er shall be! Cast anchor in the sheltered, the handy, the inexpressibly inviting port of the ideal re-presentation, the re-presentation in infinitely varied guise of the One—the Holy (whole, totality) Father. The Father whom thou seekest is within! Within all! There He is “closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet.” “He who is within is without.” Man sees “Him” and naught else!

There are no pairs of opposites opposing one another—no pair of opposites, the spiritual and the material, conflicting with one another. Such a postulate were the quintessence of the error of dualism.

There is no mortal selfhood—no seeming shadow of death and disruption—no divisor seemingly dividing the Indivisible against itself—no divided-against-self-ness, neither within or without. Within is One—a being-for-self, Conditioned and Unconditioned, the distinction of the Conditioned from the Unconditioned is but a word, for these are at-one. Within is One, *Itself*, i.e., as pure Unconditioned being-for-self, infinite, indivisible and unimpeded. Within is One, which could never be divided against itself and which has no opponent nor opposite. Within is One—the Comrade Himself. Without the ideal re-presentation of many glad comrades—all the Conditioned manifestation of the One, which *in Itself* is Unconditioned.

All is enfolded in one great still-ness. A still-ness.

which precludes the possibility of any voice other than that of the One being heard. One Voice—the Only Voice—within; without a glad grand chorus in parts.

There is no self-being, neither conditioned nor unconditioned, other than that of the One. There is no spurious self-being to interpose itself as a barrier and so seemingly exclude from All-presence—to seemingly exclude from the omnipresent Glory of the One. There is no spurious self-being to prevent man hearing “the music of daybreak and the silence of great nights,” nor to prevent him hearing us joining so lustily and whole-heartedly with the winged warblers in the morning hymn of praise.

\*“ In the ocean of manifestation, which is the light of love, day and night are felt to be one.

Joy for ever, no sorrow, no struggle !

There have I seen joy filled to the brim, perfection of joy ;

No place for error is there,

. . . . : There have I witnessed the sport of One Bliss ! ”

The inward and the outward are as one sky. Illusion cannot enter here, there is no conflict between life and death, for life and death, union and separation, are all His plays of joy. “ The whole world rests in His play, yet still the Player remains unknown.”

The making manifest of the Unconditioned One in the Conditioned many is not confined to the content of seeing and hearing only. It is a fill of music, joy of thought and seeing and also a fill of feeling, tasting and smelling—a full-ness of joy, reciprocally given and received. An apotheosis of consummation of the will to give and to receive rapture oned, at-one—perfect in One. The Son—the Conditioned many—is perfect—perfect in every respect, in every activity, in every expression, in every recognition—even as his Father—the Unconditioned One—is perfect. Every activity of the Son is heart-whole and the full-fillment of fancy free, seeing that he is possessed through and through of One Will which in *Itself* is Uncon-

ditioned, therefore *in Itself* free. The Conditioned **Son** is actually and substantially perfect even as his Unconditioned Father is perfect.

Father, Mother, Son and Daughter, all-glorious, all-resplendent, all-adorable—all—are perfect in One.

O Thou Self revealing One, Thou dost reveal Thyself in me! Thou dost reveal Thyself in all! Thou art the All-in-all!

## THE HARVEST

“Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.”

“The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man who sowed good seed in his field.” He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!

Now who was it that sowed the good seed in the field? Obviously, as stated in the interpretation of the parable, it was the Son of man. What is meant by this poetic figure of speech—the Son of man? Supposing we put it this way—for after all these parables clothed in poetic imagery are but a cipher code. One can decode from them only that which one brings to them; if one brings a voluminous decode cipher to bear on them, much is decipherable. What is man? One aspect, the distinguishing characteristic, of man is that he represents the full span—the complete stretch—the whole gamut—of Conditioned consciousness. (N.B.—The man referred to in this figure of speech is the genuine man and not the spurious caricature of mortal experience.) The Son of man would consequently represent the content of Conditioned consciousness. The Son of man is continuously sowing good seed in the field. It inevitably yields an abundant harvest.

If good seed and only good seed be sown in the field from whence then hath it tares? That's the devil—the very devil of a conundrum! I have tried to answer this query elsewhere. But there it is—to mortal empiricism, to mortal experience, the tares are there all right, or rather all wrong.

The very pertinent, the very pressing and urgent, question presents itself demanding an immediate reply. Should we, forthwith, set about rooting out those tares, or

should we not? At first sight—to a superficial appreciation of the problem—it appears imperative, immediately, to root out the tares. But pause—the husbandman, the far-seeing husbandman, opposes his veto to this drastic method of dealing with the situation. He says, “Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them.” This sinister act of compromise with the unfruitful sowings of the enemy, at first sight, might appear to be ignoble, pusillanimous—to be temporising and parleying with the enemy—to be conniving at his exploits—to be holding fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. It were much easier to reprove them—in another. But, a profound study, a lengthy experience, of human nature, human waywardness, the bewildering intricacy of human motivation—of the motives which pull the strings and make the beggar work, some old how—reveals that the husbandman knew what he was about when he placed a ban on rooting out the tares. To do so would be to root up also the wheat with them. A mortified appetite is evil company. It is a companion inimical to and destructive of whole-hearted benevolence and the impetuous expression of this benevolence. Old Gorgon Graham remarks:—

\*“When you’ve got an uncertain cow it’s all O.K. to tie a figure eight in her tail, if you ain’t thirsty, and it’s excitement you’re after; but if you want peace and her nine quarts, you will naturally approach her from the side, and say, So-boss, in about the same tone that you would use if you were asking your best girl to let you hold her hand.” The human “crittur” is a mighty uncertain cow, and putting the damper on all his little freaks, failings, and quaint vanities is much the same as tying a figure of eight knot in the tail of the cow. Sometimes the enforcement of a catalogue of gloomy forbiddings does lead to excitement, for it makes of him an actively obstructive, cantankerous firebrand; but more often it tends to convert him into a “sad, sweet, gentle, sufferer,” whose sole ambition is to fulfil the function of a door-mat. More often it tends

\* Extract from “Letters From A Self-made Merchant To His Son.” G. Lorimer. By kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd.

to apathy and inertness. The human "crittur" is a most uncertain cow and if you want his nine quarts of the milk of human kindness—and as much more as you can get—it is expedient to treat him with extreme tact and much gentle persuasiveness. To humour him fondly. To be to his faults a little blind and to his virtues ever kind. And from the human standpoint, we do want the best—all that we can get—from the human crittur—from human nature—let us proceed warily about our quest. The fact is—all canting of the moralist notwithstanding—it does not so much matter what the human actually does as that he should try—that he should be a good trier. To be human is to err! Of course, from the standpoint of human expediency there are many degrees of error. From this standpoint, some errings are venial, others monstrously iniquitous and unpardonable. But is human expediency, truly the decisive factor in the arbitrament? I think not! Whether the human succeed or fail in the estimation of human contemporaries or human posterity is of small moment. The essential moment is that he should try—not try to avoid doing this or that which is banned by conventional morality, but try to distribute the milk of human kindness as widely as possible and try to respond to proffering of this kindness. Why? Because this trying will open the book of "The Child's Guide to Understanding" at many pages which would otherwise be closed to him and moreover these pages will afford many unexpected and valuable hints. To try hard will entail reading—all unconsciously, may be—with ardour and concentrated attention from out that book. We all must perforce study that work, willy nilly, *nolens volens*, of conscious design or unconsciously. The conscious design would appear to produce the most rapidly effectual results. Who knows? To paraphrase R. L. S. So from the outset each obeys, unwittingly, an all-mighty impulsions. So, till the ending of the mortal phantasm, all tread the pathway to genuine actuality—blindfolded and loth. We know not our task at all but are the tools of the Child's Guide to Understanding.

To-day—which is probably, nay certainly, an echo from the past—for in what epoch, in what age, were there not

philosophers, teachers and preachers, exhorting humanity to adopt this or that mental attitude, this or that standard of conduct, and promising that if only their theories be put into daily practice, this must speedily eventuate in the advent of the millennium or a recrudescence of the golden age—to-day we are solemnly warned that the great obstacle to peace on earth and goodwill amongst human beings is the Jingoism and aggressiveness of the combative, individual and national; the grabbing policy of the acquisitive, be he niggardly employer, grasping capitalist, or rapacious landlord. All true! Alas too true! But! But all this iniquity is merely a symptom—a series of symptoms—of what avail to merely do away with the symptom while that of which the symptom is a symptom remains unaffected? Innumerable societies are in existence, or in course of formation, whose mission is to remedy all this malediction; some by constitutional methods, others through red revolution, anarchy and the wholesale shedding of blood. Votaries of the latter alternative freely instance “the carpenter of Nazareth” as the prototype of the revolutionary. As regards human nature, he was a revolutionary, but the revolution which he inculcated was a revolution which began and ended within. It had nothing to do with bringing about a revolution by means of coercion from without. The revolution which he advocated consisted in casting out *first* the beam out of the mortal eye—in attenuating the vain mortal imaginings which misrepresented actuality as a will divided against itself within and many wills antagonistic to one another, many wills conflicting with one another, without. He insisted that this rending of the veil which seemingly distorts mortal vision—this rending of hearts and not of garments—must externalise itself in the fortunes of the community, revealing ease, prosperity, and plenty in place of dis-ease, woe and want. Human nature is an apt province for revolution! But beware! Lest in gathering up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them.

A profound study of human nature discloses that its exponents display the virtues of their defects as well as the defects of their virtues. Let both grow together until the



harvest. As a fact—let it be stated emphatically and uncompromisingly—let us nail our colours to the mast, let us like Duncan take soundings and gleefully compute that should our flagship be sunk by the enemy, our flag will still fly—human will and human nature, *qua* human will and human nature, cannot be improved; the only effectual method of dealing with them 'is to expunge them, following the precept and practice of the Sage-wayshower:—  
 "If any will come after me, let him deny himself." If any will follow me in the concrete understanding of the ineffable concinnity of genuine actuality, it is an indispensable condition, an inevitable prelude, that he first deny, disavow, the seeming mortal selfhood, the seeming of human nature. That following the demonstration, acquiescing in and endorsing the demonstration, of the Prince of Peace he set his mortal selfhood at naught, his human nature at naught, thereby revealing man (in the concrete always individual) possessed through and through of the One—Nature which he expresses in an individual manner and after an individual fashion.

Yes, the human does display the virtues of his defects and the defects of his virtues. The trouble about the would be reformer is that he frequently allows his (humanly speaking) impracticable ideals to mischievously encroach upon the practicable expediency of the empirically real. The human virtues bubble up astonishingly and perennially from the same fount as the human defects; at least from the human qualities which when measured by some standard altogether transcending human expediency might be termed defects. The two are inextricably interwoven, they cannot be separated by any human ingenuity nor by any humanly conceived procedure. Let them grow together until the harvest.

Firstly, to tackle the spirit of combativeness—a great human virtue—yielding precedence to none. It might be contended that love is the greatest of the human virtues. So! But remember that with the combative altruist it is not so much that he hates the adversary as that he loves, immeasurably, those for whom he combats. And he makes no reservations about the stake which he flings light-

heartedly, freely but not unconcernedly, upon the gaming table in the hazards of war.

But that combative efficacy which calls forth unrestrained plaudits—the combative efficacy which displays itself in imperturbability under the most nerve-racking conditions; in the calm selection of a plan of action which promises, on the whole, to be the most expedient and most prolific of damage and discouragement to the enemy, disregarding the attendant possibilities of disaster to his own cause; *pro bono publico*, in staking personal fame and fortune upon what appears to be one throw of pitch and toss; the combative spirit which never knows that, according to all the rules observed by less venturesome spirits, it is beaten; which bobs up serenely smiling in victory or impending disaster; which throws a heart the size of a house over the most redoubtable obstacles, confident that all else must follow the heart—did all this human excellence spring suddenly into superlative prominence without any previous indication of its presence, without any contributory training or tutelage? It might! But the odds are a great deal longer than a thousand to three that it is merely the timely efflorescence of the habits and training of long duration. Of course, fundamentally it is characteristic of the individual displaying it—in other words it is innate. Yes! But it has also been exercised, developed, tried, tempered, annealed, upon many a field of minor enterprise. In the vast majority of instances, it will be found, that a sporting instinct—the love of being up agin' it—the liking for facing long odds—the innate tendency of mind which, should need arise, prefers being pounded to a jelly by a ruthless adversary to prudent inertitude—is responsible for the initial hazardous undertakings which eventually culminate in the hero crowned with laurels—or uncrowned. . . What matter. Were the trumpets (or the telephone) calling to battle—all things otherwise being equal—which leader would you rather follow into a hand-to-hand mêlée, or the shock of *coup d'oeil* tactics, the born fighter, the love-of-adventure saturated sportsman, who has habitually courted danger as an attractive mistress or the mere sacristan of the shrine.

of duty, honourable and competent though the latter be. The cry "A peerage or Westminster Abbey" is not, at heart, prompted by personal vainglory, it is merely boyish and eminently human. Seeing that it is not, ultimately, flesh and blood, neither guns of huge calibre, pulverising bombs, high explosive shells nor poison gas, against which we wrestle but against the ubiquitous and multiform venom of the suppositional mortal selfhood; it is fitting and seemly that a sportive element should enter into our provisional makeshift of a conflict with the adversary himself. War can never end war, human combat can never end combat, but needs must when the devil drives—mortality and the human phase of it can never be immune from conflict—why, every breath the mortal draws, every step the mortal takes, literally and metaphorically, is a phase of conflict—surely given these involuntary conditions it were better to be a trained knight, possessed of combative efficacy, enured to hardship, eager for the fray, welcoming the inevitable in humorous vein, in a spirit of boyish ardour, rather than to be a resigned martyr to duty, meeting these pranks of incarnate devilry with the profound seriousness of a myopic Methuselah. In mortality, in mortal and human experience, "ye shall have tribulation," there is no rest, no security; surely whilst waiting for the clouds of mortality to roll away it were best to be imbued with the spirit of combative efficacy—trained in its precept and practice. A trained man on a trained horse leading the van in a fast thing, over a stiffly fenced country—say from Chadshunt Osiers to Watergall—is in a less precarious predicament than a dyspeptic valetudinarian conning the menu card to see which of the comestibles enumerated thereon is the least likely to work havoc amongst his gastric idiosyncrasies. All mortal experience partaken of worthily is a sacrament, received consciously or unconsciously. Mortal combat, when, humanly speaking, it is unavoidable, is a phase of human experience which if partaken of worthily must be a very chrism of coronation to its devotee.

Nor must the province of the combative spirit be limited to mere physical violence. It finds an arena for its (humanly speaking) beneficent activities in the daily

happenings and vicissitudes of human life. It is the combative spirit which impels the human to aspire to and strive towards the apotheosis of human virtue indicated in Rudyard Kipling's poem "If." It is the combative spirit which nerves the truth-seeker to put into practice the maxim attributed to the Sage-wayshower :—" Let him that seeketh cease not from seeking until he find." Kabir says, " It is a hard fight and a weary one, this fight of the truth-seeker : for the vow of the truth-seeker is more hard than that of the warrior . . . .

"For the warrior fights for a few hours . . . . :

But the truth-seeker's battle goes on day and night, as  
 . . . long as life lasts it never ceases."

Kabir speaks from the human standpoint and proffers only one aspect of the proposition—the purely human one.

It is the combative spirit which impels us to try, to be a good trier, and in the partaking of the sacrament of mortal experience that trying—trying with ardour and enthusiasm—counts immeasurably. The combative spirit viewed from a viewpoint out of all focus with human affairs may be a vice. " The virtues of society are vices of the saint." All that notwithstanding, let it grow and flourish abundantly—until the harvest.

Then as regards the spirit of acquisitiveness. Sapient seers—to wit, John Ruskin—propound ideal politics in which ideal masters of industry and ideal workmen ; thrusting aside, as unworthy of them and unbecoming to them, every sordid element of personal gain : unite altruistically in the pursuit of the common weal. An excellent counsel of perfection. It were folly to ignore the admonitions of such seers. In all human affairs it is imperative to set before one the highest standard of probity and justice. Such may never be actually attained to, but come what may, yet have we striven. Certainly, all striving notwithstanding, the human and his achievements are doomed to futility, are fated to miscarry. The mortal, the human, is marked for failure. That being so, how wondrous that so many should continue to strive with sanguine patience. The mortal is, indeed, marked for failure, but when the astounding meaning of this phenomenon is rightly understood so far from

being a source of lamentation, it is a cause for rejoicing—seeing that it represents an inexorable pointer, pointing away from the sorrow of dividedness to the joy of Unity. Were a friend of yours to be the victim of hallucinations, the resultant of neuroses, would the ethics of the happenings in these hallucinations interest you? Not a whit! Nevertheless, you might make a profound study of these illusory happenings, with the object of counteracting the hallucinations and so clothing him again in his right mind. From the standpoint of transcendent verity there is not tuppence o' difference between the ethics of the most virtuous citizen and the abandoned criminal—both are beyond the pale—something supposedly outside the norm of the only genuine actuality, something supposedly different to the only genuine activity. Viewed from this standpoint, the saying of Kabir :—" I may never express how sweet my Lord is. • Yoga and the telling of beads, virtue and vice—these are naught to Him," assumes an intelligible meaning. The human can never express "how sweet my Lord is." All that the human can do is to strive to attain to this sweetness—not that he can ever attain to it, but because in the practice of this striving he dives deeply into the Child's Guide to Understanding. This striving, is it not, in the main, the unenlightened many partaking worthily—unconsciously, yet effectually—of the same most blessed sacrament of which only the enlightened few can partake consciously. All mortal being, groaneth and travaileth in pain, " strives with unconquerable constancy." Of a surety, by no manner of means in vain! For the whole effort of mundane activity—conscious and unconscious—is a sustained, effectual, attenuation of the illusion *par excellence*—of the, to the mortal, omnipresent adversary—the mortal selfhood.

Granted all this, nevertheless, these ideal masters of industry and ideal workmen—like the economic man postulated by the theorists in political economy—are not human. It is the human and his human nature, good, bad, and indifferent, which has to be considered in the shaping and regulation of human policy. Of course here and there—like bright, solitary, stars in a firmament swathed in

storm clouds—there may be found the ideal master of industry and the ideal workman. There may be and there may have been human beings actuated by no spirit of acquisitiveness who have devoted their time, their talents, their resources, altruistically to the creation and the acquisition of wealth for the benefit of the community. These are merely the exceptions which prove the rule. Let it be whispered—I doubt these were a success commercially! My experience may have been unfortunate, it may have been misleading, nevertheless it has been my experience that the altruistic, quixotic, visionary (although he may be an efficient workman) could not be the efficient controller of business on a large scale. Why not? Because into the conduct of business on a large scale enters to so large an extent the human element—human nature. To handle this devil effectually requires a spice of devilry! How many times in the course of your experience has a most hazardous situation, fraught with possibilities of disaster and persistent rancour (possibilities which might have become actualities had the situation been dealt with by an oratorical exponent of high-flown theories and altruistic visions) been happily dealt with to the abiding satisfaction of all the parties concerned by some wily old devil who knew how to play upon human nature—human frailty and human foible—as a Viennese adept plays upon the tziamballon. It is not always the oratorical exponent of the sublime virtues who ultimately makes the greatest show in human well-being, human contentment and human beneficence. Why not? Because the world of human experience is a world turned upside-down—a world of suppositional opposites—and if you wish to produce something approximating to efficiency in that world you must adapt your procedure to its environment. Should you wish to drive a pig in a northerly direction it is generally expedient to make a great parade of wishing to drive him in a southerly direction, with the cussedness which is the badge of all his tribe, he then streaks northward with all speed. It is of no avail to cast pearls before him by way of an allurement. It is expedient to adapt one's conversation to one's company. Our conversation—the converse we hold with the eternal

verities in the innermost recesses of our holy of holies—may be in heaven—there we may dwell serenely upon the conditions obtaining in genuine actuality—but in human affairs, in the conduct of these, it is advisable to be gloriously inconsistent and when in Rome to follow the customs of the Romans, knowing that should we bow our head in the house of Rimmon—in order to follow the practical expediency of human conditions—this thing will be forgiven us.

Things being as they (empirically) are, I should be greatly surprised were I to be confronted with an adept in the transaction of human commercial business who was and had always been devoid of the spirit of acquisitiveness. On the contrary, business efficacy is usually the outcome of innate acquisitive propensities brought to perfection by long training in circumventing human guile and wile. More often than not these useful—from the human standpoint, very useful—proclivities had their inception, arose at the prompting of stern Mother-Necessity. Surely, the proficient in commercial business is what he is in consequence of a natural taste for acquiring personal possessions. True! This natural acquisitiveness may be diverted from its original purpose and harnessed in the service of the community. It is a common practice for those skilled in commercial undertakings to devote no inconsiderable portion of their time and talents to the public service. So employed their natural acquisitiveness is a great public asset. A natural flair for the sway of the markets—an effectual sense of values, actual and prospective—an almost uncanny deftness in prognosticating the course of mercantile events—might accrue to the altruistic pursuer of the public weal, it is a thousand times more probable that its initial promptings arose at the dictation of a strong spirit of personal acquisitiveness.

It has been said:—The fellow who carves must be either a hog or a fool. Doubtless true respecting a primitive community where the rations are inadequate for all to obtain a sufficiency. The conductor of human commercialism can never (human speaking) be entirely immune from inclusion within one or other of these two categories.

Remember, we are not concerned with ideal men in an ideal environment; we are describing humanity in the hurly-burly of mortal conditions. If he must be one or the other, it were better to be the hog than the fool. The hog might amend his conduct under the benevolent auspices of prosperity; the fool would always be a fool! Moreover the successful business manipulator need not necessarily wade through slaughter of the commercially innocent to a Lord Mayor's coach, a peerage or social distinction. He may scatter plenty o'er a smiling land and read the modern history of his early vehement acquisitiveness in the thankful eyes of a nation. Will the oracular iconoclast—the breaker of economic idols—effect this consummation? Why not? Because economic bondage, economic oppression, economic stringency, so obviously monstrous and unjustifiable (from a standpoint transcending human conditions) is merely our old friend, the devil—the mortal illusion that the Indivisible could be divided against itself—in a specific guise—that of Mammon. There is only one effectual way of exorcising the foul fiend. Any attempt to lay the ghost by inflammatory denunciation, by strife, by incitement to anarchy—by putting out of gear the existing make-shift machinery—can only lead to discomfort or disaster for all. Denunciation, condemnation, opposition, from without, merely arms the fiend to further predatory onslaught. In a nutshell, Bolshevism is an attempt to put things right—to disarm the fiend, to file his teeth, to cut his claws—by coercion from without—by human opposition—in defiance of the eminently Christian edict:—"Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

The genuine actuality—after which we mortals sigh, or about which we are wholly indifferent, according to innate tendency—may be, as is indicated by the Oriental poet, held together by the cords of love. Yes! But the actuality of mortal experience is held together and kept moving, it attains to some small measure of justice, fair play and conveniency, by a judiciously incorporated mixture of love and fear. And in order to handle human



beings successfully, in order to attain to that small measure of success which mortals are able to command, a judicious mixture of the two is generally necessary.

In genuine actuality, the practical may be (nay, it must be) the romantic and the romantic the practical—these two must be at-one and oned. In the actuality of mortal experience, there is a wide gulf fixed between the two, so that the crossing over from the one to the other is a matter of no mean ingenuity. Blend they will not. The human who is so fortunate as to possess a share of both blessings has to erect logic tight and emotion tight barriers between them, so that they may not mutually embarrass one another. It is only in the innermost recesses of his unconscious being that these may meet, surreptitiously, and there sponsor, conjointly, undertakings of the highest practicality, also prolific in romantic beatitude.

Within the realm of human experience, private, personal, ilth or wealth—call it which you like—is an obvious necessity. Acquisitiveness, in one form or another, is an indispensable accompaniment of human nature, the human creature, the human being—conscious and unconscious—does not work properly if these humanly natural promptings are suppressed. If it is not the recognised superiority of *my* personal beauty, of *my* clothes, *my* house, *my* garnishings and furnishings, *my* flocks and herds, *my* stars and orders, *my* cellar, etc., which tickles *my* human vanity, which stimulates *my* high spirits and impels towards the display of genial affability, social decency, generous sympathy and a large-hearted hospitality; it is the recognised superiority of *my* character, *my* renown, *my* distinction, etc. A mortified appetite is a rotten bad companion for the human. It is the rankest folly to mortify an existing natural human desire for acquisition, be it the acquisition of commodities, rank, fame, intellectual eminence, or characteristic benevolence. To err is human and to be human is to err, let us make no bones about it. The error—the erring—inseparable from human-ness is not to be eradicated by mere suppression of human tendencies. The desire for exclusive proprietary rights over a miscellaneous assortment of oddments ranging, according to

individual inclination, from a tanner mouth organ to a hereditary chieftainship in the Highlands and its appropriate adjunct—a castle—from an attractive spouse to a halo—is the inseparable concomitant of human nature. Do not attempt to mortify your desires—the gratification of them produces a happy man or woman, which we are assured is a better thing for our neighbours to find than a five pound note—moreover to travel hopefully towards our human El Dorado is, assuredly, better than to arrive there. The getting and gathering of gear serves as a useful and health giving occupation until “I come”—until mortal misunderstanding is swallowed up of One Understanding. The mortification of the acquisitive appetite results, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in a human being disgruntled within whatever outward fair seeming he may forcefully adopt.

Should we be capable of clear thinking, with any degree of comprehensiveness, we must be hourly affronted, perhaps affrighted, by the monstrous incongruity—that though in theory the highest measure of human magnanimity consists in recognising no dividing line between *meum* and *tuum*—between mine and thine—yet the practice of human virtue demands the most punctilious observance of this line of demarcation. It is the hall mark of the gentle man, that he respects the proprietary rights of others—in his innermost instinctive feelings and in his outward acts—with the utmost delicacy of intuition. In that he respects the individual proprietary rights of others to their own opinions, their behaviour, their dress and deportment, their manners and customs, their privacy and to their own especial principles—leave alone their proprietary rights in their watches, clocks, jewellery, plate, linen, wine and wearing apparel.

In order that one human being may possess it is not essential that another human being should be dispossessed in a corresponding degree. That is the great fallacy which has vitiated the teaching of so many earnest social and economic reformers. That one human being should possess in abundance the luxuries of being whilst another should lack the necessities of convenient being, at first

sight, seems to demand an immediate redistribution of possessions. But this unequal and seemingly inequitable division of the good things of mortal existence is merely the divided-against-itself-ness of mortality—of the seeming mortal selfhood—obtruding its no-self. To effect a redistribution of possession—to put things right by means of human devices—would be merely to do away with a symptom, leaving untouched that of which the symptom is a symptom. Mortality must declare its own futility, if not by means of one symptom then by means of another. Human interference may merely result in the last state of the human being worse than the first. “The de’il ye know is better than the de’il ye don’t know.”

The human craving for acquisition is merely the mortal caricature of the immortal characteristic of the genuine man. The latter is possessed of an insatiable demand for actual realisation of the wonder, glory, joy and beauty which is available in the infinite potentiality of the Unconditioned One. This insatiable demand has as its inseparable correlative an inexhaustible supply. The mortal caricature—the human spirit of acquisitiveness—cannot be annulled without doing away with the genuine conditions of which it is a caricature. The only effectual antidote to the unsavoury mortal counterfeit is the present realisation of the genuine actuality.

Failing the instinctive recognition and understanding—until the universal revelation of the transcendent verity—that in genuine actuality man possesses nothing and yet to him all things are infinitely available, in that he is possessed through and through of the One—infinite Abundance; it is expedient to let the tares of human acquisitiveness grow and flourish—until the harvest.

The foregoing are two examples of the way in which “Le mieux”—high-flown theories, high-faluting principles, intuitions of transcendent verity—may be “l’ennemi du bien”—may be inimical to the practice of that which is, humanly, expedient. Subject to the requisite modification to suit the case, the same principle applies to most human affairs.

Let us do some more decoding of the cipher code

parable. The field is actuality—ideal actuality. Ideal in that it is object in relation to subject, perception of the perceiver, in a word “idea.” The ideal re-presentation through the conditioning by definite forms of knowing of the pure subject of knowledge, which unconditioned subject of knowledge is present, entire and undivided in every percipient being. The ideal Conditioned manifestation of that which *in Itself* is Unconditioned. The good seed—the children of the kingdom—are the genuine ideas, clear as crystal, revealing the One. The tares are the children of the bewitched no-one, the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding—which, when walking with verity, is not. The harvest is what from the illusory human standpoint appears to be the birth—the dawning—of intuitive Understanding, which is all the same as the end of misunderstanding. The reapers are the fiat of the eternal and infinite Verity, which infallibly demonstrates the nothingness of all that which purports to make a lie—of all that which purports to misunderstand and to misrepresent. The reapers are the instinctive understanding of the fiat of Verity.

In the genuine actuality (which to the human must be a matter of conjecture), the spirit of combativeness could not exist, for there is nothing to combat. For, the *in Itself* One could never, really and truly, be divided against itself, and being the *in Itself* the Only, it could have no opponent nor opposite. Neither could there be a spirit of acquisitiveness, for the genuine man has, as one of his leading characteristics, the faculty of letting go. Of letting go of the present as he reaches out ecstatically to the glowing future. Why should he wish to hold anything, for he knows instinctively that there are as good fish in the limitless Ocean of Love and Sweetness as ever came out of it. Besides he is a Conditioned manifestation of the One in which demand and supply are perfectly adjusted the one to the other—definite conditioned supply is the inseparable correlative of definite conditioned demand—an insatiable demand incessantly renewed. Illimitable treasure is always infinitely available, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt and where there are no thieves to break through.

or steal. The mortal selfhood and its misunderstanding is the thief of the world of mortal experience. Mortal experience reveals effectively the nature of the mortal, it has no consciously conceived purpose, it just is that which it is. Through the revelation of the unutterable futility of all human combativeness and all human acquisition, it demonstrates the nullity of the mortal selfhood which alone could know an adversary, which alone could conceive the need for hoarding. Mortal experience, undesignedly and automatically, attenuates the illusion of the universal mortal selfhood. The process is both conscious and unconscious. That which from the illusory human standpoint appears as human combativeness, human acquisitiveness, etc., is this process in operation. Let us not abuse the process. Let us use it lavishly, let us partake of the sacrament of mortal experience worthily. The spurious actuality of mortal experience supposedly lies within the domain of the pairs of opposites—of the pair of opposites, good and evil. Let both grow together until the harvest. Let us recognise that adversity, devilry, strife (mental and bodily), want and woe, is naught but a friend in disguise which comes to greet us. A friend inexorably prodding us away from the folly of false dominion—away from the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding—towards the infinite Rest Unbounded which is at-one-ment with the Unimpeded One—towards the Understanding which is peace and the peace which is Understanding. Confident that in the harvest, for which the fields are white already, the tares of human nature will be burned with fire unquenchable—revealed to have no positive actuality—and that the harvest must yield a hundred fold of wheat, exceeding abundantly above all that we (humans) ask or think.





